

The Times

LOS ANGELES

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1933.

Six Parts and Magazine.
GENERAL NEWS SHEET—12 PAGES.OF ALL NEWS STANDS,
TRAINS AND STREETS. 5 CENTSXXIIND YEAR.

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AMUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—

With Details of Events.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER—OLIVER MOROSCO, Manager and Mgr.
Tonight—All Week—Matinee Saturday
Mr. George Baker Presents the Starling

BAKER THEATER CO.
In Broadway's World-Famous Comedy Success,
"CHARLEY'S AUNT"

"There never was a minute when Auntie wasn't in it."

Matinee—1:30, 5:30 and 8:00. PHONES—1270.
Children under five years not admitted to any performance.

THE GREAT PHILHARMONIC COURSE—L. BERTNER, Manager.

ALL STAR EVENTS—J. BERTNER, Manager.

Now in the history of music and literature has this course been equaled on the Coast.

Augusta Cottlow, Pianist—Burton Holmes, Lecturer.

Duke Metropolitan—Burton Holmes, Lecturer.

Edwin Grasses—Burton Holmes, Lecturer.

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THE LYRIC MUSICAL AND LECTURE COURSE—L. BERTNER, Manager.

10 Great Events—10—For the Price of One.

OPENS WITH THE COAST FAVORITES

Ellery's Royal Italian Band—FOLLOWED BY

And BURTON HOLMES—TRAVELER-LECTURER

Season Tickets \$2, \$3, \$4—No Higher.

SUNDAY SACRED CONCERT—OPENING SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10.

THE LYRIC QUARTETTE—L. BERTNER, Manager.

SUNDAY AUDITORIUM—L. BERTNER, Manager.

STAR COURSE—L. BERTNER, Manager.

Ten Great Events for \$1.00

Dr. Jas. G. Rodger of New York

"The Scientific Basis of Christianity."

PERFECT ROUTES OF TRAVEL

EXCURSION

Today, October 11

Mt. LOWE

GRANDEST TRIP ON EARTH.

\$1.75 ROUND TRIP

BETTER GO...

Pacific Electric Railway

NEW OFFICE—211 West Fourth Street.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND

Leaves San Pedro daily, connecting with Southern Pacific and

San Pedro leaving Los Angeles at 9:05 a.m., allowing two hours on

Island, returning same day.

Ideal Winter Resort for Rest and Recreation.

HOTEL METROPOLE

STANDARD FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS FOR TOURISTS AND VISITORS.

BANNING COMPANY, 222 SOUTH SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES.

SAN FRANCISCO—by the "Fast Line"—24 Hours

San Francisco—by the "Fast Line"—24 Hours

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LOCAL WEATHER REPORT.

YESTERDAY: Maximum temperature, 70; minimum, 50. Wind, S. by E. 10 to 15 miles per hour. Clouds, 5 to 10 miles per hour. At midnight the temperature was 50; clear.

TODAY: At 8 a.m. the temperature was 50; clear.

Forecast for Los Angeles and vicinity: Fairly clear, with light winds; 60 to 70.

San Francisco and vicinity: Cloudy; rain, with light winds.

The complete weather report, including comparative temperatures, will be found on page 2, Part V.

POINTS OF THE NEWS

IN TODAY'S ISSUE OF

The Times

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ON TRAIL

OF SCHWAB.

Eager Chase After

Millionaire.

Receiver Smith Joins Subpoena

Servers and Others Who

are in Pursuit.

He Wants the Courts to Cancel

Ten Millions of Bonds of the

Shipbuilding Company.

Perkins and Morgan May Part.

Most Serious Blow to Prestige

of Great Promoter.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—[Exclusive

Dispatch.] Subpoena servers are

chasing Charles M. Schwab, financier,

who is fleeing from the courts, and

now Receiver Smith of the United

States Shipbuilding Company has

taken up the trail. He wants to get

at Schwab's bonds for the purpose

of squaring the debt of the corporation.

These debts amount to about

\$2,000,000, and may be increased

through legal interpretations of the

transactions of the shipbuilding company.

Schwab holds \$10,000,000 in bonds,

which he took from the company at

\$6, in payment for his Bethlehem

Steel Plant. He holds these bonds as

a debt against the company. It is re-

ported that Receiver Smith will con-

test this claim, holding that Schwab

got full value for his steel mill in the

\$10,000,000 in preferred and common

stock, which was given to him as a

bonus.

Is George W. Perkins to retire from

the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co.? The

report was circulated freely on Wall

street today. One man, a banker, who

is a frequent visitor at Mr. Morgan's

office, said that the date for Mr. Per-

kins' retirement has been fixed, and

that it had been decided some time

ago. Mr. Perkins was responsible for

the formation of the International

Mercantile Trust, with its \$50,000,000

of common stock, its \$20,000,000 of

preferred and its \$75,000,000 of 4 1/2

per cent. bonds. This promotion has

been disastrous and the failure of the

marine commission has been the first

serious blow to Mr. Morgan. The

stock of this company is now selling

at 1/2 for common, 1/4 for preferred

and 3/4 for bonds. Thus the stock

and bonds, whose value is \$185,-

000,000, is worth at market prices \$33,-

000,000.

POLITICAL

SHAW'S STATISTICS

FOR OHIO VOTERS.

WEIGHTY REASONS FOR VOTING

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Secretary of the Treasury Draws an

Instructive Lesson from the Experi-

ence of England and Agitation for

Change in Her Fiscal Policy.

BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

AKRON (O.) Oct. 10.—Large crowds

gathered here today to listen to the

address of Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, Sec-

retary of the Treasury and Hon. W.

C. Harding, candidate for Lieutenant-

Governor, at the opening of the Re-

publican campaign in this county. Mr.

Shaw was in good voice and said in

part:

"One of the most important prob-

lems before the American people is

that of markets. In this all parties

agree. But while the parties agree

on the importance of the ultimate

facts, they do not agree upon the

methods to be pursued in the accom-

plishment of the desired end. The

plan proposed by the minority party

is to throw our commercial doors wide

open for the free importation of the

products of foreign labor. Members

of that party insist that if we do

this we will of necessity have unre-

stricted access to the markets of other

countries. They urge that if we will

allow Europe to clothe us, furnish our

glass, our earthenware, our hardware,

our steel rails, our structural iron and

everything else we produce we will thus

secure a most wonderful export trade.

They insist that the way for us to

PATERSON IN PERIL

Floods Threaten to Sweep Away New Jersey City—Gale Wrecks Vessels Along Coast—Waters are Subsiding in New York.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)
PATERSON (N. J.) Oct. 15.—The situation tonight is very grave. The water at Garfield avenue is higher by fifteen inches than the point reached in 1902. The damage to the city is estimated to amount to over \$2,000,000.

Crowds of men are guarding the gate-house at Spruce street and at first intimation that the gate will break away at Spruce street the gate-house will be blown up with dynamite so as to turn the water into the channel of the Passaic river. People are expecting it to go at any minute, and a gun has been fired as a signal of extreme danger. The dam expected to collapse is in the alluvial section. Should this give way it is feared that there will be a repetition of the Johnstown disaster.

The bridges in the city are giving way one by one, causing a panic among the people. Already tonight five bridges have gone down under the strain of the weight from the torrent. One is the Straight-street bridge, Hillman, Market, Moffatt and Broadway bridges.

At 10 o'clock tonight the water is within three inches of the boiler in the Edison Electric Light works. The bridge of the company is washed away. The large bridge used by the Susquehanna Railroad is weakened.

The company abandoned running trains over it tonight. Passengers were transferred to the other side of the bridge. The women are carried over by employees.

A three-story house at Athens, three miles from here, was washed away. There were eighteen people in the building, who were rescued with difficulty in boats.

THIRTY FEET DEEP IN STREETS.
(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)
PATERSON (N. J.) Oct. 15.—The flood in the Passaic River surpassed the maximum of March 1, 1902. The river has overflowed hundreds of acres of streets and hundreds of families have been driven from their homes, many being rescued from upper windows in boats. Mayor Hinchliffe today appointed a committee to organize a relief movement.

A dam of timber and sand bags is being built to check the water above the hills from breaking its banks and pouring into the city through a ravine, in which the water is expected to be deep. The gas works are flooded and there will be no gas light tonight. Scores of mills are shut down.

The flooded district comprises Water, East, Holmdel, Washington, Bridge, River, Straight, Fair, Goodwin, Paterson and North Main Streets, the lower part of Hamilton avenue, and part of Hamburg avenue. About 300 houses have been flooded. Four bridges over the river were washed away today. On River street, where the water is from eight to ten feet deep, persons were taken from their homes by means of a breeches buoy.

SOUTH TRENTON FLOODED.
(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)
TRENTON (N. J.) Oct. 15.—The bridges spanning the Delaware River at Yardley, Lambertville, Milford and Reigsville were partially carried away tonight by the floods. The Delaware is still rising here, and fifty dwellings in South Trenton have been flooded.

Five trains which should have passed through Trenton last night are stalled here. Special trains containing cars of the Delaware River are among those stalled. One of the cars of the circuit train, a Pullman sleeper, was derailed at Trenton. It was used to rescue the passengers. During the night heavy freight trains were used to haul down the bridge of the railroad company spanning the Assanpink Creek. The waters of the creek overflowed the tracks and rose as high as the fire-bricks of the engine.

Scores of cellars of houses along the river front streets are flooded and the first floor of the water is up to the first floor of the houses. The Delaware is still rising here, and fifty dwellings in South Trenton have been flooded.

WORSHIP AT DUTTONVILLE.
(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)
PASSAIC (N. J.) Oct. 15.—Duttonville, near here, was one of the worst places by the river of yesterday, but so far as known there was no loss of life. Over 100 houses were swept away and many of them were wrecked by the immense volume of water which had gathered about the Erie River. The flood poured down into Duttonville, carrying everything before it. That there was no loss of life is considered miraculous.

The village of Wallington, a suburb of this city, was submerged in from six to twelve feet of water. The inhabitants went about in boats to-day. At least 100 houses have been moved from their foundations, and in some cases they have been turned completely over.

GALE ALONG COAST.
SEVERAL VESSELS WRECKED.
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The last train from the coast arrived at Norfolk tonight and brought many refugees. They reported a serious battle with the wind at the Cape is over seventy miles an hour, and the surf is piling over the sand hills and back into the main land.

At the Norfolk Navy Yard the cruiser Olympia is in drydock with her bottom plates removed, and fears are felt for the cruiser's safety.

Hundreds of small craft have come ashore in the harbor. Norfolk experienced a gale, and the streets were flooded all day.

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The Norfolk line passenger steamer City of Worcester, which left New York this evening, was blown on the rocks on the New Jersey coast, near City Island, in Long Island Sound, tonight, and lies in a dangerous position seven miles off shore.

Some of the railroads suffered severely today from the effects of floods and wreckage. The Pennsylvania Railroad, which left Philadelphia at midnight, was stopped at Trenton by the flood at the main line of the Erie Railroad was still in operation, but the Passaic was over a bank at Newark, and factories and coal water front were deep in water.

On the Morris canal at Bloomfield, N. J., the big aqueduct broke, flooding the town. The water in the canal was high, and the business district was waist deep in water today from a break in the bank of the second river. Two children were drowned.

PHILADELPHIA INVADDED.
MUCH PROPERTY DESTROYED.
(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)
PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 15.—Late this afternoon the Delaware River rose above the docks and piers along the Delaware avenue, which runs along the river front for a distance of ten blocks. Thousands of dollars worth of merchandise freight was destroyed or damaged.

Train service between Philadelphia and New York City was temporarily abandoned, except to Bristol, Pa., early today. No train reached this city from the Pennsylvania Railroad since midnight last night because of the flood at Trenton, where the tracks of the company were under six feet of water. The flood at this point was caused by the high water in the Delaware River beating up the waters in Assanpink Creek.

At the Delaware Breakwater today the sea still broke at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The heavy seas broke over the telegraph lines. The life-saving station at Townsend's Inlet, N. J., reported that the lighthouse there was undermined by the high seas this morning and is breaking up. The storm along the coast prevailed with the same force along the coast, and apparently had not much moved from the territory affected by it during the night.

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The Norfolk line passenger steamer City of Worcester, which left New York this evening, was blown on the rocks on the New Jersey coast, near City Island, in Long Island Sound, tonight, and lies in a dangerous position seven miles off shore.

Some of the railroads suffered severely today from the effects of floods and wreckage. The Pennsylvania Railroad, which left Philadelphia at midnight, was stopped at Trenton by the flood at the main line of the Erie Railroad was still in operation, but the Passaic was over a bank at Newark, and factories and coal water front were deep in water.

On the Morris canal at Bloomfield, N. J., the big aqueduct broke, flooding the town. The water in the canal was high, and the business district was waist deep in water today from a break in the bank of the second river. Two children were drowned.

At the Delaware Breakwater today the sea still broke at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The heavy seas broke over the telegraph lines. The life-saving station at Townsend's Inlet, N. J., reported that the lighthouse there was undermined by the high seas this morning and is breaking up. The storm along the coast prevailed with the same force along the coast, and apparently had not much moved from the territory affected by it during the night.

Property has been damaged to the extent of thousands of dollars in this city. The Delaware River is still rising here, and fifty dwellings in South Trenton have been flooded.

Five trains which should have passed through Trenton last night are stalled here. Special trains containing cars of the Delaware River are among those stalled. One of the cars of the circuit train, a Pullman sleeper, was derailed at Trenton. It was used to rescue the passengers. During the night heavy freight trains were used to haul down the bridge of the railroad company spanning the Assanpink Creek. The waters of the creek overflowed the tracks and rose as high as the fire-bricks of the engine.

Scores of cellars of houses along the river front streets are flooded and the first floor of the water is up to the first floor of the houses. The Delaware is still rising here, and fifty dwellings in South Trenton have been flooded.

WORSHIP AT DUTTONVILLE.
(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)
PASSAIC (N. J.) Oct. 15.—Duttonville, near here, was one of the worst places by the river of yesterday, but so far as known there was no loss of life. Over 100 houses were swept away and many of them were wrecked by the immense volume of water which had gathered about the Erie River. The flood poured down into Duttonville, carrying everything before it. That there was no loss of life is considered miraculous.

The village of Wallington, a suburb of this city, was submerged in from six to twelve feet of water. The inhabitants went about in boats to-day. At least 100 houses have been moved from their foundations, and in some cases they have been turned completely over.

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Scores

WINTER RESORTS

Loma Linda Hotel
Will Open
Thursday,
October 15th,
1903.

A Hotel for rest and recreation in a location that is a pleasure to the eye and a delight to the soul. The hotel is situated on a beautiful hillside, overlooking the city and the ocean. It has a large swimming pool, a tennis court, and a golf course. The hotel is open from Thursday, October 15th, to Sunday, October 18th.

Beautiful Santa Barbara
By-the-Sea.
Very low rates for the
Summer
are offered by the
Arlington Hotel

Warm Plunge
North Beach, Santa Monica
Filling fresh every day and heated to
the temperature of the sea. The most
complete and comfortable of its kind
in the city.

Elsinore Hot Springs
and Lake View
Open from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.
Write J. H. TRAMER
Elsinore, Cal.

BIMINI BATH
NATURAL HOT MINERAL WATER
Filling fresh every day and heated to
the temperature of the sea. The most
complete and comfortable of its kind
in the city.

Menn Ranch Resort
Little Creek, Cal.
The most beautiful and comfortable
of its kind in the city. The hotel is
open from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.
Write J. H. TRAMER
Elsinore, Cal.

Hotel Almada
Santa Monica, Cal.
The most beautiful and comfortable
of its kind in the city. The hotel is
open from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.
Write J. H. TRAMER
Elsinore, Cal.

Hotel Sierra Madre
Sierra Madre, Cal.
The most beautiful and comfortable
of its kind in the city. The hotel is
open from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.
Write J. H. TRAMER
Elsinore, Cal.

Hotel Cecil
Los Angeles, Cal.
The most beautiful and comfortable
of its kind in the city. The hotel is
open from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.
Write J. H. TRAMER
Elsinore, Cal.

Hotel Rosilyn
Los Angeles, Cal.
The most beautiful and comfortable
of its kind in the city. The hotel is
open from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.
Write J. H. TRAMER
Elsinore, Cal.

Hotel Kenilworth
Los Angeles, Cal.
The most beautiful and comfortable
of its kind in the city. The hotel is
open from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.
Write J. H. TRAMER
Elsinore, Cal.

BY SICK BABE HEARTS MELT.

Novelist Jack London and
Wife May be Reconciled.

Wounds from His Writings are
Healed by Sorrow.

Police Son's Memorial Day
Lamentic Wields Knives.

Direct Wire to the Times.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—(Ex-
clusive Dispatch.) The dangerous ill-
ness of the young daughter of Jack
London may bring about a reconcilia-
tion between the novelist and his
wife. They separated in July, it was
reported, because of London's views
on marriage, as expressed in "The
Call of the Wild." The wife, who
with their 3-year-old girl and young
son, went to live in a flat in Oak-
land. London lived up apartments on
Tenth street. He has since been deep in
literary work.

Last Tuesday London was sum-
moned from his work by the danger-
ous illness of Joan, his 3-year-old
daughter. The child had been taken
with pneumonia and when the doctor
said it was in great danger the mother
went to her bedside. That night the
illness was in the shadow of death and
the husband and wife kept each other
together. The little girl was improv-
ing, but London spends his time at her
bedside and the reconciliation between
the husband and wife will end the
long separation.

NATIVE SONS' MEMORIAL.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—The Na-
tive Sons of the Golden West will to-
morrow pay tribute to the memory of
the late John G. Sutter. The service
will be held at the Golden Gate Hotel
at 10 o'clock. The program will include
music, a reading of the Sutter story,
and a presentation of a memorial to
the late pioneer.

TOOK AWAY KORN'S COIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—A re-
port was in circulation today that the
Chicago capitalist, Korn, who died here
on Friday, was a few weeks ago
married to a woman named Webb.
Philip S. Jones, the colored nurse,
who testified yesterday that Miss Webb
was not Korn's wife, and that when
she left for Chicago yesterday she
took the dead man's purse containing
\$100 in currency and \$200 in drafts.
Dr. Baughman performed an autopsy
and found scratches of the liver and
evidence of morphine. The stomach
was sent to the city chemist for anal-
ysis. There is no apparent ground for
suspicion of foul play.

LOYD'S LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—The testi-
mony in the C. R. Lloyd case was re-
sumed in the Superior Court this
morning. The evidence this morning
consisted of the reading of several let-
ters introduced on the part of the de-
fendant. In one of these letters Lloyd
testified to Mrs. Lloyd that she must
deny her marriage. He stated that it
was necessary to carry out certain
plans of his at the time of the writing
of the letters. Lloyd was in a hospital
at San Bernardino, having been shot by
William Howell.

SLOPE BRIEFS.

No Damages for Roche.
SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—In the
case of Patrick L. Roche, who brought
suit to recover damages for injuries
received while in the employ of the
Llewellyn Iron Works Company of
Los Angeles, the Supreme Court
handed down a decision today re-
versing that of the Superior Court, which
awarded damages to the plaintiff, and
granted a new trial.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

CANNOT HOLD OVER.
SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—The
so-called county officers of
San Francisco who are charged with
the murder of Guard William Cotter,
which was for today before Justice J. R.
Brown, was continued until next Mon-
day. The continuance was made at the
request of Attorneys Charles Harris
and J. D. Moynahan, who have been
employed to defend the prisoners. It is
said the relatives of Wood are very
wealthy, and will make a hard fight
to save him from hanging.

San Francisco's Tax Rate.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—The city
tax levy for the current year is to be
\$1.05, the rate fixed by the Supervisors
in June upon the valuation given by
the Assessor at that time. This was
set forth by the Board of Supervisors
in a resolution passed yesterday. The
valuation was made at that time by
a writ of mandamus against Auditor Baehr,
restricting that official from proceed-
ing to make out the tax rolls in con-
formity with the raised valuations re-
cently placed on San Francisco by the
State Board of Equalization with the
decreased rate of \$0.84 fixed by the
Supervisors in September.

Immigration Statistics.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—The
monthly report of the Immigration Bu-
reau just filed shows that in Septem-
ber last, 110 immigrants entered the
port of San Francisco. Of this num-
ber 255 purposed to remain, and 125
were in transit.

Penalty for Perjury.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—For
swearing falsely against G. P. Ludlow
with whom he had had dinner, the
ownership of a dog, Robert Hess
must spend the next four years of his
life in the penitentiary.

PAUL SCHAFER LOSES.

DIVORCE DECREE STANDS.
(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)
SACRAMENTO, Oct. 10.—Mrs. Zeb-
uline Beck has received notice of the
disposition of the case brought
against her in Omaha, Neb., by her
former husband, Paul J. Schaffer, of
Oakland. Schaffer brought suit in
Omaha to have canceled a decree of
divorce granted there to his former
wife, who afterward married Beck.
He claimed that he had not received
the proper notice, and that the pro-
ceedings were had without his knowl-
edge.

SAN QUENTIN NEEDY.

BUSINESS BEFORE DIRECTORS.
(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)
SAN QUENTIN, Oct. 10.—The Board
of Prison Directors met here today. It
was announced that bids for the juke
supply would be received at the office
of Director Fitzgerald, next Wednes-
day.

THE VOCALION ORGAN.

is just the instrument. The Vocalion
Organ occupies only about one third
the space of a pipe organ of equal ca-
pacity, proportionately low in price,
and at the same time gives forth the
tones and music belonging to a pipe
organ. The Vocalion Organ is spe-
cially suitable for churches, chapels,
Sunday schools, lodges, societies, etc.
We'll be glad to show it any time.

Wedding Invitations.

Participants in the coming
October and November
weddings can place their
orders for invitations, an-
nouncements, cards, etc.,
with the assurance that
they are exclusively cor-
rect.

Recapture of Lunatic.

ORANGE CITY (Fla.) Oct. 10.—Oliver
Marshall, the insane convict, who re-
fused to leave the asylum at Salem yester-
day with four companions, was
captured here last night by Officer
Shaw. The escape of the inmates was
sensational, they having slid from the
third story by means of a rope made
of blankets.

Kempff to be Retired.

VALLEJO, Oct. 10.—Rear-Admiral
Louis Kempff will be retired from
active service tomorrow. He was
born in Illinois and has seen active
service in all parts of the world since
his appointment to the navy in 1871.
His latest sea service was in com-
mand of a squadron at Taku, China,
during the recent difficulty when the
forts were bombarded.

Finda She's Not Married.

FRESNO, Oct. 10.—Marrying after a
divorce without understanding what
an interlocutory divorce meant, has
caused Lillian E. Bingham to sue
Frank M. Bingham for an annulment
of their marriage. Bingham was the
first wife of a divorcee from him in
Visalia several months ago. Bingham
took no legal advice but went to Reno,
Nev., and married again. The Supreme
Court decision upholding the divorce
law has nullified, and Mrs. Bingham
wants it annulled.

Bank's Right to Open Branches.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—Atty-
Gen. Webb, in response to an inquiry,
has rendered the opinion that the
banks have the right under the gen-
eral laws of the State relative to the
subject of agency, to open agencies in
the county in which the bank is incor-
porated. But the Attorney-General
holds that the authorized agencies of
a bank must do business in the name
of the principal bank and not in the
name of the agent or under a ficti-
tious name. The principles in the
opinion are held to apply to corpora-
tions and to private individuals or co-
partnerships doing a banking business.

Back from Manila.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—The
transport Sheridan has arrived from
Manila with 600 men of the first, fifth
and sixth cavalry and 200 marines.

All for Love.

BERKELEY, Oct. 10.—The body of
John A. McDonald was found today in
a locked room of his home in West
Berkeley. He had committed suicide,
a note, giving the money he had in
bank, to Miss Anna Thom of North
Berkeley, who is a friend of McDonald's
affectionate caused the suicide.

VACCINATION UPHOLD.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—The ques-
tion of compulsory vaccination which
has caused so much agitation, and stirred
up so much bitter strife in this city
for the past several months, after hav-
ing been discussed by the Board of
Education and various other official
bodies, and finally referred to Dis-
trict Attorney Carter for his opinion, has
received his hands a quietus. He in-
forms the Board of Education that it
has no discretion in deciding ques-
tion of compulsory vaccination—Will
Keep Children from School.

THE QUALITY STORE.

**Stylish
Top Coats.**
The handsomest line of Fall Top
Coats you ever saw for the money.
Made expressly for our trade—in
all the styles that good dressers
will wear. Some will like one cut,
some another, but no matter which
you choose you may be as-
sured that it is right in fit, style
and finish. Sizes to fit every man
—short, stout, tall or lean. Come
try on a few at your first oppor-
tunity.

An Interesting Instrument

There are many places and occasions
where organ music is wanted and the
usual small organ is not just the
thing and it is not practical for there
may not be room enough for a large
pipe organ. Tien

The Vocalion Organ

is just the instrument. The Vocalion
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the space of a pipe organ of equal ca-
pacity, proportionately low in price,
and at the same time gives forth the
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Sunday schools, lodges, societies, etc.
We'll be glad to show it any time.

Southern California Music Co.,

332-334 South Broadway.

Coal Specialists.

The only office in the business
portion of the city devoted ex-
clusively to the sale of fuel.
Come in and talk over your fuel
needs with us, even though you
are not ready to order.

Grand Jubilee At TULARE

OCTOBER 16 AND 17.
Celebrating Burning of Irriga-
tion Bonds. Monster Barbecue.
Everything Free. One way
fare Round Trip from Los An-
geles.

Colonist Rates

From eastern points to
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Sept. 15 to Nov. 30.

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The handsomest line of Fall Top
Coats you ever saw for the money.
Made expressly for our trade—in
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will wear. Some will like one cut,
some another, but no matter which
you choose you may be as-
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San Bernardino, Riverside and Orange Counties.

(NEWS REPORTS FROM TIMES CORRESPONDENTS.)

JURY'S VERDICT FAVORS SMITHSON.

CORONER'S INQUEST IN SAN BERNARDINO CASE.

San Bernardino, Oct. 16.—An inquest was held today at the coroner's office to determine the cause of the death of Charles A. Dodson, who was shot Wednesday night by a man who was later identified as John Smithson.

The coroner's inquest was held at the coroner's office, where the body of Dodson was lying in state. The jury, composed of men from the community, heard testimony from witnesses who were present at the scene of the shooting. The testimony was given by Dodson's family, friends, and neighbors, as well as by the police officers who were called to the scene.

The jury returned its verdict after a short deliberation. It found that Dodson was killed by a single shot fired from a revolver. The jury also found that the shooting was the result of a quarrel between Dodson and Smithson. The jury recommended that Smithson be sentenced to the state prison for a term of years.

The coroner's inquest was held in a room at the coroner's office. The room was crowded with people who were interested in the case. The coroner, who was in charge of the inquest, presided over the proceedings.

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FOREIGN FACTS

COMPILED BY H. T. FINCK.

Of the inhabitants of Sweden nearly four-fifths still live in the country. Beds are not popular in Venezuela. Nine persons out of ten sleep in hammocks.

In the years 1854 to 1880 the average life of the fishermen increased by about four years.

A smoking-room is one of the unique features of the new St. Petersburg public library.

Berlin now gets large supplies of beef from regions recently made accessible by the Siberian Railway.

Military weapons to the value of \$35,000,000 were exported from Germany in the year 1889 to 1901, inclusive.

In Romania many peasant families live on 5 cents a day; there are 83,307 mud hovels, and 54,772 families live in caves.

On August 21 the very height of the tourist season, snow fell in Switzerland as low down as the Riffelalp above the sea level.

All fast trains on the Siberian Railway have movable seats, which serve for sleepers. For these there is no extra charge.

Sir Dyce Duckworth predicts that within the next fifty years tuberculosis will be as uncommon as leprosy is now.

Greece is overstocked with lawyers and physicians, owing largely to the country's policy of free education at the University of Athens.

A German dentist says that few people know how to use the tooth brush properly, and that it is quite as important to brush the roof of the mouth as the teeth.

The Berlin Press Club has resolved to discontinue its existence. It had been obliged to borrow \$5,000 marks, but this was turned to the lender at the last moment.

The present policy in Greece is not to let the country be ruled by a few men who are in the places where they were when exhumed and exhibit them.

Expert mountaineers who require three hours or more to ascend the mountain slopes of the Mexican volcano Popocatepetl can slide down the same slopes in ten minutes.

The Canadian paper industry is severely depressed. A single mill, twenty-four hours a day, produces about 1,000,000 pounds of paper every twenty-four hours.

At Aschaffenburg a special course of lectures was given last month on the medical use of Roentgen rays. Professor Poppe, of the University of Würzburg, was the lecturer.

The Iron Commission appointed by Lord Carson has unanimously recommended the expenditure of £25,000 in draining the rivers of Southern India, in order to reclaim deserts and end the famine.

The site of Sparta is at present occupied by a Greek town of 4000 inhabitants. It is only 80 years old, and the streets are laid out with the regularity of a modern American town.

In consequence of the war of extermination against the Moslems, there were only seventy-two cases of malaria in the first five months of this year at Aschaffenburg, as against 549 in the same period last year.

Of every hundred beds in the hotels of Switzerland last year, twenty were occupied in June, sixty-two in July, eighty-three in August, twenty-nine in September, and only ten in October.

The burgomaster of the Prussian town of Heilsberg believes in "women's rights." He has called upon all women who own taxable property to assist in putting out fires, or pay a fine of 10 marks.

Horse insurance is the latest benevolent institution of Bavaria. With the aid of the government, influential persons interested in horse breeding, nearly four hundred unions have been formed, with 34,748 horses and an insurance capital of over \$5,000,000.

A writer in a German medical periodical says that doctors would not be disturbed at night nearly so often if they insisted on immediate payment for their services. The poor who do not pay their bills are the most prone to send for the doctor at night.

In most cases when there is no immediate need of his presence, the doctor does not come to the house.

A firm at Bielefeld a few months ago offered prizes for the best German equivalent for the word "bakes." The result was the adoption of the word "Kuchen."

Being a doctor in ancient Babylon was a risky matter. One of the 242 laws of Hammurabi, recently excavated at Susa, was that if a doctor made a surgical operation and the patient died, he not only got no fee, but had both hands cut off.

A woman of the Alps. A woman of the mountains has been discovered in the Bernese Alps under most strange circumstances, says the Geneva correspondent of the London Express.

A sportsman from Lausanne, while on a deserted portion of the Wildhorn, shot and preserved a cat, which he tracked the injured animal for a long distance along the rugged cliffs, when suddenly he heard not far away a strange moan, as some animal in pain.

Led by the sounds, he found on a rocky ledge a cat, apparently the form of a woman in apparently the last stage of starvation and exhaustion.

Her bones were forcing their way through the skin, her face was hidden by a mass of hair, and her body was covered by a thick coat of fur. Her finger nails were sharp, like the claws of animals, and her bare feet were protected by a thick sole of horny cuticle. Her only covering was a scanty patchwork of sacking and odd scraps of cloth.

At the sight of the man she screamed wildly, and attempted to rise and escape, but he caught her by the arm, and she was procured and she was conveyed to a hospital.

MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION BONDS STOCKS REAL ESTATE

REAL ESTATE

CORPORATION BONDS STOCKS AND BONDS

THE

Southwestern Securities Company

OF LOS ANGELES

PAID-UP CAPITAL \$50,000

GEO. PEARSON, President

WALTER H. PACKARD, Secretary

Executive Office

Seventh Floor, Lankershim Building

LOS ANGELES, CAL. Oct. 1, 1901

TO OUR CLIENTS:

It is not often that the capital stock of a well-known manufacturing enterprise is offered to the general public, and we congratulate ourselves on being able to place before you for a limited time—ten days only, a small block of stock in the Pacific Pure Food Company, of this city, at the special price of 15 cents per share (par value \$1.)

It is believed that the publicity gained, and the many staunch friends made for the company, and for Sunshine Cereal Food, Sunshine Bread, Sunshine Crackers, and all the products of their factory, (which may be found at all the leading groceries), will amply repay for making this generous offering of stock, as well as allowing you to participate in the profits of a rapidly growing business.

It is earnestly requested that you visit the office of the factory at 1622 to 1628 East First Street, in the large three-story brick building, which at present covers but partially 26 lots secured to accommodate the future development of the manufacturing plant.

The offering of this stock is made through us, as Fiscal Agents at our offices, Seventh Floor, Lankershim Building, Third and Spring Streets, where you may take out subscription for stock at this special price, (15 cents per share), for a limited time, (ten days only), and as the quantity of this special issue is small, we advise that you investigate and quickly.

We feel confident that you will be glad to avail yourself of this opportunity to purchase as many shares of this stock as you can afford, and, to accommodate small as well as large investors, certificates will be issued in sums to suit.

Remember! 15 cents per share for par value stock \$1.00 ten days only.

Yours very truly,

THE SOUTHWESTERN SECURITIES CO.,

Seventh Floor, Lankershim Building,

Third and Spring Streets



THERE'S ONE COFFEE ALWAYS SATISFACTORY TO EVERY COFFEE DRINKER—

NEWMARK'S HAWAIIAN BLEND.

Drink it one morning and you'll want it the next.

Drink one cup and you'll want another.

It's rich, aromatic, delicious flavor makes it a coffee among coffees.

One pound packages. Never in bulk.

Imported, Roasted and Packed by Newmark Bros. Angeles.

to Genesay, where the strange story of her discovery at an altitude of over 10,000 feet up the mountain created widespread interest.

When she had been fed and had somewhat recovered, her alarm at seeing people around her seemed acute, and again she attempted to run away from her preservers. She gnashed her teeth, attempted to bite and scratch those who held her, and abused them in an unknown tongue resembling a rough mountain patois, but which none of the French, German, and Italian peasants who tried to converse with her were in the least able to understand.

Her history is at present a mystery, but it is thought possible that she was procured and she was conveyed to a hospital.

gypsies, and that she has been wandering half-demented and alone on the Alps for many months.

Almost Wrecked. A clergyman who was totally devoid of knowledge of seamanship once preached to a congregation of sailors. Thinking to impress his lesson upon his hearers more distinctly, he pictured a ship trying to enter a harbor against a head wind. Unfortunately for the success of his metaphor, his ignorance of seamanship placed the ship in several singular positions.

CORPORATIONS ORGANIZED
STOCKS AND BONDS UNDERWRITTEN

Company

\$50,000

Executive Offices
Fourth Floor, Lankershim Building

S. CAL. Oct. 1, 1903.

of a well-known local general public, to place before small block of stock city, at the special, and the many for Sunshine Cereal and all the products all the leading his generous offer to participate in the profit

in the office of the in the large three-ers but partially development of the hough us, as Fiscal ershim Building, to ke out subscription per share), for a quantity of this investigate and to avail yourself of this stock as well as large investment suit. alue stock \$1.00

IES 00., ershim Building, and Spring Streets.

SHOE

After Looking Everywhere

For reliable foot wear, try us. We show a fine collection of more styles than any other shoe house. Not only our own make, but we handle the shoes from the nation's best factories. The Fall styles are here—shoes from \$2.50 to \$7.00.

Hamer's Fire Shoes, Shoe repairing, Non-Crack Shoe Polish.

Glasses Fitted

to give your eyes the help they need. No one so competent to fit your eyes as we.

BOSTON OPTICAL CO.

235 South Spring Street

RATTAN TRUNKS

Pay Their Own Freight

J. C. Cunningham

Los Angeles County: Events in its Cities, Towns and Villages.

[NEWS REPORTS FROM TIMES CORRESPONDENTS.]

SOCIETY DIAMONDS

PARADEA SMART SET TURNS OUT FOR SWEET CHARITY.

Shakespeare Club in Transformation. Congressionalists Discuss Their Division—Public Opinion Aroused Against Plumbing Ordinance—Strange Allusion to Bally Horse.

PARADEA. Office of the Times, No. 23 South Raymond avenue, Oct. 10. The smart set of the city was in attendance at the baseball game played for charity at Tournament Park yesterday afternoon.

It might have been the annual horse show judging from the many who came in automobiles and the many who came in carriages. The game was a close one, the home team winning by a score of 10 to 9.

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for Young People. Mrs. W. T. Bolton will give "One Mother's Experience, and Mrs. J. Fremont Church will lead in a general discussion upon "How Can Children Be Trained in Concentration, Obedience and Reverence?"

Two weeks from today will place the club reciprocity afternoon, when the women's clubs of Alhambra, Azusa, Covina and Monrovia will send delegations to meet with the Shakespeare Club. One paper or talk will be given by some representative from each club, and a social hour will follow the literary programme.

After the plumbers. The long smoldering dissatisfaction with what is known in Pasadena as the "plumbing ordinance" has at last broken out into action. A petition was put in circulation Friday which will be presented to the City Council asking that body to repeal certain sections of the ordinance.

Since the passing of this ordinance there has been dissatisfaction among property owners and some of the plumbers who say that the license required in the sum of \$100 works a hardship on journeymen plumbers. Property owners say the ordinance keeps prices on plumbing sky high.

Attorney J. G. Rossier, acting for petitioners, says that under the present ordinance a man may not dig his own sewer without paying \$50 for a license. He says the ordinance is a hardship on the poor.

CHARGED WITH CRUELTY. Contractor Frank Turner, son of the ex-Street Superintendent, was arrested Friday by Constable Wallis, agent for the humane society, on charges preferred by that organization, which alleges that Turner is guilty of inflicting unnecessary cruelty on a horse on October 1. At that time, according to testimony secured by the humane society, Turner was using a horse in the Arroyo Seco to haul gravel.

Following the action of the city commissioners in turning down the proposition of putting tennis courts in the new Central Park, has come an open expression of dissenting opinions in regard to the matter. Those favoring the plan if not of the majority are of the energetic, and yesterday a petition was put in circulation with already a fair number of signatures.

So far as the commissioners are concerned there is no real objection with any of them to the plan, provided the people want it. Since the proposal to put tennis courts there was made the commissioners have heard many objections urged: first, expense, and second, a littering up of the courts and park by the lawless. There is little doubt that if the people want the courts they will have them. Tennis equipment may be loaned to give evidence of their sincerity by contributing funds for the project.

SOCIAL NOTES. The engagement of James F. Britton and Miss Louise Stenmark of Chicago was yesterday informally announced in Pasadena.

Miss Anne Whitmore has issued invitations for an afternoon function Tuesday, given in honor of Miss Claypool, a former Pasadena girl, who has been in the East three years, but has returned here for the winter.

A new card club, which will meet weekly, has been organized by some of Pasadena's prominent men. The membership includes Judge O. F. Wood, C. D. Castlerine, Dr. W. D. Turner, W. G. Bennet, Robert Eason, Elias Axtell, W. Richardson, Calvin Hartwell, H. T. Marriner, Charles Gardner, H. M. Stone, C. W. Stone, W. H. Shibley.

Mrs. William McCormack of Euclid avenue entertained twenty-four children yesterday afternoon in honor of the double birthday of her little daughter, Edith. Edith attained to the age of 8 and Rowland became 6 upon the same auspicious day.

PARADEA girl, who has come here for the winter, for Tuesday afternoon. Rev. and Mrs. Browner of Durston Church celebrated their wedding anniversary Friday evening by entertaining a number of their friends.

BOUND FOR JAIL. Two husky young men who looked as if they had been out for better things, appeared in the Police Court yesterday morning charged with sleeping in box cars, and were sent to jail for ten days.

MISS LAURA O. BACH died suddenly yesterday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Todd Ford on Grand avenue of apoplexy. She was 53 years of age. The remains were sent last night to Akron, O., where interment will be made.

ODDS AND ENDS. A. F. Little was fined \$2 yesterday for riding his sidewalk. A. H. Tyler, driver of the Dayton street fire engine, has resigned his position to take charge of the grounds at the Pasadena Gun Club preserves near Bixby.

Munger & Griffith, a hardware firm doing business at the corner of Broadway and Main streets, have put the name under which "incorporated to Crown Hardware Company, for the reason that there is no longer any connection with the firm by the name of Munger, and that there is a firm here named Munger & Munger.

Monday evening will be initiation night with the Lady Mothers. Porch climbers and jimmy operators are troubling East Side residents. Several of the residents of East Side have been detected by the police on a recent evening.

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More Style Without More Cost

Isn't that what you've been looking for? And could anything come nearer your ideas than "F. B. Q." clothing—Wanamaker's favorite? It isn't "popular" in the sense of being "bargained or 'marked-down'" —not a cheap popularity. But it's the favorite clothing among fashionably dressed men—a popularity that will likely include yourself.

And prices?—like other clothing.

Charles W. Ennis

... 233 South Spring Street



1000 MEN AT WORK on Huntington Short Line to Pasadena.

The above descendants of the aboriginal Indians of old have just completed the Pasadena Short Line and are now making dirt for the Huntington Short Line. The Huntington Short Line is a public utility, and the Huntington Short Line is a public utility. The Huntington Short Line is a public utility, and the Huntington Short Line is a public utility.

ONLY \$70 PER LOT \$4 DOWN AND \$4 A MONTH. We are selling quarter-acre Pasadena Villa Tract lots for \$4 down and \$4 a month until paid for; no interest, no taxes. Our lots are unquestionably a good investment. We are now selling at \$70, but the price will soon be raised to \$100.

CARLSON INVESTMENT COMPANY

114 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

POPULAR OFFICER DEAD AT SOLDIERS' HOME.

CAPT. C. O. PRATT ANSWERS THE FINAL SUMMONS.

Heroic Struggle of Brave Spirit Against Growing Infirmities of the Flesh—Native of Michigan and Served in Regiment from That State.

SOLDIERS' HOME, Oct. 10.—After a prolonged struggle of a brave spirit against the growing infirmities of the flesh, Capt. Charles O. Pratt, a popular officer and adjutant of the home, died this morning. The captain had been in failing health for several months, but he stuck courageously to his duty until the end.

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SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

SMALL TROUPOUT.

AYALON, Oct. 10.—Residents of Catalina who were on the beach at 7 o'clock yesterday morning were treated to a most unusual sight. The phenomenon was a waterpout, some eight miles out to sea, in an easterly direction, in plain view of the shore. It was witnessed by a number of boatmen, who have served time before the mast and they say it had all the characteristics of the waterpouts which had become familiar objects to them while sailing the southern seas.

INSULAR NOTES. Charley Ironmonger and wife, and Capt. George Gemmell of the Mascot, with his wife, have started out on a two weeks' camping expedition around the island.

OVER THE RIVER. Among other recent deaths are: Thomas Kelley, late Second Maine Light Artillery, a native of Ireland, admitted from Santa Monica, March 1903; died October 3; aged 82.

Henry Welsh, late Second Battery, Massachusetts Light Artillery, a native of Ireland, admitted from Santa Monica, March 1903; died October 3; aged 82.

WHITTIER.

MUCH HOUSE BUILDING.

WHITTIER, Oct. 10.—There is a considerable activity in the building line here. From the first of September to the middle of this week the average has been two building permits every three days. The class of homes built is much more substantial, as well as more artistic. Permits granted within the past month, reckoned conservatively, aggregate over \$30,000. The value of all buildings now in course of construction is estimated at \$60,000. At the same time there is a great scarcity of houses for rent.

TROLLEY'S FAST WAY.

Track-laying on the electric road is being hastened, and the completion of the road as far as the foot of Philadelphia street is promised for next Saturday. The matter of the East Whittier extension is not yet settled, and a mass meeting has been called for Monday evening at Hockett's Hall, to consider the matter. The extension of the line being practically settled, Senator Fred Smith, who has been in charge of that department, has been transferred to Los Angeles.

WHITTIER BRIEFS.

The Women's Club of Whittier began its year's work Thursday, holding an "officers' day" session at the Baptist Church. Miss Emmie Hubley was elected to represent the club at the Woman's Parliament to be held in Los Angeles.

BELL.

UNEVEN EXCHANGE. BELL, Oct. 10.—M. E. Rule, a rancher living half a mile east of Bell, has been kept guessing since Thursday as to what has become of his buggy, which he left standing in front of his house on the Downey road on Wednesday evening. The following morning it had vanished, but fifty yards away an old buggy had been left on the roadside. Neighbors furnished the only clue to the disappearance, they having heard sounds of furious driving during the night. It being presumed that the parties making the change were anxious to get away as speedily as possible, for a day or two the original owner thought it possible that one of his neighbors had made a temporary exchange, but the old buggy still standing by the side of the road has shattered that theory.

Loma Linda Hotel opens October 15.

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

NEWS AND BUSINESS.

Death of Dr. Shepard.

Rev. Dr. Charles Shepard, father of Samuel Shepard of this city and Mrs. George H. Shepard, died suddenly in the East the past week. Dr. Shepard had but recently returned to his eastern parish, and his unexpected passing away was a great shock to his relatives.

Homopathic Meeting.

The Southern California Homopathic Medical Society will hold its annual meeting the coming Wednesday and Thursday, in the parlors of the Hotel Westminster. This society has a large membership. At the annual gathering discussion of much practical value to the fraternity are held.

"J. O. C." Installation.

The "J. O. C." class of the First Methodist Episcopal Church installed their new officers Friday evening. Dr. H. W. Brodbeck being master-of-ceremonies. The new officers are: Miss Ruth McFayre, president; Mrs. Maude Clewett, vice-president; Miss Amy Barager, recording secretary; Miss Flossie Hubbard, treasurer; Miss Nannie Falls, editor.

ARREVIATES.

The Bible to go in the public schools. Senator Pendleton has promised to pass the bill in the next Legislature. Archbishop Montgomery, Bishop Conaty, Bishop Cranston, Hon. E. Benjamin, chancellor of the University of Nebraska, Cardinal Newman, Rev. Geo. A. Hough, Rev. W. W. Ferguson and their speeches in favor of the Bible and religious education are printed in this issue of "Public Economy," which also champions the Bible in schools also is urging the amendment of the Constitution of the United States, so as to recognize the Bible in schools. Send 10 cents for copy to Times' Job office; \$1 per year. We solicit help to this great cause. A. B. Hotchkiss, editor, 460 South Grand avenue, Los Angeles.

Rev. Dr. George Thomas Dowling's temple at Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, Simpson Auditorium, Hope street, between Seventh and Eighth, Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, will be "Great Chapters of the Bible," No. 2, Daniel V: "The Story of Belshazzar." Weigh in to balance and found wanting. The congregation with please read the chapter carefully before coming to church. The service will be printed in full. Vested choir. Seats will be reserved for seat holders only until the clergy and choir have entered the church. At the close of the service, copies will be distributed of the sermon delivered two weeks ago, on "The Ethics of Property and the Rights of Man."

Conservative investors are well advised to take note of the fact that mortgages which (after allowing for mortgage tax) net them about six (6) per cent. We pay 6 per cent. net on certificates of deposits secured by first mortgages, which are better than straight mortgages because they are backed up by the corporation liability. In addition to the deposit of first mortgages with a trustee, you can find nothing safer bearing 6 per cent. per annum, interest payable semi-annually. Write for booklet, "A Question Answered." The Protective Savings Mutual Building and Loan Association, 101 N. Broadway.

Investors: Last 10 per cent. good enough for the use of your money, when it is secured by gilt-edged real estate? It ought to be. Here is your opportunity. Six new houses on Avenue 52, in the celebrated Highland Park tract, for \$21,000, which will rent for \$2100 per annum. The location is choice and the buildings are first-class. Look it up. Address: Prudential Improvement Co., 101 N. Broadway.

Real estate advertisers and others: Hereafter all real estate and other classified "want" advertisements for Sunday insertion must be in the Times office not later than 11 o'clock Saturday night in order to be properly classified. All small advertisements received after this hour will be printed under a special heading of "Too late to classify." Special request is made of those telephoning "Lines" to do so before 10 p. m. each night.

Paris model hats—Our showing of special imported models, as well as the designs of our own staff, is more complete than ever before. Every hat in our store is exceptionally good, possessing strong individuality and a custom-made touch that is inimitable. We invite your inspection. Spier, ladies' hats, 121 S. Spring street, sole agent for Crofts & Connelly turbans.

Many have already purchased their new hat for the coming season. If you are one who hasn't, make a note of the following address and stop on your shopping tour. You may have some wonderful surprises for you in the way of beautiful hats at very tempting prices. Hoffman's Millinery, 121-123 S. Spring.

Mrs. Eliza Tupper Wilkes will give a course of six lectures at Cammock Hall on "The Influence of Thought on Expression." Tuesdays at 11:15 a. m., beginning October 12. Themes—Need of expression, sources of power, self-control, courage, idealism, altruism. For the course, \$1.50; single lecture, 50 cents.

The Brown-Baker Home School, 523-247 West Seventh, tender a reception in honor of the 100 new students who entered since the 1st of September at the school premises, Thursday, October 13, from 8 to 11 p. m. Music, refreshments, and dancing. Alumni and friends of the school cordially invited.

"Coming events cast their shadows before." We have been making baby outfits for many new mothers, because to sew at home now; beautiful baby outfits \$10.50 up. Better hurry, on the old stock is very high these days. Mrs. E. W. Kinney, 433 S. Broadway.

Beeman & Hendee have just returned from the East on an extensive purchasing tour—the most complete line of baby wear, decorative needlework and dolls, direct from toyland—goods will arrive shortly at our large store, 247 South Broadway.

Our fine water colors and imported engravings are going, but we still have an immense collection to choose from. We are selling all these large pictures at less than cost. We would be very glad to go to your framing. Art Emporium, 715 South Broadway.

New York Pleasing Co., office 247 S. Broadway, room 20, Los Angeles. All kinds of plaiting done at eastern prices. We guarantee our work. Price list 1 to 4 inches, 2 cents per yard; 4 1/2 inch and each additional inch. Sun graduated skirts \$2 to \$2.50.

Children's classes, Cammock School, physical culture, beginners' class Tuesday 9 a. m., 3:30 p. m.; Saturday, 11 a. m.; advanced class, Thursday, 7:30 p. m.; Saturday, 9 a. m. Reading class Saturday 10 a. m., 1500 Figueroa street.

Both "phones. City Steam Carpet Cleaning Works have the best improved machinery for cleaning fine rugs and carpets, also do upholstery and make over hair dressers. Office 307 S. Flower street. Both "phones, M. 47. John Blosser.

Bring your old time feathered, bonnets and plumes to be dyed, curled and remodeled in latest styles. We can furnish top plumes and also make new ones from \$2.50 to \$15. Mrs. Deste, 523 S. Broadway.

R. Horvath, ladies' tailor at 904 S.

Figueras, is keeping up his reputation for giving a perfect fit in fashionable suits and jackets at reasonable prices. His samples are high standard, his fashion-plates the latest.

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, 523 South Olive street, Rev. Dr. Wilkins will preach. Subjects, "Living Without God," "Who Touched Me?"—the first in a series of Sunday evening evangelistic sermons.

The Southern California Business College, 614 South Grand avenue, invites all friends of the school to attend a social in the college rooms on Tuesday evening, October 12.

Mrs. Sode Frank, first-class caterer, from Grand Rapids, Mich., caters for receptions, dinners, luncheons. Dishes and silver to let, 2303 Union avenue. "Phones, West 535; Home 747.

Maria Jefferson and Elsie Teese, formerly with Vacey Steer, rooms 2621, Hotel Savoy, over B'way Dept. Store, shampooing. Try our Almond Meal face pack. Home 3603.

Physical culture, Cammock School of Expression; beginners' class Tuesday 11:15 a. m.; evening class Monday 7:15 p. m. Terms on request. 1500 Figueroa street.

Note Jacoby Bros.' big advertisement on one of the inside pages of this section. The most important announcements we have made this year. All the latest designs in accordance with the latest fashioning, sun-plaiting, skirts, cutting and hemming free.

316 1/2 South Spring. Tel. Main 307. Rosely Hotel dining-room now under the management of Hart Brook; all meals 25 cents, or 21 meals for \$5; turkey dinner today from 5 to 8 p. m.

The Natick House will serve turkey dinner today from 4:45 to 7:30 p. m.; meals, 35 cents; all other meals 25 cents; 21 meals for \$5.

Turkish and Persian rugs. Kerman-shaw \$2500, one blue silk carpet \$412 \$5000, beautiful colors. N. G. Balda, 122 W. Fourth street.

Notice—Mrs. Yorba, formerly at El Famosa, 549 South Main street, will serve Spanish dinners hereafter at 219 South Hill street.

Rev. A. C. Smith will deliver a lecture on his European trip at Blanchard's Hall, Thursday, October 22, 7:30 p. m.

Ostrich boas, plumes, cleaned, curled and dyed. Miss Watson, removed to 247 S. Broadway, room 20.

W. T. Woods will form a class for beginners in dancing Monday evening, October 12, 7:30 S. Figueroa street.

Prof. Hersee, expert piano tuner, late with Bartlett's, with Eton Music Co., 333 South Spring.

Swirl hats for the races. Miss Minnie G. Sullivan, 304 Grant Bldg., Fourth and Broadway.

Spooling with a specialty at Zinnman's button factory, 254 S. Broadway, rooms 3 to 6.

Redwood rates, household goods and from East, Bekins Van & Egr., 244 S. Broadway.

Learn illuminated leather. Call and see samples. O. L. McLean, 132 W. Twelfth.

Eccema cured permanently. Cosmetic Surgery Co., 215 Johnson Bldg., Cosmetics made to order and repaired.

To be happy use freely Hanley's Cal. Food (Cereal) coffee. Grocers.

Furs cleaned, dyed, repaired and made over at 129 S. Spring st. L. A. Paste Factory. Ask for samples.

Furs remodeled. D. Bonetti, 212 S. B'way Dr. Rayless res. moved Hotel Angelus. Hersee, Turner. Tel. Black 4423.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union office for Allen Elvington, Frank Walker, Leon Bendus, F. C. Drake, Mrs. C. E. B. Smith, John M. Lucas, Charles Babbish, O. W. Wilcox, Oscar Henderson, Allan McClelland, Mrs. F. I. Evans, Miss Jessie Smiley, R. F. Harrison, Salome E. McCormick and G. O. Stuart, and cablegram for Mitchell Roberts.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Postal Telegraph-Cable office for M. G. Cooper, L. T. McNabb, Mrs. M. D. Munn, W. H. Beer, Charles N. Schwab.

MARRIAGE LICENSES. The following marriage licenses were issued yesterday from the office of the County Clerk:

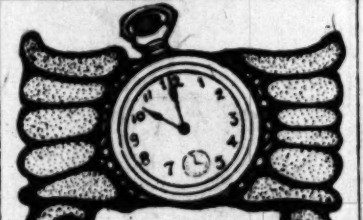
John Williams, aged 28, native of England, and Treasa M. Mitscher, aged 24, native of Illinois; both residents of Los Angeles.

Perry J. Davidson, aged 29, native of Illinois, resident of Fullerton, and Jean A. Sterling, aged 22, native of Indiana, resident of Acton.

James S. Kier, aged 31, native of New Jersey, and Eva M. Butler, aged 14, native of Iowa; both residents of Los Angeles.

Clayton T. Gundry, aged 16, native of Canada, resident of Spokane, and Henry Barrett, aged 16, native of New York, resident of Denver.

Antonio Sulzinger, aged 26, native of Italy, and Teresa Campanaro, aged 21, native of California; both residents of Los Angeles.



Long Hours or Short

The length or brevity of an hour depends upon what happens in it. The length or brevity of wear in a watch depends on what happens in its making. Choice materials and skilled workmanship happen together in the watches that we sell to you with the maker's and our guarantee, and by them all hours are equal and measure sixty minutes to the dot.

"Time is money," and it's worth your time to read these prices:

MEN'S WATCHES \$10.50—One of the tasteful, attractive new thin model watches, gold-filled case, warranted ten years, fine American Waltham movement.

MEN'S WATCHES \$14.00—16 size, thin model and warranted twenty years; has very fine, handsomely engraved, gold-filled case; Elgin or Waltham movement. Elsewhere from \$15 to \$18.

Ladies' Watch \$15
Diamond Setting
Handsome twenty-year gold-filled case, beautifully engraved. O or 6 size; Elgin or Waltham movement. Case set with beautiful diamond.

GENEVA WATCH AND OPTICAL CO.
305 S. Broadway.

Our alteration tailors are the best money can hire.

WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS AND INVITATIONS
You can rely upon us for correct forms

VISITING CARDS
Tally or Score Cards
Fine Stationery 35c Box

Sanborn, Vail & Co.
357 South Broadway

SAN PEDRO.
DISCHARGING FOREIGN CARGO.

SAN PEDRO, Oct. 10.—The large French bark Ville de Mulhouse, which arrived several days ago from Hamburg, Germany, with a cargo of 3000 tons of cement, is docked at the Southern Pacific wharf, in the inner harbor.

A vessel laden with a foreign cargo was discharged here. The fact has attracted a good deal of attention. The vessel is 300 feet in length and forty-five feet in breadth of beam. Much of her cargo had to be lightered in the outer harbor before the Ville de Mulhouse could cross the bar off Dead Man's Island.

HARBOR-TOWN BRIEFS.
A drama entitled "The Triumph of Love" was presented at the Wetherly Operahouse last evening by local talent. The cast required about thirty characters.

Superintendent Langtry of the southwestern division of Wells-Fargo Express Company, accompanied by Assistant Superintendent William Friedman, visited San Pedro in the interest of their company yesterday.

EL MONTE.
RANCHMAN'S NEW CLUB.
EL MONTE, Oct. 10.—Ranchmen of this vicinity are arranging to form a club. It is expected that Prof. A. J. Cook of Pomona College will attend the first meeting and assist in the organization.

Musical people of El Monte are planning to organize a brass band, and a meeting will be held next week with that object in view.

Acetylene lights are rapidly replacing kerosene lamps in the business places here.

The Infanta Maria Mercedes, sister of King Alfonso of Spain, has sustained a slight concussion of the brain by being thrown out of a motor car at Munich, Bavaria.

Los Angeles Transfer Co.
will check baggage at your residence to any point. Office, 101 W. Fifth st. Tel. M. 4307 or 38.

Breese Bros. Co., Undertakers.
Broadway and Sixth. Lady assistant in attendance night and day. Tel. Main 588.

Pierce Bros. & Co., Undertakers.
110 S. Flower. Tel. M. 111. Lady attendant.

Peck & Chase Co., Undertakers.
412-414 South Hill. Tel. M. 61. Lady attendant.

City Transfer Company, 519 S. Main.
Trunks, inside delivery. Tel. M. 24.

Automobile Livery.
21 and 23 South Main street. Tel. Main 722. Electric, steam, gasoline.

F. M. Parker, Plumbing. Phone 464. We stop leaks. 620 South Spring street.

If You Want to Go East C. Haydock.
Agent Illinois Central R.R., 238 South Spring.

Robt. L. Garrett & Co., Undertakers.
No. 240 N. Main. "Phones 25. Lady attendant.

Our buyers now in New York

Opening new Walking and Dress Suits, Coats, Wraps and Skirts every day.

You will appreciate the advantage of keeping buyers in New York when you see these gems of style—the masterpieces of designers who, in their way, are as true artists as painter or sculptor.

Beautiful wraps for theater and street wear, magnificent dinner and reception costumes, smart dress and walking suits. Our models are individual; not a hackneyed effect; not a commonplace line—every detail piquant, distinctive.

The materials are faultless, the richest of broadcloths, zibelines, Venetians camel's hairs, etc. The colors are charming, gently pastel or richly toned in the autumnal hues. As to trimmings and their application—dashing, dignified, severe, girlish—every degree of charm has been developed.

A UNIQUE Cloak and Suit House

The fit shall be perfect or keep your money.



ANY girl knows at least one girl who would make an ideal wife. It's dead easy for us to name our tailor shop which would be a good place for you to trade at.

We would just like to show you the "milk in the coconut" of our claims—just like to put you into one of our \$48 full dress suits—and the test of true tailoring comes in the building of the snug fitting full dress suit, and we'll wager the Sub-treasury against a paper dime, that you'll immediately enter in the rank of Keaner & Krohn's steady customers.

BRÄUER & KROHN.
Tailors in the Fashion.
128-130 S. Spring St., and 114 1/2 S. Main St.

BOSWELL & NOYES DRUG CO.
RELIABLE PRESCRIPTION DISPENSERS.

Pierce's Prescription, 70c
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 70c
Seven Sister's Hair Grower, 85c
Ayer's Hair Vigor, 75c
Apena Water, 15c
Packer's Tar Soap, 15c
Magic Headache Tablets, 25c
Gude's Peptomangan, 90c

Our perfumes are refined, delicate and most fascinating. We carry the most superior stock in town. Queen Helen, 50c an oz.; English Violets, 50c an oz.; Jockey, \$1.75 a bottle; Houbigant Ideal, \$4.00 per bottle.

THIRD AND BROADWAY
SWELL GOWNS
No standing to be fitted. SCHELL'S PATENT ADJUSTABLE FORM For Dressmaking 670 South Broadway

BUY YOUR OPTICAL GOODS HERE!
Our stock of Spectacles and Eyeglasses Consists of the latest styles, of the very latest makes.

Our work is performed by experienced fitters and grinders. Every part of it guaranteed.

OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT!
Oculists prescriptions our specialty

BRAIN-HARMS OPTICAL CO. 421 S. SPRING

Machin Shirt Co.
High-Grade Shirt Makers
124 South Spring Street.

ASTHMA, HAY
Cured to stay cured. Breathe freely. For Free Book, PRIVATELY PREPARED, write to: J. H. Bennett, 240 S. Broadway, 240 S. Broadway.

SWITCHES, SWITCHES, SWITCHES.
Pumpdowns, Water and Gas. In the City.

THE BENNETT TONIC
Cor. 5th and Spring

WESTON OSTRICH FARM
150 GIGANTIC



Magnin-made waists are different

Elegance of materials, exclusiveness of design, and carefulness of workmanship have won for them an enviable reputation among California dressiest women.

Every refined style, from the most elaborately trimmed Evening Waists of Chiffon and Crepe de Chine, in pale blue, lavender, white and black, to the plain simple waists of heavy cotton for 'round-home wear.

Gun metal taffeta waists, \$11.00.
Rich satin striped taffeta waists—black and white stripes, from \$9.50 up.
Black louisiane waists, and white also, \$6. The blacks in sizes 34 to 44.
New waists of imported figured vesting cloths—cotton.

Elegant plaid silk waists, \$11.50.
White, also black, crepe de chine waists, \$7.50—blacks in sizes 34 to 44.
White mercerized cheviot waists in the ed effects, \$2.35.
White figured madras waists, large buttons, \$3.00.

Wrappers of fine challies and cashmeres; Tea gowns of cashmeres and rich silks; Negligees of rich India silks and Japanese crepes. Exceptional throughout the line.

251 S. Broadway. *de Magnin & Co.* 251 S. Broadway.

BUY YOUR OPTICAL GOODS HERE!
Our stock of Spectacles and Eyeglasses Consists of the latest styles, of the very latest makes.

Our work is performed by experienced fitters and grinders. Every part of it guaranteed.

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Pumpdowns, Water and Gas. In the City.

THE BENNETT TONIC
Cor. 5th and Spring

WESTON OSTRICH FARM
150 GIGANTIC

Editorial Sheet.
PICS OF THE DAY.

UP YEAR.

ASONS OPERAHOUSE—

THREE

Commencing Mo

ROBERT I

(MANAGEMENT HERE)

IN RICHARD HARR

Soldiers of

"BEST OF ALL E

STAGE VERSION BY AUG

Nights at the Savoy

PRICES—50c, 75c, \$

NEW OF SALE. TEL

SON OPERAHOUSE—

TWO NIGHTS ONLY—FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

The W. West Big

Presenting a Grand Finale

THE W. WEST BIG

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New York
Suits
every day.

New York
of designers
for.
cent dinner
suits. Our
commonplace

s, zibelines,
gently pas-
amings and
ery degree

The fit shall
be perfect or
keep your
money.

different

carefulness of work-
among California's

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lavender, white and
round-home wear.

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acks in sizes 34 to 44.

ed cheviot waists in fig-

madras waists, tucked

ashmeres and rich black

res. Exceptional value

51 S. Broadway.

UBILEE

INCUBATOR

SWITCHES, SWITCHES, SWITCHES

THE BENNETT TOILET

STHMA, HAY-FEVER

Editorial Sheet.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THIS YEAR.

OPERAHOUSE—

THREE NIGHTS

Commencing Monday, Oct. 12

ROBERT EDESON

(MANAGEMENT HENRY H. HARRIS)

IN RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S

Soldiers of Fortune

"BEST OF ALL BOOK PLAYS"

STAGE VERSION BY AUGUSTUS THOMAS

Nights at the Savoy Theater, New York.

PRICES—50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

OPERAHOUSE—

The West Big Minstrel Jubilee

"THE WIZARD OF BOZ."

THEATRE—Modern Vaudeville—TODAY.

Week Commencing Monday, October 12.

E. Rousby's Great Spectacular Novelty

"IN PARIS"

...MYLES MCCARTHY...

...ALEXIS...

...PAULO and DIKA...

CARLETON and TERRE

CHARLES ERNEST

MARLO and ALDO

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

THE JONATHAN CLUB STAKES

ASON JOSKINS

FREE-ATTRACTIONS-FREE

AGRICULTURAL PARK

MONDAY, OCTOBER 12th

THE JONATHAN CLUB STAKES

OR MORE HIGH-CLASS RACES EVERY DAY.

LOS ANGELES RACING ASSOCIATION

OSTRICH FARM—South Pasadena

150 GIGANTIC BIRDS

STHMA, HAY-FEVER

LOS ANGELES—10 a.m., 2 p.m.

Observation Cars

STHMA, HAY-FEVER

LOS ANGELES—10 a.m., 2 p.m.

Observation Cars

STHMA, HAY-FEVER

LOS ANGELES—10 a.m., 2 p.m.

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STHMA, HAY-FEVER

LOS ANGELES—10 a.m., 2 p.m.

Observation Cars

Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 11, 1903.

Part II.—8 Pages.

EVENTS IN SOCIETY.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

A BIG THING IN DEMIJOHNS.

Glass Factory to Resume on Larger Scale.

Company of Strong Men Organized to Start the Works.

President of Old Concern Declares That New Promoters are Bluffers.

Los Angeles is to have a new glass plant, but just whose plant it is to be, seems a disputed question. "We have bought the plant of the old Los Angeles Glass Company," which went out of business some time ago," said G. E. Bettinger yesterday afternoon. "We have filed articles of incorporation and expect to be doing business in a very short time."

"I am president of the Los Angeles Glass Company," said Charles L. Joslin yesterday. "We are not out of business, and the plant of the Los Angeles Glass Company has not been sold or conveyed to any company or corporation. We are completing arrangements to open up the plant very soon. I have been in consultation with Mr. Bettinger for some time, but I am not aware of the formation of any new corporation. The Los Angeles Glass Company is still in business, and there is to be only one glass plant operated in Southern California."

ARTICLES FILED.

Articles of incorporation were filed yesterday by the Southwestern Glass Manufacturing Company with a capital stock of \$100,000. The officers are as follows: G. E. Bettinger, who is cashier of the Los Angeles National Bank, president; W. E. Brown of the firm of Brown, Winstanley & Co., jobbers of glass goods, vice-president; J. W. Roberts of Riverside, secretary. These gentlemen, with W. C. Fraser, manager of the Riverside Trust Company, and C. H. Low, a Riverside orange grower, constitute the board of directors. The Los Angeles National Bank is named as treasurer.

The corporation is a combination of Los Angeles and Riverside capital, and while it may be true that the glass interests of Southern California have not yet been combined, yet, Mr. Bettinger, definitely states "G. E. Joslin is in no way connected with this company and does not own a share of stock."

The new corporation proposes to be manufacturing goods within thirty days and from the fact that Mr. Bettinger stated that he could make use of any good glass blowers that might come along, it is assumed that the company is going into the business on a scale larger than making simply machine products. The company is a strong combination of local and outside business men and it looks as if a thriving glass industry is to be successfully started in Los Angeles.

UP AGAINST TRUST.

To what extent this corporation will compete with the Illinois and Pacific Glass Company of the glass trust of the United States, cannot be determined just at present. "We are not prepared to state just what class of goods we will manufacture," said President Bettinger, "but we are in the business to stay and expect to grow as fast as the business can take nourishment, and the food will be of a substantial nature." The sample card of the company states that the business is in bottles, fruit jars, and other glassware. Mr. Bettinger intimated that the company has several patents of its own, including a new fruit jar. Brown, Winstanley & Co. have a patent on a very neat, practical jar for last year, and it is thought that the new corporation will be a competitor of theirs.

The principal business of the company will, for the present, be in fruit jars, bottles, and other glassware. Joslin, who is in charge of the glass trust, is expected to watch the strongest kind of competition will be met from the glass trust, and it is emphatically asserted that the new corporation is in no way connected with the trust. Southern California is in no way connected with the trust. The competition is especially keen in that almost any commodity handled by the jobbers, whose prices are higher than those of the trust, and that of the retailer is cut down almost to a sugar margin. The glass trust is a powerful force in Los Angeles, and it is expected that the new corporation will be a competitor of theirs.

THE PLANT.

The plant of the Los Angeles Glass Company, which, it is asserted, the new corporation has bought, is favorably located for the business, at Avenue 19 and Huntington street, on the edge of the river bed, where the essential sand is right at hand. The plant is well equipped for the business, and it is expected that the new corporation will be a competitor of theirs.

FOR COLONEL OF SEVENTH.

Col. Berry will have strong opposition at the next election of colonel of the Seventh Regiment. Col. Berry is mentioned as a possible candidate. But there is also Berry, who has a habit of winning.

RARE PHOTO EXHIBIT.

Fine Collection of Newest in Eastern Photographic Art on Display in F. G. Schumacher's Studio.

Frank G. Schumacher, who has just returned from the annual convention of American photographers at Indianapolis, reopened his studio yesterday with a public exhibit of rare specimens of the newest in photographic art, collected from representative studios in the principal cities of the United States. The exhibit will be open to the public until October 12, and many yesterday availed themselves of the opportunity of inspecting the rare collection.

The two hundred or more pictures are, almost without exception, marvels of the photographer's skill, and among them are specimens of some of the most famous photographers of the world. Mr. Schumacher intends to introduce here this season.

The collection includes studies by Hearn, E. J. Jackson, Garro, Partridge, Mary Corbell and Marshall of Boston; Benjamin and Boye of Cincinnati; Bernheim and Boye of San Francisco; Stein of Milwaukee; Huntington & Moore of Minneapolis; Sperry of Toledo, O.; Morrison, Godfrey and Koehn of Chicago; Strauss of St. Louis; Brush of Minneapolis; Dudley Hoyt of Rochester, N. Y.; Howerson of Dayton, O.; Proctor of Huntington, W. V.; Jackson of Tacoma; Cook of Elkhart, Ind.; Van Deventer of Decatur, Ill.; Baker of Columbus, O.; Bateman of Detroit; Swell of Dayton, O.; Parrott of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Spellman of Detroit; Roach of St. Louis; Core of New York; Feldman of El Paso; Smith of Saginaw, Mich.; Sabina of Providence, Mass.; Hopkins of Denver; Holbrook of Terre Haute, Ind.; Knafle Bros. of Knoxville, Tenn.; Randall of Hartford, Ct.; Doss of Eucalyptus, O.

GRIFITH'S ANSWER IN DIVORCE SUIT.

DOES NOT SET UP THAT WIFE SHOT HERSELF.

Declares That He Has Treated Her Kindly and He Did Not Attempt to Shoot Her—Income of Twenty-eight Thousand Would Suffice Her.

Col. Griffith's lawyers have put in an answer to Mrs. Griffith's complaint in the divorce suit, and also an answer for the Brisswater Land and Water Company, which answers cover the whole situation.

They have also filed affidavits, and upon these they now move on behalf of the Brisswater Land and Water Company to dissolve the injunction. This motion will come up for argument next Friday. The attorneys have also stated that he could make use of any good glass blowers that might come along, it is assumed that the company is going into the business on a scale larger than making simply machine products. The company is a strong combination of local and outside business men and it looks as if a thriving glass industry is to be successfully started in Los Angeles.

THE PROBABLE ROUTE.

The topographical advantages of San Dimas, where the route is through the finest orange groves, are a decided disadvantage for an electric railway.

San Dimas is 450 feet above Covina and 125 feet above Pomona, to avoid this heavy grade one of the proposed routes runs south of San Dimas along Covina to the south of Frank Johnston, taking a curve diagonally across the orange grove to the gap in the San Jose hills, above Puddingstone Falls. Here a bridge would be built and considerable grading required. This route, with its beautiful waterfall and picturesque hills, dotted with live oaks, has long been the favorite resort for people from far and wide, and all this will soon be changed, the owner having ordered the trees to be cut down for firewood. Passing between these two ranges of hills, the line enters the Rancho de Carrion on the left, the Rancho de Carrion, a prosperous town is not very friendly to this route, which takes the car so far from the village.

The expensive part of this line is in San Dimas, where the route is through the finest orange groves. In order to locate a route where the expense would be lighter, the patronage greater and the grade favorable, preliminary surveys have been made from Charter Oak, through the Central avenue under both lines of railway to Third street, San Dimas, along Third street to La Verne, and along Seventh street, Los Angeles, to the Mills tract, and then south to Pomona.

This route would take the line through San Dimas, with its 1000 population, through La Verne and Burbank, with 1000 population. The right of way could be obtained the whole distance for very little expense, and it is reported that the engineers favor this route in preference to any other.

CLAREMONT ENTHUSIASTIC.

Claremont is very enthusiastic over the proposed line from the Mills tract, Los Angeles, where the line turns south to Pomona, it is only two miles to Claremont, and a branch line to the town of Claremont, which is a town of 1000 population, and a branch line to the town of Claremont, which is a town of 1000 population, and a branch line to the town of Claremont, which is a town of 1000 population.

Baseball Man's New Use.

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NEWEST WAY TO RIVERSIDE.

Trolley Route Favored by Huntington Engineers.

Runs Through Covina, Pomona and Edge of Lordsburg.

Orders Given for Rushing the Work—Pomona Committee Fixed It.

The franchise granted by the city of Pomona to the Pacific Electric Company for a trolley line will expire in two months. No work has yet been commenced, and no rights of way have been obtained, so that the route to and through Pomona is known only to a very few.

In Riverside progress has been made on the rights of way. Mr. Huntington is interested in the new \$300,000 hotel and he has promised Riverside that by January 1 electric cars shall be running from Riverside to Los Angeles in one hour and twenty minutes. To accomplish his fast time the route must be straight and of good grade.

The Times is in a position to say that the line will run from Riverside to Los Angeles by way of Covina and Pomona, skirting Lordsburg and Claremont. The former Pomona committee, headed by D. R. Knill, antagonized the neighboring towns and refused to cooperate with them, but preferred to go it alone.

But the present Pomona committee, consisting of H. J. Jones, E. C. Buehler and A. P. Nichols, are men of sterling enterprise, having the best interests of their fair city at heart, and they have accomplished a hard task in overcoming the snail which was entertained by Huntington toward Pomona on account of the first application for a franchise being refused.

In Covina a free right of way has been presented to the Pacific Electric Company, from a railroad to MacArthur's place, the citizens of Covina, who have been working harmoniously together under the leadership of Messrs. Douglas and Matthews, who more than any others Covina is indebted for the success which has crowned their efforts.

Mr. Huntington has, within the past week, given orders for the line to Covina to be pushed with all possible speed, so that within a very short time this line would be in operation, and water and progressive citizens, will be in direct connection with Los Angeles, making the trip in twenty minutes.

Between Covina and Pomona several routes have been surveyed, the chief of which is the route through the heavy grade through San Dimas.

THE PROBABLE ROUTE.

The topographical advantages of San Dimas, where the route is through the finest orange groves, are a decided disadvantage for an electric railway.

San Dimas is 450 feet above Covina and 125 feet above Pomona, to avoid this heavy grade one of the proposed routes runs south of San Dimas along Covina to the south of Frank Johnston, taking a curve diagonally across the orange grove to the gap in the San Jose hills, above Puddingstone Falls. Here a bridge would be built and considerable grading required. This route, with its beautiful waterfall and picturesque hills, dotted with live oaks, has long been the favorite resort for people from far and wide, and all this will soon be changed, the owner having ordered the trees to be cut down for firewood. Passing between these two ranges of hills, the line enters the Rancho de Carrion on the left, the Rancho de Carrion, a prosperous town is not very friendly to this route, which takes the car so far from the village.

The expensive part of this line is in San Dimas, where the route is through the finest orange groves. In order to locate a route where the expense would be lighter, the patronage greater and the grade favorable, preliminary surveys have been made from Charter Oak, through the Central avenue under both lines of railway to Third street, San Dimas, along Third street to La Verne, and along Seventh street, Los Angeles, to the Mills tract, and then south to Pomona.

This route would take the line through San Dimas, with its 1000 population, through La Verne and Burbank, with 1000 population. The right of way could be obtained the whole distance for very little expense, and it is reported that the engineers favor this route in preference to any other.

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CHILD OF NATURE SEEKS A PARADISE.

CONVINCED OF the futility of life as it is lived by the average sojourner in this vale of tears and clothes, E. W. Darling, who abhors a shirt, consents to wear a coat and knee-breeches when on dress parade, but usually attires himself in nothing but a fig-leaf cloth, has declared his intention of returning to the aboriginal existence.

The very picture of Adam, Mr. Darling struck town yesterday afternoon without hat, shirt, shoes or stockings, en route for Ceylon, and, fearful of being misunderstood, volunteered an explanation as to his appearance, manner of life and plans for the future. Mr. Darling believes that with proper



E. W. DARLING—NEVER WEARS A SHIRT.

Living there is no limit to existence and he is out for a prolonged stay on this mundane sphere. The first article of his creed is to go as nearly naked as the last will allow.

Born in Kansas, reared in Ontario, Can., he had emigrated to Portland, Ore. In 1899 E. W. Darling, the only garment he wore, was a loincloth. Here an elective course, embracing studies kindred to medical science, was pursued. While studying at Stanford the desire to get nearer to nature's heart grew upon Darling, and in the seclusion of his own home practiced simplicity in dress, often taking to the woods, where, unobserved, he may be studied in the nude.

fruit, floods of sunshine and the privilege of dressing as he does, the Indians, the only garment he wears, is a loincloth. As for marriage Darling has forever foregone the opposite sex and will endeavor to surround himself with a company of congenial spirits who take the same view of life as he does. Darling thinks there are too many people in existence now and could his ideas be carried out people would live forever, hence no occasion for marriage.

Darling is the picture of health, evidently enjoys his manner of life, and his face lights up with joyful anticipation as he describes the future awaiting those following in his (bare) footsteps.

A Brilliant Party.

The most brilliant and elaborate euchre party that Edgefield has perhaps ever seen was given last evening last, when Mr. J. Berrien West entertained many very fashionable people in compliance to his guests themselves exceptionally handsome.



THE REASON.

Mrs. Rigby: I think Cousin Kate is envious of our new parlor furniture.
Mr. Rigby: Why do you think so?
Mrs. Rigby: She sent our Tommy a tool chest this morning.

[illegible]

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.
H. G. OTIS.....President and General Manager.
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PUBLISHERS OF

The Los Angeles Times

Daily, Weekly, Sunday.
Vol. 44, No. 130.
Every Morning in the Year.
Founded Dec. 4, 1881.
Twenty-second Year.

NEWS SERVICE.—Full reports of the new Associated Press, covering the globe; from 11:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. transmitted daily over more than 3,000 miles of leased wires.
TERMS.—Daily and Sunday, including postage, \$12 per month, or \$60.00 per year, in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Sunday, 15 cents.
ADVERTISING.—Daily and Sunday, 10 cents per line per day. Long copy, 15 cents per line per day. Special rates for large advertisers.
OWNERS.—The Times-Mirror Company, 1200 N. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.
MANAGING EDITOR.—H. G. Otis.
EDITORIAL ROOMS.—City Editor and Editor-in-Chief, 1200 N. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.
AGENTS.—H. G. Otis, 1200 N. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.
PRINTING.—The Times-Mirror Company, 1200 N. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

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Second-class postage paid at Los Angeles, Cal., and at additional mailing offices.

Postmaster: Please send address changes to The Los Angeles Times, 1200 N. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Local trade conditions for the week ended yesterday were eminently satisfactory. Business was excellent, activity in all lines of activity was prolific, and the bank clearings showed a marked increase over the corresponding period of last year.

The New York Stock market yesterday was ruled by pure, professional dealing, with demand for shares very light. United States Steel preferred was forced further downward; Amalgamated Copper related the depression. There was a fall of enthusiasm in the market. On the Chicago exchange a good demand for wheat prices upward; corn was steady; oats were lively. New York bank clearings showed sharp contractions for the week.

BEWARE THE PERFECT MAN.

A man who had been employed for about fifteen years in a Los Angeles concern, and in whom implicit confidence was placed, he being entrusted with blank checks to pay for supplies and labor, recently skipped out with nearly \$2000 belonging to his employers, a young woman, with whom he had been intimately acquainted, leaving at the same time the embezzler left behind him a wife and seven children. It was stated, in an account of his abrupt departure, that he was a man of embellished character, who neither drank, nor smoked, nor gambled. It was not stated whether or not he held the position of deacon in a church, but that is quite possible. A short time later, a dispatch came from St. Louis that this man had been arrested by the police of that city. It seems that he had been "touched" by a woman for a war of bills, representing about half of his pecuniary, and then had the astonishing gall to go to the same station and make complaint, giving an assumed name. He was then and there confronted with a circular sent by the Los Angeles Chief of Police, wherein he admitted his identity, and said he would return to California without a requisition.

The circular did not refer to this man as a model of domestic and social virtues. In fact, it described him as a dangerous person, who had killed one man. This incident suggests the idea that it is well to keep a close watch of people who ostensibly have no small virtues, for they are very likely to be afflicted with at least one or two large dimensions. We say "ostensibly," for there has never existed a man, since the days when Jesus of Nazareth walked the earth, who could claim to be entirely free from sin. There is no one alive today who could afford to cast the first stone. There seems to be a certain amount of innate goodness in human nature, that must come out in some way or another, just as the internal gases beneath the surface of the earth seek vent at some weak point in the crust. The man who neither drinks, nor smokes, nor gambles, nor swears, may perhaps be so unobtainable at home that he drives his wife to an early grave, or to the divorce court. Or he may be so domineering and unpleasant in his business relations that he is hated by his employees, and shunned by his business associates. Or he may be so exacting in financial affairs as to utterly ignore the plea of the widow and the orphan and the unfortunate.

Yes, indeed, the man who pretends to be absolutely free from small vices is a man that will bear watching.

THE DOX-TAX QUESTION.

Writing to The Times, a correspondent suggests the enactment of a law "taxing a man for his dog just the same as for other personal property." A car, so called, is a tax on the owner. A dog, so called, is a tax on the owner. "May have a heart that beats warmly for its master as a petted thoroughbred. Why should it be allowed to lose its life at the pound because a careless owner is too indifferent to protect it by a license? . . . If people were taxed, they would not adopt a puppy because it is cunning, and when it is older would it suffer through their thoughtlessness."

The writer in this case is doubtless inspired by the most humane and kindly motives. But the suggestion that dogs should be taxed as personal property instead of being licensed is not altogether practicable. This plan, if adopted, would almost certainly, within a few years, augment rather than mitigate the evil of the superfluity of homeless dogs. In fact, the plan suggested by the correspondent has been tried and found to be defective, and has been superseded by the license system in most cities of the country.

It will be conceded without argument by most persons of humane disposition that the ownerless dog is a nuisance which ought to be abated in all well-regulated cities. It will probably be conceded, further, that the only practical way of abating the nuisance is to put such dogs to death in the most humane and painless manner possible. These propositions being conceded, the only pertinent question remaining is as to the best manner in which to resist and keep at a minimum the number of ownerless dogs. Experience has practically demonstrated that this end is best and most directly attained by a license system, requiring that each owner of a dog shall take out a

ward to, but it depends somewhat. Success that has been achieved by running close to the line of demarcation between enterprise and crime, or by grinding the face of the poor, or by shutting one's eyes and ears to all that is noble and great outside of a safe deposit vault, is certainly not a thing that is desirable to be held up for the emulation of the growing generation. Better, by far, that a man should live and die what the world calls a failure, rather than that he should achieve success in any such way as this.

Yes, undoubtedly, the feverish anxiety to get rich "regardless" is undoubtedly the prime cause of the numerous lapses from rectitude which have become so frequent. Gambling has become the man rather than the exception. It permeates every class of society, in various forms, from the stockbroker who puts his \$100,000 on the rise or fall of a certain security, to the corner bookie who ventures his nickel on a game of craps. Unless checked, this gambling mania will lead the country to perdition. Let the good people of this country be warned that the social reform desired for a few months of the struggle with beer, and tobacco, and even the "social evil," as called, and train their united batteries against the gambling habit, and they will surely, and not very slowly, sap the life blood of the United States. The churches might make a beginning by disowning the lotteries of the race track, and even if the proceeds are applied to the purchase of flannel petticoats for the untutored natives of Borrioboola-Gha.

A NIDLE THREAT.

In an Associated Press dispatch from Chicago, Thomas L. Kidd, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, is quoted as making the threat: "Organized capital, through its anti-boycott and employers' associations, must stop its raid on trades unions or the union men will withdraw \$300,000,000 of savings from the banks." Mr. Kidd (who shows himself to be one) made this threat. It is further stated, "after an investigation of the damage suits which the American Anti-Boycott Association and employers' associations have filed against trade unions within the last three months." Mr. Kidd also declared it to be within the power of union labor to "shut the country into a financial panic" by taking from circulation the \$300,000,000 which he claims that union labor controls.

It is hardly necessary to say that the threat of Mr. Kidd, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, is an idle boast—a mere piece of bluff, puff and clap-net, like most of the threats emanating from the so-called "leaders" of industrial brigandage.

It is not so much the threat of the labor unions to "control" the country, one-half of \$300,000,000 on deposit in the savings banks of the country. The surplus earnings of labor are largely expended in paying dues, fines and strikes against various kinds and amounts. They constitute a comparatively small proportion of the total number of depositors in savings banks. The bulk of such deposits credit to the credit of frugal, industrious persons who do not belong to labor unions, and who are wise in refusing to join such organizations.

Secondly, if labor unionists did control \$300,000,000 of savings bank deposits, not a tithe of them would obey an arbitrary command to withdraw their deposits from the banks upon the slightest pretext. Several of the labor unionists would probably, one-half of \$300,000,000 on deposit in the savings banks of the country. The surplus earnings of labor are largely expended in paying dues, fines and strikes against various kinds and amounts. They constitute a comparatively small proportion of the total number of depositors in savings banks. The bulk of such deposits credit to the credit of frugal, industrious persons who do not belong to labor unions, and who are wise in refusing to join such organizations.

Thirdly, if labor unionists did actually "control" the amount of deposits in the savings banks, they would not be able thereby to create a financial panic, nor even to cause a serious financial depression. The amount of money in the money market is a considerable amount, and the money market is a very liquid one. The money market is a very liquid one. The money market is a very liquid one.

Fourthly, even if labor unionists were able to create a financial panic in the manner pointed out by Mr. Kidd, they themselves would suffer severely by reason of it. They would be in the position of "cutting off their noses to spite their faces."

It is not a matter for wonderment that labor agitators are anxious to establish a clear house for the "evil influences" in order that some effective means may be discovered for dealing with them. They are anxious to establish a clear house for the "evil influences" in order that some effective means may be discovered for dealing with them. They are anxious to establish a clear house for the "evil influences" in order that some effective means may be discovered for dealing with them.

Los Angeles having an immortal clench on the baseball pennant has now sent her eminent statesman, Mr. James Jeffries, abroad to show the world that she is not a mere winner. If there is any other game that the audience would like to see us play let it speak up.

With the rain clouds adding several feet of water to the freshets already running in Wall street from those highly saturated securities which have been flooding that busy mart, it is little wonder that it has been wading weather just forlorn Trinity Church.

And now comes the startling information that the Mormons have a deep plot on foot to capture the United States Senate. If they would capture some of the Senators who infest that institution it might be a good scheme to give them all the leeway they want.

Sir Thomas Lipton's idea of having races between real boats instead of between expensive water-skimmers has many strong points in its favor. We think that his suggestions will meet with the approval of the Committee on Aquatics.

It is understood that Mr. Hearst will endeavor to get his newspaper started in Los Angeles before the next Presidential campaign, he himself expecting to be a candidate on either the Democratic ticket or the Hearst ticket.

When all the vacant lots in Los Angeles have been denuded of weeds, old shoes, oyster cans, dismantled wash-borders, broken washboards, dead cats and other litter this will be a pretty dog-gone nice town to live in.

Uncle Sam would appear to have a very satisfactory trade arrangement with China, and it is to be hoped that the entire Chinese population will

LIBERAL MAXIMUM.

The Master Builders' Association, in fixing upon \$5 per day as the maximum rate of wages which members of the association will pay to plasterers and bricklayers in Los Angeles, after November 1, are entirely within their rights as American citizens, and their action is, moreover, clearly within the bounds of justice, fair dealing, and good business practice.

There is reason in all things. The laborer is worthy of his hire, and it is in the benefit and advantage of the entire community when the wage rate is high enough to afford the wage earner a comfortable living, with a fair margin for savings. It will hardly be denied by any reasonable person that \$5 for a day of eight (or nine) hours is a fair rate of compensation for plasterers, or bricklayers, or any other class of artisans in industries requiring equal, but not unusual nor extraordinary effort.

When the plasterers demanded a higher rate of wages than \$5 per day, and virtually forced employers temporarily to accede to the demand, the Master Builders' Association (the plasterers) made a great mistake. Five dollars per day is a good rate of wages, and a high rate at most places, and in most times. It is as good a rate as any one can expect to get in the building industry. The plasterers should have been content to let well enough alone. They were receiving liberal wages, and all who were compelled to accept the wage offered, these conditions might have continued indefinitely, for there is no likelihood that the wonderful progress of Los Angeles will be retarded by the operations of the plasterers. There is every prospect that building operations will continue active for many years to come. In demanding more than "the traffic will bear," the plasterers have done themselves no service, and for the predicament in which they now find themselves, they have only themselves to thank.

The rate of wages fixed by the Master Builders' Association is a maximum rate, and it is to be hoped that it will be able to secure a rate of compensation for the class of work required, and it is to be hoped that Los Angeles large numbers of competent workers will be free from unemployment. There will be no dearth of men willing and anxious to work, where the compensation is so liberal. As a consequence, the striking plasterers will be compelled either to accept the wage offered, to remain idle, or to move on to other fields (where they will be almost sure to work, if they work at all) for considerably lower wages than \$5 per day of eight hours.

The attempt of the union plasterers of Los Angeles to "corner" the market has resulted as many another attempt to engineer a "corner" on a useful commodity has resulted. The great law of supply and demand is sure to rule in the end.

If any more prisons are to be instituted in the state of California, by all means let them be established on seagirt isles. And if San Quentin and Folsom could be abandoned and a new prison built upon some island in the sea it would be a happy consummation. Southern California spends much more money than needs be for transportation of criminals to the state's lock-up, but rather than see one of those institutions established on the mainland in this vicinity it would be better that the old order continue. There are numerous points of view in the old prisons, and it is to be hoped that the stretch of Southern California shore and admirably adapted to the safe lock-up of our criminals, and in the sea it would be a happy consummation.

Abdul Hamid, Abdul Hamid, you un-speakable old Turk. It is time for you to suffer for your heinous crimes. Time indeed that Uncle Sammy to your murders put a stop. Time that your bloody hands should get the children get the chop! Long you've plundered, burned and looted; long have devastated lands; Long the blood of Christian martyrs has been shed freely at your hands; And it's time a righteous people should proclaim aloud for peace. And that all your bloody pillages and massacres should cease!

Abdul Hamid, Abdul Hamid, though you're called the "Sick Man," yes If you do not cease your slaughters and your bloodshed, you will be called the "Sick Man," yes If you do not cease your slaughters and your bloodshed, you will be called the "Sick Man," yes

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stand in and refrain from doing any of that boxing business.

It is suggested that an age limit be placed upon aliens who desire to enter the United States. Any old thing that will restrict the flooding of this country with undesirable immigrants will be appreciated.

Sir Thomas Lipton should have numbered his cups elsewhere when talk is had regarding a race for the "Lipton cup" one will be at a loss to know which particular trophy is referred to.

Two more Hill widows have shown up in the office in the past forty-eight hours. It begins to look as if our new fall were going to be none too big, nor ready for occupancy any too soon.

A Los Angeles man has made the old discovery that when he places the picture of another girl in his pocket he would better be sure that his wife has gone East to visit her ma.

This being Sunday our enterprising population doubtless can afford the time to consider just what variety of shade trees they will plant out this winter and in what quantities.

Mayor Harrison of Chicago hasn't shown us any of those grafters jumping out of the courthouse windows, but that isn't any sign that the building isn't alive with 'em.

Prof. Langley declines to discuss the question of airships. We have been fearful all along that something would happen to make the professor sensitive on that subject.

A Chicago preacher has been compelled to resign, because he rode to church one Sunday in an automobile. Of course the congregation has to draw the line some place.

Los Angeles is promised the liveliest time in its history, which means that it will be a hummer from the headquarters of the Hum River.

Mr. Lipton has sailed for home, but the American cup hasn't moved as much as an inch from its usual location. Come again, Sir Tom.

If we don't have a lot up to the good times in the United States it won't be the fault of the fellows who have their hammers out.

One must indeed be hard to suit who would complain about the sort of autumn weather that is now abroad in California.

Uncle Sam appears to have put a check in China's open door that will limit its remaining check without a jar.

Arguments in the Alaskan boundary case having closed, we will now sit around and sidget until the jury files in.

If Japan wants to fight it certainly seems as if Russia were giving her ample excuse to commence shooting.

"TWEENTIMES."

BY E. A. BRINNINGTOOL.

A WARNING TO ABDUL HAMID. The Sultan expresses his sorrow at the Macedonian massacres, and deplores certain outrages, but says he will do nothing to stop them. He says the will Abdul Hamid, Abdul Hamid, you un-speakable old Turk.

Abdul Hamid, Abdul Hamid, you un-speakable old Turk. It is time for you to suffer for your heinous crimes. Time indeed that Uncle Sammy to your murders put a stop.

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a chap named plain John Smith instead. Hoover? For this sensible daughter of Yankeland!

SMILE AND MURDER. (With apologies to Ella Wheeler Wilcox.) Smile, and the world smiles with you. "Knock," and you go alone; For the cheerful grin will let you in. Where the kicker is never known; Growl, and the way looks dreary. Laugh, and the way is bright; For a welcome smile brings sunshine, while A frown shuts out the light.

Sigh, and you attain nothing. Work, and the price is won; For the nervy man with backbone can't be bought by anything but gold. Hustle, and fortune awaits you. Shirk, and defeat is sure; For there's no chance of deliverance To the chap who can't endure.

Sing, and the world's harmonious. Grumble, and things go wrong; And all the time you are out of rhyme With the busy, bustling throng. Kick, and there's trouble ahead; Whistle, and life is gay; And the world's in tune like a day in June.

And the clouds all melt away. "So your boy Bill is a-goin' to be one o' them authors, eh?" "Yes, I reckon so. " "Then I'll give him a hand. " "Git that? You bet he will. Why, Bill's got a new-fangled typewriter, twenty-four lead pencils, a box of envelopes, two quires o' writin' paper, a ink box of pen and ink, and a bottle of ink. What more does he want? Git that? Wal, you jest watch Bill's smoke!"

Curt Jett says Breathitt county is "as good as any other." With Jett out of it there is a chance for considerable improvement.

It has not yet been ascertained who shot at Vice-Consul Magness. The incident will probably go into the unsolved case along with the Billy Patterson puzzle.

Some of those Turkish towns which are coming into print give one the impression that the followers of the Sultan have also measured the alphabet in a most shameful manner.

The man whose overcoat is now "in season" is already wondering when he will be able to scare up the price to "bring it out."

"What did the old man say when you asked him for his daughter's hand?" "Nothing. He gave me his foot."

That Indiana man who has been engaged in "wearing" will be in a few hours of their time to good news, studying the eighth commandment.

King Edward has suddenly taken a fit on a big scare. Other European royalty might well follow Edward's example.

Mr. Ritchie, a member of the British Parliament, has come to the conclusion that England is suffering from a bad attack of Chamberlainitis.

The Russian bear is at the length of his chain, growling ominously, and the little brown bear is ready to jump at a sword and preparing to roll up his shirt sleeves.

Secretary Hay's "open door" to China agreed to slide together amicably down the same cellar door. It is now up to Japan and Russia to show the white-winged messenger of peace roadward.

The Lloyd case of San Berdoe notoriety is already casting off odors of a most offensive nature, and the mess hasn't hardly been produced as yet.

That Toledo boy who put a rope around his neck and swung it over his shoulder, and waving it in the air, "Just to see how hanging felt," will tell his relatives all about the sensation when he meets him in heaven.

While Germany is kicking because of the tobacco trade in the United States, it is not likely she would resent the importation of a few Lou Dillon and Major Delmar.

If Sir Thomas Lipton wants to make himself solid with the colored people of Georgia, where he has just bought large plantations for the raising of cotton, he had better put a few dollars of Lipton watermelons on the market.

What Papa Said.

Nellie had been waiting in the parlor for her lover's return for what seemed an age. Her heart turned to bloodstone as she thought of him, young, slender, but brave to rashness, cloistered alone with her stern father in the grim old library.

The door opened at last, and he stood before her unscathed, a flush on his cheeks and a strange expression in his eyes.

"Did you see papa, Will?" she asked, with trembling eagerness.

"And what did he say, Will?" she asked, with trembling eagerness.

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1934

hope for me?" Very much, he told him.

When he left to go to his room, he came he called at his door. "Knock," and you go alone; For the cheerful grin will let you in. Where the kicker is never known; Growl, and the way looks dreary. Laugh, and the way is bright; For a welcome smile brings sunshine, while A frown shuts out the light.

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welers and Silversmiths.
as Bldg., Spring and 3rd Sts.

perch he may have happened to
it upon that particular morning.
the fellow (bird or human, it is
the same,) keeps close the love
those who ought to love him, keeps
with these who have trusted him,

Just published. Book and page of record of every tract. No. 99 Mason Operahouse.

FOR picture framing, go to Alexander, No. 42 South Broadway.

LOMA LINDA HOTEL opens October 15.

EVERYTHING IN FUEL AND FEED.
SUNSET 800 SEVEN
HOME PHONES

Featherweight Trunks WHITNEY WOODL
TRUNK CO.
345 S. SPRING

Special Sale **GOODS**
For Monday a large assortment of H-Ir Switches; popular shades
gray or red; priced at 98c, \$1.49 and \$1.98.
A. Hamburger & Sons.
Correcting error in large ad today's Times

THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

City Attorney Mathews is now preparing an ordinance to compel the street railway companies to sprinkle their tracks.

The Fire Commission took the first step yesterday toward the construction of a much-needed water tower and monitor battery.

The Health Officer made an investigation yesterday to determine the cause for the prevalence of diphtheria in the Westlake district.

Miss Abby Moore, a former actress, was arraigned for insanity yesterday. The recite impromptu verses all the time.

Ex-Justice Van Fleet testified yesterday in the Garland case. An attempt was made to show that Garland was delusional.

AT THE CITY HALL.

ORDINANCE TO COMPEL RAILWAYS TO SPRINKLE.

CITY ATTORNEY NOW PREPARING THE MEASURE.

President Bowen of the Council writes to Eastern Cities for Data Regarding Street Sprinkling from Tank Cars—Results in Worcester, Mass.

City Attorney Mathews is now preparing an ordinance by the terms of which the street railway companies will be compelled to sprinkle their tracks, and for two feet on the outside of the outer rails. If the ordinance is sustained by the courts a saving of many thousands of dollars will be effected.

This ordinance will be bitterly fought without doubt, as not only the railway companies of this city, but of almost all cities in the United States will be affected. It is decidedly a new departure on the Pacific Coast to require the street railway companies to lay the dust along their tracks, although the rule has been enforced in the older cities of the East for some time. In Cleveland, New Orleans and other large cities hundreds of miles of streets are sprinkled by the street railway companies.

Where the tracks are kept well watered it has been the experience of eastern cities that very little water was required to lay the dust on the rest of the street. In many cases the companies are compelled to purchase the water and pay the city roundly for it.

Great care is exercised in the preparation of the law to guard against successful attack by the car companies, and it may be another week before the ordinance is ready for presentation to the Council.

In the meantime President Bowen of the Council is seeking information from eastern cities of the methods they have used. He has written to the mayors of various municipalities asking to that extent the car system of sprinkling entire streets has been tried, and with what success. This information is expected to prove valuable as it is hoped to reach an understanding with the railway companies, whereby all streets covered by double tracks can be sprinkled from tank cars.

The first answer to the inquiries sent at recent sessions from Worcester, Mass., Street Commissioner W. E. Ryan sent quite a long letter regarding the system there in use. Cars are used for sprinkling purposes, wherever available, as the work is done more rapidly and more satisfactorily. The American Car Sprinkling Company was the tank cars and does the work at a stipulated price per mile per season. The cost to Worcester is estimated to be about \$500 a mile per season. The rents are sprinkled from four to six miles each day, and statistics show that a cart drawn by horses can sprinkle about one and one-half miles a day, and a tank car from six to ten miles.

At the rate of \$500 a mile the cost of sprinkling all the streets in Los Angeles covered by street railway tracks could be about \$50,000.

The contract for the entire city, it is estimated, under the present system will cost about \$120,000. There are about three hundred miles of improved streets in the city and about one hundred miles of them are covered by railway tracks.

SEEKING THE CAUSE.

CASES OF DIPHTHERIA.

Fourteen cases of diphtheria have recently been reported to the health officer in the Westlake region. The spread of the malady in that locality is regarded as something unusual, and the health officer is making a searching investigation to find the cause.

On Friday Health Officer Powers visited the section in search for some explanation of the many cases. He happened to call at the Westlake Dairy on First street, and found the barn in an unsanitary condition. George Bennett, who runs the dairy, is ordered to clean up his premises and to put the barn in better condition.

This dairy has been an offender here and last spring the health department insisted upon some radical changes. For some reason an epidemic of the milk and they are now being submitted to a bacteriological test that will not be completed until tomorrow. An inspector was sent to the Westlake dairy yesterday, and he found at ten of the houses placarded with diphtheria that milk was supplied the Westlake dairy.

There is nothing at the present time show what caused the spread of the disease, and if the milk proves to be the further inspection of the district will be made by the health authorities.

Balance in Funds.

Several of the city funds now show surpluses. It is expected that the soon recover a credit balance through the payment of taxes. The fund is behind \$27,654; library, \$9,231; police, \$11,877.09; all the park funds, with the exception of Echo Park, are small shortages; street department, \$1,092.45; lighting, \$631.42; sinking, \$10,884.49; sweeping, \$5,072.67. The health department shows a surplus of \$2,000 in its fund for diphtheria. The balance of money on hand is \$4,547.45.

AT THE COURT HOUSE.

CRAZY ACTRESS RAVES IN IMPROMPTU RHYMES.

FORMER FOOTLIGHTS FAVORITE ARRAIGNED FOR INSANITY.

She Shoots a Poem at the Judge to Try to Get Him to Hurry Up the Setting Her Case—Examination Set for Monday.

Raving in rhyme about her life behind the footlights, Abby Moore, a former New York actress, was arraigned before Judge Conroy yesterday for insanity.

When her case was called, she swept up to the judge with her hands outstretched in a gesture of appeal. She smiled at the court and said blithely:

"Just say what you like and then I'll go."

You're the doctor, as well as the judge, you know."

There was a slight pause in the court routine and she said impudently:

"I've brought here to hear what you choose to say."

As quick as you can, then I'll go away."

Her examination was set for Monday. Miss Moore came here two weeks ago from New York. She has been at the sanatorium at San Gabriel.

IMPORTANT OIL DECISION.

SUPREME COURT RULING.

The Supreme Court of California has handed down a decision of importance to oil men. It relates to the rights of claimants to oil lands on the first discovery.

The court holds that just finding oil indications, seepage or springs does not constitute a valid claim on the land; but that a producing well must be found.

The court says:

"To constitute a discovery, the law requires something more than conjecture, expectation, hope, or even indications. The geological formation of the country may be such as scientific research and practical experience have shown to be likely to yield oil in paying quantities."

Taking with this, there may be other surface indications, such as seepage of oil. All these things combined may be sufficient to justify the expectation and hope that upon driving a well to sufficient depth, oil may be discovered, but one in all they do not and of themselves amount to a discovery.

"For this view which we entertain of the essentials of a valid discovery as applied to oil-bearing land presents no points of hardship, but to the contrary, we think it to be not alone the only rational one which may be taken under the law, but also, the only interpretation which offers security and protection to the bona fide locator."

The discovery may be made subsequently, and when made, operates to perfect the location against all the world, saving those whose bona fide rights have intervened. One who thus, in good faith, makes his location, and upon driving a well to sufficient depth, discovers oil, is entitled to the land, and his possession is a bar to the claims of others who may have intervened.

The opinion was written by Justice Henshaw and was concurred in by Justices Van Dyke, McFarland, Anderson and Loran.

The case in which the decision was rendered was that of E. O. Miller and the Home Oil Company against Y. Y. Christman and H. T. Christman and J. W. Powell, intervenor. It was a case in which the lands in Fresno were in controversy.

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"Necessarily so," said the witness, regretfully.

Before the witness left the stand Mr. Hunsaker asked him to not a fact that the filing of the complaint in this suit was deferred in order to allow Mr. Garland's lawyers to file an answer the same day.

Mr. Denis butted in. "We admit that it was your courtesy, Mr. Hunsaker," Judge Van Fleet had been asked to defer the filing of the complaint and it was he who decided that the courtesy asked should be allowed.

Mr. Van Fleet's direct examination was important to the case, but not exciting. He said that, though he spent much of his time in Los Angeles, he never investigated the prices of real estate, but depended wholly upon Garland.

"Were you not interested in Los Angeles affairs?" asked one of the lawyers reproachfully.

"Oh, yes," said Van Fleet enthusiastically. "Particularly at election time."

R. A. Rowan, a real estate dealer, was called as a witness. He was asked to state whether he was interested in the city owing to the illness of a relative. Mr. Rowan testified that he considered \$25,000 a good price for the property at the time Garland sold it. He brought here to hear what you choose to say.

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Reliable Goods.
N. B. BLACKSTONE CO.
Popular Prices

Telephones HOME 350 MAIN 224
DRY GOODS.
Spring and Third Sts.

IF THERE ever was a time for particular women folk to choose their fall and winter apparel, the coming week is pre-eminently that time. Everything that has been suggested by fashion in

Suits, Coats, Skirts, Waists

is here on exhibition. The showing reflects the best ideas of the foremost French and American designers. The styles, the materials and the colorings are entirely new. Make a note of the fashions that follow.

Pedestrian Skirts

MELTON SKIRTS—The regular English maiten in mixed blues, grays and browns; seven gore, double-strapped hips. Another style cut with panel front and two broad straps on either side midway between the waist line and the hem; each..... **\$4.75**

MELTON SKIRTS—In plain navy, medium gray and black; cut 7 gore, strap seams, fine corded yoke trimmed in straps. Finished with pretty buttons; each..... **\$7.00**

MELTON SKIRTS—Extra fine quality material, cut 7 gore with three broad tucks at each seam from the strapped yoke down; beautifully hanging broad flare, splendidly tailored and finished; each..... **\$9.00**

WALKING SKIRTS—Made of men's fancy selling; fine indistinct checks, plaids and stripes; plaited and tucked; imitation flap pockets; a dozen styles to pick from; each..... **\$10.00**

IMPORTED TWEEDS—Scotch mixtures, English suitings, Homespuns, fine Meltons and Kerseys; the best colors, newest styles and materials, priced up to each..... **\$20.00**

Handsome Dress Skirts

The showing of black dress skirts embraces all that proper, all lengths are shown from the instep onto the dam-train. Some are plain, others quite elaborately trimmed with strappings, braids, plaits, tuck and silk ornaments. There are chevrons, broadcloth, velveteens, canvas, voile, mirlin, stamie, etc., many in novel weave effects, with or without silk dress skirts, prices to fit every purse.

\$6.00, \$8.00, \$10.00 and on up to \$35.00.

Black Silk Skirts

Dressy garments of tulle, peau de sole and guano. Decorations are of handsome appliques, lace, braid and lace. French knots, tucking and plaiting some pretty styles with shirring about the hips, good tulle dress skirts. Prices range at

\$18.00, \$20.00, \$25.00, \$30.00 and up to \$75.00

Tailored Suits

This stock of tailored suits is second to none in the southern country. Every garment is from the best known and most reliable source. The style and painstaking workmanship show at a glance. They are made by artists. Every popular kind of material. Every combination of coloring is here to pick from. Pretty long coat suits at

\$15.00 and on up to \$100.00.

Fancy Coats

Coats of all lengths will be worn this winter, extra long, medium and short. They are all pretty Broadcloths, Meltons and Zibelines in white, cream, champagne, tan, castors and browns. Perfect beauties for afternoon or evening wear, priced from—

\$25.00 to \$115.00.

BLACK SILK COATS, CRAVETTE RAIN COATS, GOLF CAPES, in all the newer designs, reliably made garments.

Stylish, Substantial Furs

The winter furs are now on exhibition and the showing is well worth a special visit to this section of the store. You'll be pleased with the new shapes and styles. Every popular skin is represented. Skions, Beas, Colons and Capes. Prices commence at \$4.00 and go on up to..... **\$25.00**

Cloth Coats \$10.00

A Special for Tomorrow.

English Melton box coat, double shoulder cape, stole front, handsomely styled, finished in silk ornaments. Worth at least \$12.00; tomorrow and while the lot lasts, each..... **\$10.00**

White Waists \$1.00

15 dozen fine Oxford shirtwaist, fancy weaves, plaited front, back, large white pearl buttons, full sleeves, fancy stail neck. This lot comes Friday. An early worth half as much more. Tomorrow..... **\$1.00**

New Dress Materials

\$1.00 to \$1.50 yard.

Imported Tailor Suitings, Zibelines, Scotch Tweeds and other high class novelties, 50 to 55 in., \$1.50 to \$4.50 yard.

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Brilliant News---Nothing Ordinary, Neither Store, Goods

Prices Nor Methods. This Full Page Belongs to the Favorite Dry Goods Store---That's "Hale's."

Good Taste Shows Itself in Gloves---Think So?

There is no substitute for good taste. The Maggiori glove is never out of fashion. This famous glove is made in Italy, and fashion has adopted it as the "correct" glove all over civilization. Even Paris copies the Maggiori glove. In all the Eastern cities the best store in each locality sells Maggiori gloves, and in Los Angeles it's Hale's. But in order to meet every possible desire on the part of our patrons we sell all makes of gloves which we consider worthy. Haven't you often heard folks say that Hale gloves seem to keep fresh longer. Perfect in fit, style, quality. It will really pay you to try a pair of Hale's gloves and just see for yourself how true it is. Three-clasp Maggiori French gloves, with Paris point stitching, in light mode, brown, tan, gray, green, blue, black, cream and white. Price \$1.50. A heavy French Pique glove, at the latest Fall styles with Paris point stitching. Special \$1.25. Three-clasp Maggiori French gloves in all the latest shades, \$2.00. Two-clasp Angles gloves, with one row of embroidery on the back; in black, white, mode, brown, gray and tan. \$1.25. Two-clasp Gibbons gloves in all the latest shades, with one row of embroidery on the back, fitted and guaranteed. \$1.00.

Tempting, Pretty Wearables for Autumn.

This is really news. We're going to mention below lots of different things that will interest the woman who is preparing her Fall wardrobe. You must read it carefully for we have not the space to say much about any one thing, but every item is deserving of your full consideration. Lace collars will of course be highly favored all winter, and we have been particularly fortunate in getting many exclusive ideas. The prices are considerably below what you have expected to pay. We mention a beautiful point Venice collar with long, stilt ends, in cream and ecru, at \$1.50. And here's an exquisite collar in Russian point lace in Arabian effects, with exquisite stilt points, marked \$1.00. And should you need some pretty lace for trimming purposes we shall offer Monday a fine lot of linen lace in very choice patterns, at 75c the yard. Another Monday bargain in lace will be genuine linen torchon in Medall patterns, especially desirable for underwear trimmings ranging from 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 inches wide. Your choice at 10c the yard. Colored mohair lace will be widely used for dress trimmings, and here's a new idea in mohair lace insertion bands, in brown, blue, green, and red, 1 1/2 inches wide. Special on Monday at 10c per yard. We would hardly pass without mentioning a tempting bargain in fancy taffeta ribbons which will be a special item for the coming week. The ribbon comes in stripes, dots, and flowers, all in desirable colorings. Regularly selling at 15c to 16c. Your choice 10c the yard. Extra heavy quality, and a large assortment of patterns and colors. Come in pink and blue, in checked and striped effects, also in tan and gray. Special at 15c the yard.

47c White Wool Flannel 39c.

All pure, fine wool, 1/2 of a yard wide; regular 47c grade; special at 39c.

25c Pique---To Close Out 5c.

Only a few pieces are left, and in order to close out the entire lot we have marked it at 5c the yard. Comes in a splendid quality in plain colors, and sold formerly at 25c the yard.

75c Fancy Waistings 50c Yd.

A new line of French figured waistings, including wicker weaves, fancy brocades with pink, blue and black figures. Others in fancy stripes. This is an especially pretty line, and splendid values at 50c the yard.

\$1.00 and \$1.25 Waistings, 75c Yd.

Heavy white waistings in brocade effects with figure stripes, pink, ecru and blue spots, highly mercurized and water-repellent. Worth \$1.00 and \$1.25 the yard. Hale's price, 75c.

12c Nice Dress Gingham 8c.

Extra fine dress gingham in assorted stripes and in plain blue and pink, a good value at 12c. Our price 8c.

7c Apron Gingham Tomorrow 6c.

1000 yards of apron checked materials in blue checks only; our The quality cut to 6c. Only ten yards to a customer.

Outing Flannel 8c Yd.

Extra heavy quality, and a large assortment of patterns and colors. Come in pink and blue, in checked and striped effects, also in tan and gray. Special at 15c the yard.

Men's 65c Shirts 39c.

These sizes only---14 1/2, 17, 17 1/2, 18. Of course, that's the reason of the big reduction. The shirts come unaltered, made of the best muslin, with linen bosoms, open front and back. If laundered these shirts would bring \$1.00.

\$1.00 Men's Underwear 75c.

This comes in a winter weight; soft, non-irritating finish on the inside. Also the same quality in natural gray wool. All sizes. This week 75c each.

Men's White Shirts 19c.

We have a lot of shirts remaining in these two sizes only, 14 1/2 and 14 3/4. They come unaltered, and would bring 39c and 50c regularly. To close out Monday, 19c.

Handkerchief Snaps.

Among the arrivals from our New York office last week was a case of hdkfs. of various kinds; they were picked up by one of our buyers on account of their low prices, and we can assure you that you will be well repaid by getting a share of them this week. Here are the facts---Ladies' silk finished "Linen" handkerchiefs, very soft and dainty, special 40c. Ladies' very fine hemstitched handkerchiefs, made of cambric, regular price 60c, special at 40c. Fancy handkerchiefs with fancy embroidered corners, lace borders, etc. Regular value 10c and 12 1/2c, special at 7 1/2c. Men's silk initial handkerchiefs with hemstitched borders, let-ers embroidered in pretty effects. Special at 3c. Men's cottons in ecru and blue, in fancy embroidered effects. Come in black and white. Special at 10c. Men's initial handkerchiefs in a fine grade of linen, neatly hemstitched and embroidered. Special at 25c.

If every woman would try Banner patterns there would be no other kind of patterns sold. They come in all the correct styles, in all sorts of garments. They are more simple, and result in a perfect fit. Free fashion sheet, Banner patterns sell at 10c and 15c.

Banner Fashions 10c and 15c.

Very many women could greatly improve their appearance if they received expert assistance in selecting the proper corset. One of the attractions of our corset department is this service. Of course, in the first place, Her Ladyship Corsets come in a variety of styles, which makes it possible to fit every figure. Without this advantage even the best corset experts would not be able to please a woman of discriminating taste. Remember, Her Ladyship Corsets do not cost any more than you would pay for the other kind.

Few Women Understand Corset Buying.

Let the Hale Factory Make Your Window Shades. Before the Hale window shades come on the market nearly everyone had more or less trouble with their shades. Hale shades are made of the best materials, mounted on the best rollers, and put together by experts. More service, more good appearance, and they are made to you at the lowest prices. Let us measure your window---phone, call or write.

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Annual Sale Lace Curtains.

When Price Are Lowest, When Assortments Are Biggest.

Some of the bargains on sale tomorrow were bought six months ago. We purposely kept them in our warehouse for this very occasion. But it isn't only the price that makes it desirable for you to buy curtains now, but it's the large showing of patterns, the novelties.

Each fall we conduct this curtain sale. Our buyers are instructed to prepare for it. We try to crowd the best bargains of the year into this week. We're willing to make less than ordinary profit, for we take a pride in the success of these curtain sales.

Also Best Values in Portieres, Couch Covers, etc., We've Offered this Season

\$2.00 Ruffled Curtains \$1.65.

The dearest of ruffled net curtains, 3 yds long, extra wide, made with a 8-inch ruffle. Special for the curtain sale \$1.65 per pair.

\$1.98 Portieres \$1.50 Pair.

Handsome tapestry portieres in the new oriental designs, with fringed tops and bottoms, latest styles in colorings and stripes. Heavy grade, 36 inches wide and 8 yards long. Per pair \$1.50.

\$2.75 Portieres \$2.25 Pair.

These are the new Roman striped portieres, 48 inches wide and 8 yards long. Fringed tops and bottoms. Very popular for decorating cozy corners, dens, etc. Regular \$2.75 grade at \$2.25 per pair.

\$1.00 Lace Curtains 85c Pair.

Nottingham lace curtains, 48 inches wide and 3 yards long. Come in the very latest designs, in shaded patterns. Edges are button-hole stitched. \$1.00 grade at 85c.

\$1.25 Lace Curtains \$1.00 Pair.

Nottingham lace curtains, 48 inches wide, 3 yards long. Come in new Fall designs. Regular price \$1.25, special at \$1.00 per pair.

20c Printed Denims 15c Yard.

These are printed on both sides, suitable for making couch covers, curtains, etc. Comes 36 inches wide. Monday 15c the yard.

20c Curtain Muslin 15c Yard.

French curtain muslin for making bed room curtains. Come in the new colored striped effects. Absolutely fast colors, 36 inches wide. Regular 20c grade at 15c the yard.

\$5.50 Couch Covers \$4.50.

In order to introduce these new couch covers we offer them Monday at the above reduction. They come in the new crease striped effects, all the rage in the East. Edges are button-hole stitched with a heavy fringe. Well worth \$5.50, special at \$4.50.

\$2.25 Lace Curtains \$1.75.

These come in Nottingham lace in three different styles, all new. Size 3 1/2 yards by 60 inches. Special for the curtain sale \$1.75.

\$2.50 Brussels Effects \$1.98 Pair.

Lovely lace curtains in Brussels effects, some 50 inches, others 55 inches wide and 8 1/2 yards long. Delicate, and somewhat of a change from the commonplace styles. For the curtain sale \$1.98 per pair.

\$3.50 Arabian Net Curtains \$2.75 Pair.

These come in Arabian net, some in Battenberg, and others in Oriental effects. The colors are both white and ecru. The designs are graceful and very original. This week for the curtain sale \$2.75 per pair.

75c Lace Curtains 59c Pair.

Nottingham lace curtains in the new Grecian and floral patterns, 48 inches wide and 3 yards long. Regular 75c grade, at 59c per pair.

How a Woman May Dress Well and Save, Too

To Begin, It's Just This:

We shall tell you below how a woman may dress in perfect taste, and instead of being extravagant, she shall spend less, not more than she expected. We mean that a woman may have a suit with a long skirted jacket, a coat of the material---we mean that her every garment shall be of the most fetching design, and she shall save.

First, About Your Suit.

You would hardly expect to secure a pretty suit for \$10.50---would you? Well, that's the starting point of our tailor-made suits. We believe in a good start so we've made special efforts to provide the nicest possible costumes at this price.

Even if you are quite certain that you wish something a little more elaborate, still to show how our values run let us tell you about the wonderful suits at \$10.50. They come in mixed tweeds, gray zibelines, or pebble chevrons, in black or navy blue. The jacket coat, a woman may have a suit with some have large collars and stiff fronts. The skirts are made with seven folds, flare bottom. In fitted effects. A bargain, indeed, for only \$10.50. At each of the following prices we have the most unusual values in women's suits.

At \$13.50---Suits made of all wool cheviot with blouse jacket, made with a 3/4 length skirt effect. These come in black, navy blue, or gray. The skirt is made with seven folds, flare bottom. The suit comes in black, and navy blue.

At \$25.00---Suits made of all wool cheviot, in black, ecru, or navy blue. The jacket is made with a 3/4 length skirt effect, in blouse style, the waist defined by a belted bodice of the same material. Made with seven folds over the shoulders with long tabs. Handsomely trimmed with Persian bands or lapped seams. Hale's price \$25.00.

At \$37.50---A handsome suit, made of dark brown novelty, in sailor, 3/4 length jacket with pleated front and back; skirted bodice piped in plain brown silk taffeta. The skirt is made with seven folds, flare bottom. The suit comes in black, and navy blue.

At \$50.00---Cheviot made with a 3/4 length coat. The skirt is made with seven folds, flare bottom. The suit comes in black, and navy blue.

A very noticeable characteristic about Fall jackets is their becomingness. Some seasons the correct styles can hardly be said to be attractive, but this year the jackets, and especially these that come from the foremost tailors have an air and style very fetching.

As with suits, we have provided correct styles down to a level of price that anyone can conveniently afford. For instance, here's a jaunty little jacket at \$6.00. It is made of all wool kersey cloth, in medium weight, in a 27-inch length, buttoned to the neck, with turn down velvet collar, loose box back, large bishop sleeves, trimmed with fancy buttons, with velvet flaps on pockets. In tan, castor or very fetching.

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And Now, About Jackets.

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Second Underwear Sale.

Kinds That Everybody Wants at Right Prices.

Never before sold so much underwear. Could it be otherwise with prices like these and such quantities? Come here and pay just what you can afford and you shall be given better underwear than you have ever received for the money. Aren't we entitled to success on such sound lines as these?

Underwear 49c.

Odd lot of ladies' wool vests and pants, flat goods, natural gray.

\$2.75 Underwear \$1.50.

Ladies' ribbed, all wool vest and pants, steam shrunk, all sizes.

\$1.25 Wool Vests \$1.00.

Ladies' ribbed wool vest, high neck and long sleeve, silk finished, in gray and white.

Cotton Vests 50c.

Ladies' ribbed cotton vest, fleece lined, high neck and long sleeve, silk finished, in white, cream and ecru.

Cotton Vests 35c.

Ladies' ribbed medium weight cotton vest, high neck and long sleeve, silk finished.

Cotton Vests 25c.

Ladies' ribbed cotton fleece lined vests and pants in white, gray and ecru.

Wool Vests 50c.

Children's Swiss-ribbed wool vests and pants, silk finished. Per garment, 80c.

Flannelette Skirts 50c.

Flannelette knee skirt, deep flounce, scalloped edge, button hole finish, in white, pink and blue.

Flannelette Gowns 50c.

Ladies' Flannelette gowns, Mother Hubbard style, all sizes and colors.

Flannelette Gowns \$1.00.

Ladies' Flannelette gowns, Mother Hubbard style, round and square yokes, in all colors and sizes.

Flannelette Kimonos \$2.25.

Ladies' Long Flannelette Kimonos, pink and white stripes, plain plaid border, with three rows of white silk featherstitching, and frog fasteners.

Flannelette Kimonos \$4.00.

Ladies' Long Flannelette Kimonos. Plain pink and blue, handsomely silk embroidered.

Flannelette Kimonos \$1.25.

Ladies' short Flannelette Kimonos, pink and blue, cream border, with three rows of feather stitching.

Flannelette Kimonos \$2.25.

Ladies' short Flannelette Kimonos, pink and blue, large round collar, and trimmed with applique.

Blankets of Every Imaginable Size, Style, and Kind---Lowest Prices.

Blankets for full sized beds, for children's cribs, for bath robes---blankets in wool, and part wool---blankets in white, red, tan, gray, or fancy stripes, plaid checks---blankets of excellent quality, from 65c per pair up to the finest Oregon wool at \$7.50 per pair.

Our blanket business has grown to enormous proportions because we sell reliable blankets, and our prices are always the very lowest.

\$1.75 Blankets \$1.50.

11-4 fleece blankets in plaid, stripes and checks; good weight, heavy finished ends. Especially suitable for bath robes. Worth \$1.75; special at \$1.50.

\$7.25 Oregon Blankets \$6.75.

All-wool Oregon blankets, full 8-pound weight, size 67 by 84. Made of the finest Oregon wool, with heavy silk finished ends. Worth \$7.25; special at \$6.75.

\$8.00 Oregon Blankets \$7.50.

11-4 Oregon blankets, 8-pound weight. Made of purest quality of Oregon wool, heavy silk bound ends. Regular \$8.00; special at \$7.50.

90c Cotton Blankets 75c.

10-4 cotton blankets, in white and tan, splendid weight, fancy borders. Regular price 90c; special at 75c.

25c Matting 16c.

49 pieces of matting are here in various patterns. It's a small lot that we are willing to make a bargain of. For those we don't quite get back our own cost, but it will be a good advertisement for the department.

The matting comes in the finest China quality, guaranteed fast colors. While it lasts 16c the yard.

\$5.50 Oregon Blankets \$4.75.

All wool Oregon blankets in a heavy weight, with silk bound ends and fancy borders. Made of the finest quality of Oregon wool. Regular \$5.50; special at \$4.75.

\$4.50 Blankets \$4.00.

11-4 blankets, 8 lb. per cent. Come in a heavy weight, with silk finished ends and fancy borders. Regular price \$4.50; special at \$4.00.

\$1.75 Bed Spreads \$1.50.

Good sized, fringed spread in white, blue and pink. Size weight. Regular price \$1.75; special at \$1.50.

\$1.50 Bed Spreads \$1.25.

OCTOBER 11, 1903.

Hale's
Goods

Pequot Sheets.
Double Warp Sheets.
Mills Sheets 60c.

atched Sheets 49c.
Bath Sheets \$1.50.
Damen Damask 35c.

Damask 55c Yd.
Damask \$1.12.
Damask \$1.50 Yd.

Damen Damask \$1 Yd.
Damask \$2.00 Yd.
Damask \$1 Yd.

able Size,
t Prices.

75c Cotton Blankets 65c.
\$1.00 Comforters \$1.25.
\$1.75 Bed Spreads \$1.95.

\$1.30 Bed Spreads \$1.45.
Other Pillows 75c.
Other Pillows \$1.00.

DR. GROSS
And Chinese Herbs

THE DR. WONG CO.
713 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

THE DR. WONG CO.
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SPORTING SECTION.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 11, 1903.

Part III.—4 Pages.

COMPLETE REPORTS.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Diamante, Favorite, Wins Los Angeles Derby By a Nose.

THROUGH SEES FALL OPENING.

C. se and Exciting Finishes
Mark the Event.

Favorite Winners and Sports
Ahead of the Game.

Handicapper Strikes Remark-
able Balance and Racing
is Increasing.

Before an audience that taxed the capacity of the grand stand and betting ring and overflowed into the inner field and along the outside fence, winter racing was formally opened in Southern California yesterday with the first day's programme of the Los Angeles Racing Association at Agricultural Park. The sport on the whole was good, and the betting so active as to keep the seven bookmakers busy taking in the coin. That is the whole day in a few lines.

The "400" and the "600" turned out in full strength and lustily joined forces in applauding the events, for with a few exceptions all were exciting. Just how well the handicapper had done his work was evidenced by the fact that there were three nose finishes in the six running races. This was a remarkable circumstance and shows that the best horses in the races could not have been weighed down by the handicapper's first time out, and a number of them will improve before the meeting is over.

The throng was impressive, for it filled every nook and corner of the big grand stand and choked the betting ring in a manner that made navigation there difficult. The place was packed full of sports and all of them had money to bet. The majority of them had a good day in their battle with the books, for four strong favorites won in the six running races, and other two events were taken by well-played second choices. If they had stayed with the favorites the bookies would have had empty stretchers to take home, but the men in the boxes were saved much of a loss on account of the long shots that were played for place and show.

Half the time the thousands sports in the betting ring fought their way to a point where they could get their money down, and in nearly every instance they were right. Commendations went through the grand stand taking bets, and it is safe to say that one-half the big audience took a chance at one time or another on what they liked.

The ladies in the stand almost invariably took the lead in betting, and the color of the jockeys' clothes, and that kind of betting never won a race. Aside from the close finishes in three of the races, the betting was the feature of the day, and a pile of money was certainly won.

FIVE IN THE DERBY.
The race of the day around which the most interest centered was the Derby, and yet it was not so much after all, for there were but two horses in it and these were Polonus and Diamante. As a matter of fact there was nothing to it but Diamante, but he came near losing it, for he was off practically late and stayed in that place until turning into the stretch. Every time he jumped, the favorite pocket he fell into another, but managed to race through a hole at the turn and nose out the fast-moving Polonus.

There were only five starters out of the eleven entries, and these were Diamante, Polonus, Iras, Casador and Dug Martin. Horatius did not reach here in time and Warte Nicht was scratched out on account of not being in shape, as was Annie F. Diamante was the class of the race, and was always an odds-on favorite, opening at 7 to 10 and hunching up to 3 to 5. As events turned out he had the race at his mercy apparently, from the snap of the barrier, and while trailing the field to the stretch, was always close enough to make his run count when the time came.

The race was called at 2:10 o'clock, and at that time there were about 700 people clustered in and around the grand stand. The band played a stirring con melody as the horses went to the post and the sports fell over themselves in trying to keep from getting down on a jump. The favorite, of course, was Diamante, with Polonus at 2 to 1, and Iras at 5 to 2. Casador and Dug Martin were passed up, and they finished back out of sight. Iras jumped out in the lead to a round with Martin, Polonus and Diamante following. Passing the stand Iras led Polonus by almost a length. Here he and Iras were bumped on the first turn, and dropped into the cellar, just behind Diamante. At the three-quarter pole Jock Chandler smiled at Bretkin and he just romped away from his field, galloping in the easiest kind of a winner.

JUST LIKE EXERCISE.
The fourth was a two-year-old selling race and in this Metakasta had a little exercise gallop with six bad ones. He laid back in third or fourth place until the stretch and then set sail and pulled away from the others, winning by almost three lengths from Schweitzer. The first event on the program was a sort of a joke in the harness horse



DUG MARTIN.



POLONUS.



ANNIE F.



IRAS.

EXCITING FINISH OF THE DERBY YESTERDAY.

CELEBRATED INDIAN BALL NINE COMING.

BASEBALL fans in this end of the State will be pleased to know that sometime this month the celebrated Indian ball team of Nebraska will arrive for a three months' tour of the Pacific Coast, with the intention of playing all teams with the exception of those of the Pacific Coast League. From all accounts these Indians are pretty near the real thing when it comes to playing amateur ball, and the fact is all the more remarkable when it is known that they are full-blooded Indians, representing no less than six of the leading tribes of the United States.

FORTY-NINE STRIKES.
NEW TENPIN RECORD.
(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.)
KNOXVILLE (Tenn.) Oct. 10.—Harold F. Cribbles, a professional ball player, smashed the world's record on the regulation alleys for tenpins, making twenty-nine successive strikes and a spare on his third ball. He continued to roll strikes until he had rolled fifty balls, his record being forty-nine strikes and a spare. The best previous record claimed was twenty-seven successive strikes.

National Gun Club.
INDIANAPOLIS (Ind.) Oct. 10.—The National Gun Club has completed its organization. It is composed of the crack wing shots of the country. The president is John M. Lilly.

Miss Adair Wins Golf Final.
PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 10.—In the final match in the Graceton invitation golf tournament today, Miss Ramona Adair defeated Mrs. C. T. Stout by 2 up.

Crocker Kills Old Dobbin.
NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—Richard Crocker's famous American stallion, Dobbin, has been destroyed on orders from

his owner, says a World dispatch from London. The old sire had developed an enlargement of one hind leg, from which he suffered greatly.

HARES AND HOUNDS.
ANGELES-PARK RACES TODAY.
The leaguemen will have some sport today at Angeles Park south of this city in deciding a sixteen-dog open stake and a sixteen-dog reserve stake. The drawing is as follows:
Open stake—Joe's Pride and Farmer Girl, Golden Garter and Frisky Boy, St. Ives and Queen of Jales, Matters and Real Peeling, Bright Fortune and Rock Island Minnie, Acolus and Merciless, Anna Tyne and Lost Chord, Prompto and Wages.
Reserve stake—Little Acorn and Golden Feather, Goldie Mac and Lady Angles, John's Willing and Major Mason, Black Flora and Mt. Eagle, Lord Curzon and Red Butterfly, Jigsaw and Little Diale, Medea and Nicasio, Swiftwood and True Still.

Strikes That Failed.
CHICAGO, Oct. 10.—Hundreds of candy makers went back to work today, the strike having been formally declared off by their union. No concessions were granted by the employers.

GREAT FEATS ON THE TURF.

World's Wagon Record is
Smashed Twice in a Day.

Lou Dillon Goes Major Delmar
Two Seconds Better.

Prince Albert Paces Fast Mile.
Remarkable Performances
Against Wind.

LEXINGTON (Ky.) Oct. 11.—The world's trotting record to wagon was twice smashed this afternoon, once by Lou Dillon and once by Major Delmar, and despite the strong and biting west wind Prince Albert (1:57) came within two and one-half seconds of equalling the world's pacing record, held by himself. The trotting record, exhibition mile to wagon, held until today by Lou Dillon, who trotted the mile in 2:04 at the Cleveland track. Major Delmar, with his owner, E. E. Smathers, driving, reduced this today to 2:03. For five minutes Mr. Smathers' gelding held the world's trotting record. Lou Dillon, as if jealous of the record which she had just lost, appeared upon the field, and, driven by her owner, C. K. G. Billings, reduced Major Delmar's record to 2:01. The world's trotting race record to a wagon was held by The Abbot, and in 2:04, made on the Hartford track, and in one-quarter of second slower than the former exhibition record of Lou Dillon.

The track itself was lightning fast today, but conservative horsemen declared that the wind made it at least three seconds slow.

Major Delmar was on the first of the special performers on the track. He was accompanied by two runners, driven by Spears and McDonald. Spears was driving a thoroughbred to

break the wind and McDonald was driving slightly to the rear of Major Delmar. The trotter had the pole. He reached the quarter in 31 seconds, and the half-mile pole in 1:01. He had the third quarter in 1:51, but lost ground in the home stretch and went under the wire in 2:03. He had trotted a half mile consisting of the second and third quarters in one minute flat, but the wind slackened his time in the first quarter and in the stretch, striking him at right angles. Prince Albert then came upon the field to make an attempt at breaking the pacing record of 1:57, held by Dan Patch. He was not started against the record of 1:57, but he was also accompanied by runners. He was also accompanied by runners. He was also accompanied by runners. He was also accompanied by runners.

Lou Dillon then trotted out on the track harnessed to a wagon. A thoroughbred in front broke the wind and another behind her spurred her on. She reached the quarter in 0:51, and the half in 1:01. At the three-quarter pole, however, she clipped a quarter pole, but she reached the wire in 1:59.

Exhibition mile to wagon, trotting: Major Delmar, b.f. (E. E. Smathers) 2:03; Prince Albert, b.f. (C. K. G. Billings) 2:01; Lou Dillon, b.f. (C. K. G. Billings) 2:04; The Abbot, b.f. (C. K. G. Billings) 2:04; Major Delmar, b.f. (E. E. Smathers) 2:03; Prince Albert, b.f. (C. K. G. Billings) 2:01; Lou Dillon, b.f. (C. K. G. Billings) 2:04; The Abbot, b.f. (C. K. G. Billings) 2:04.

RACE OPENING.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

It was a 2:30 class trot with six entries and to show how funny things happen sometimes, the hot favorite, Lady Madison, was distanced in the first heat. She was not alone, for two others failed to get to the flag. The entries were Lady Madison, Babe, Lady Gypsy, Fortune, Mamie Elizabeth and Zombowette. Before the first heat the Lady sold at \$10, Babe bringing \$5 and the field \$4. After some tireless scoring they got off to a fair start, and the Lady broke before reaching the eighth pole and lost about fifty lengths. Gypsy and Fortune were about as bad off, and were never in it. Zombowette flew around the track without a skip, and won the first heat by a roomful of daylight from Babe, with Mamie third. Fortune, Lady Madison and Gypsy were distanced, and were out of the race for good. Then Zombowette took the two succeeding heats, Babe finishing second both. The best time was 2:20 1/2. The starting in the harness race was

good, but in the running events Starter Duke was off badly. In most of the races the horses were strung out like a band of sheep, and in four of them the last horse in each was practically left at the post. There was considerable complaint about this in the grand stand, but bad starts are things that cannot be done over, where no recall is used.

There were six books in the opening and a field book, and they did plenty of business at all times. Jones & Eaton, Black & Fitzgerald, Caesar Young, the Saratoga Club, Millin and the Vernon Club, all in, and Black and Fitzgerald run the field book. The odds were a little tight, but like the betting public, Lady broke before reaching the eighth pole, and neither side had much of a kick.

The day was certainly interesting as a whole, and if some of the sports lost money on bad guesses, others took it away from the books, and the result slightly favored the public in the way of money.

The feature of tomorrow's programme is the Jonathan Club stakes for two-year-olds at five and one-half furlongs. The entry list is large.

THE FORM CHART.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Oct. 10, 1937. Weather fine. Trade fast.

FIRST RACE. A. W. Harrell, President Judge. E. Duke, Starter.

Six furlongs, Selling, 2-year-olds and upwards. Value to first \$200.

Horse	Wt.	St.	Str.	Fin.	Jockey	Op.	Cl.
Confession	110	1	1-2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2
Confession	110	1	1-2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2
Confession	110	1	1-2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2
Confession	110	1	1-2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2
Confession	110	1	1-2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2
Confession	110	1	1-2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2
Confession	110	1	1-2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2
Confession	110	1	1-2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2
Confession	110	1	1-2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2
Confession	110	1	1-2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2	1-1/2

Time—1:02 1/2. W. 0.50; M. 1.10; B. 1.15.

Considerable place 1-2, out show. Placé show 1-2, out show.

W. 0.50; M. 1.10; B. 1.15. Considerable place 1-2, out show. Placé show 1-2, out show.

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HE BETS A KING'S RANSOM EVERY DAY.

The Harvard team did the best work of the day. The Harvard back field did excellent work and the line put up a fairly good game, although they were inclined to play too high. The team is composed mostly of men who played on last year's eleven.

The Commercial High School team on the other hand is composed almost entirely of new material, but her back field did some clever work.

LOMA LINDA HOTEL opens October 15.

GAME SEASON ALMOST HERE.

**Sportsmen in General Expect
Splendid Sport.**

**Quail Have Been Disturbed in
Number of Places.**

**Legitimate Shooting Will Suffice
as a Consequence—Duck
Outlook Good.**

From the air of suppressed excitement that has been building up since the opening of the season, it is not surprising to find that sportsmen in general expect a splendid sport. The duck season is near. Such a business of buying guns, loading shells, fitting out new equipment for the duck marsh or the quail hills is seen at no other time in the year. There is a stir of the few weeks immediately antedating the grand opening in October when every kind of game worth shooting with a shotgun is "ripe."

The unusual promise of the coming season has turned the thoughts of many a supposedly retired shooter back to the days that were, and in consequence the veteran knights will be out in force the first day. In years when the shooting is poor, when birds are scarce, or overly wild and impossible to get very intimate with, there may be excuse for backsliding, but not now. No section in this end of the State has failed to send in to city sportsmen reports of abundant game, and the selection of a place for the opening shoot is more a matter of choosing some business that has not been raided by the summer "sooters" than of finding a place where there are birds, for birds are everywhere.

Most of those who sail forth at daylight Thursday morning will be attired in the gum boot, sweater and duck coat uniform of the clubmen, for a majority of the shooters who are financially able to get away in the middle of the week belong to these exclusive organizations, though the quail will be "acquired" as a matter of fact. During the first week of the season, when everybody is at liberty to invade the most promising fields he knows of. During the first week of the season, the quail hunters will not be forced to take very

In any of the dry washes east of Los Angeles in the vicinity of Azusa, or even nearer, good bags can be made the opening day, though the birds have been disturbed somewhat by rabbit hunters, not a few of whom have proved unable to resist the temptation of whirling masses of blue that launched themselves from the brush underfoot while prowling cautiously about for a pot shot at bunny. South of the city around Gardena there are plenty of birds but they take to the gun groves or some other equally impenetrable fastness when disturbed. West and north of town in the Santa Monica mountains from Hollywood to the Malibu there are quail enough for anybody and the only drawback is the excessive brush and difficulty of hunting them in some of the places where they are most numerous. Once a cañon is located whose sides are not too difficult, and whose brush is not too high, or too thick, there is no need of traveling any farther for a day's fun, though getting twenty-five birds out of even the best of the hill country is a full day's work.

The duck fraternity have made numerous quiet trips to the lake the last week, ostensibly to take a little drive but really to get a line on how the birds are flying so as not to miss fire on the opening day. There seems to be a good supply of fowl on all the grounds, but from present indications the Cerros, Greening and Newport clubs will get the heaviest bag, though the Ballona preserves new look as if with the right kind of a day, bright and hot, the limit might be scored on almost any of them by a good shot well placed. Nearly all the clubs have been feeding and most of them have had water on their grounds earlier than usual, but the customary tardiness has been recorded by a few, and these will pay the penalty of light opening bags.

The sprigs are well represented on the marshes as are the spoonbills and teal. All are rather early looking fowl owing to it being the molting season, but in another month they will begin to look like ducks in color as well as in grace of form. Various keepers say the birds are logy at present and bear every indication of being in pretty fair condition for the first of the season. A few large flocks are seen straggling in from the South and East which look to be Colorado River birds, and doubtless have come from that greatest breeding ground of the West. Hunters recently returned from that section agree that the gull waterfowl are all fat this year, which augurs well for the local product, but the ducks hereabouts are usually poor picking early in the season, and the season is just beginning.

Most of the clubs which are divided into mid week and Sunday squads have decided to make the first and last days of the season open to all members irrespective of squads. Thursday will be a big turnout and general jollification all along the line, with course dinner and similar jovial trimmings. Wednesday afternoon all the clubs will be down, and the evening will be made quite an enjoyable affair of itself.

FIT FOR THE FIGHT IS BOXER REAGAN.

FRIDAY night at Hazard's Pavilion will be fought the second of a series of battles which ought to show a boxer line upon who is the best little man in the prize-fighting business today. The first of the series will be fought in Detroit, Wednesday, when Harry Forbes and Tommy Pettit meet. Neil and Reagan will mix here two nights later, and Tom McCarey means to offer a go to the winner of that match, and the successful one in the Forbes-Pettit affair. Johnny Reagan is one of the best men fighting under 120 pounds in America today. In fact, some think

had been doing light training at Terminal all the week, and will continue until Thursday afternoon. Short sprints on the beach at low tide, a little rowing, considerable boxing, and some bag punching are his principal stunts. A number of San Pedro barflies stray over to his training camp occasionally to put on the mitts with somebody, and usually Johnny or Eddie Cain are quite equal to all the demands made on them. Young Joe Kelly, who makes a means of the camp, has had a rare opportunity to pick up points of the game and eat three squares a day. He may be expected to do wonders with Clyde Burnham when they come together, for he will be more fit



JOHNNY REAGAN GIVING HIS SPARRING PARTNER AN UPPER CUT.

him the best. On the Coast Frankie Neil is a favorite, owing to his defeat of Harry Forbes in signal fashion, but long ago, but there are some who count that victory as a fluke. Whether it was so or not, Johnny Neil will show plainly when he meets Reagan, for the Brooklyn lad says he will have no excuses to offer if he is beaten.

Those who have seen Johnny Reagan stripped for action are very loth to believe the reports that he had done no training for the coming fight before leaving the East, for the showed up an athlete fit to the mark when about the waist, and carrying no superfluous flesh. Neil will have to work hard to be more fit than Reagan certainly looks to be at this writing. The Brooklyn

than ever before. Jack Doyle thinks Neil is a great deal of little Kelly as a lad of promise, and says he will make him mark some day if he gets down to his class and continues to learn things about the game.

A number from San Francisco are expected for the Neil-Reagan fight, as they are a favorite of the local crowd. A number from the North is Neil to a man, and a number from the South is Reagan. The fight is expected to be a close one, and the outcome will be a matter of opinion.

There are a great many things that make a man a boxer, and a boxer a boxer. It is not enough to be a boxer, one must be a boxer. It is not enough to be a boxer, one must be a boxer. It is not enough to be a boxer, one must be a boxer.

For carrying shells and birds, what is known to the providers of sporting goods as a "skeeter coat," an affair consisting of a heavy material with enough cloth to bind them together, is just the thing. It should never have more than twenty-five buttons, and the rest can be easily left at a convenient rendezvous with the hunter. There is no need to carry them; it does neither the shells nor the man any good to be lugging the proper gear by hand. One bit of equipment is its cheapness; a \$5 piece of clothing will fit a man out perfectly for quail shooting so far as clothing goes, and the money will be every cent well spent. The usefulness of such clothing does not end with quail, as it is serviceable for all upland game, and parts of it come handy on the marsh.

As to duck hunters' clothing a different set of conditions is encountered. Men arise in the coldest time—before daylight—and often sit around a green-land-like blind half an hour awaiting the first sign of a duck. A heavy flannel sock inside the gun boots, somebody's feet will get uncomfortably cold. The flannel underwear is just right for this game, and a heavy sweater with one of those combination sweater-jackets, and by all dealers will go good on top of it. Then, as the day warms up, a shooter can shed by degrees, first a jacket, then a sweater, and so on, until he is comfortable all the time. The older duckmen have clothing down to a science. One bit of equipment that ought not to be forgotten is a pair of knitted woolen gloves. They will pay for themselves the first sharp morning, for no ice ever seems as cold as a frosty gun barrel.

Most Unusual.
She: Oh! John, you're home awfully early tonight; it's surely not 10 o'clock yet.
He: Well, you needn't get excited. I am sober, and—
She: Into tears: Sober, too. Oh! John, something terrible must have happened to you. Tell me what it is.
He: (Catholics Standard and Times.)

Are Your Feet Troubled?
See Dr. Neely, Chiropractor, 101 Spring, LOMA LINDA HOTEL, opens October 15.

AUTUMN SPORT ON THE BANKS.

**Taking of Whitefish Yields
Excellent Sport.**

**Rod-and-Reel Equipment Suited
for Deep Water.**

**Fishing in Fifty Fathoms Calls
Different Sort of Tackle
Into Requisition.**

Of the hundreds who spend an occasional day in angling at some of the numerous resorts on the Los Angeles river ever hear of the whitefish, and a still smaller percentage of the placatorial public ever get on the close terms with him that the creature's splendid game qualities warrant. Being a denizen of the deep exclusively, the whitefish is seldom caught in less than sixty feet of water, and the only wharf where the variety can be pursued with any success is the long structure which surmounts the government breakwater outside San Pedro. As most of the anglers who go there are in search of bass, the bottom game is generally neglected. When whitefish are caught there they run of small size, so after all the only recourse of him who would learn of the delights afforded by this kind of sport is the broad ocean itself.

Whitefish, in common with groupers and other varieties of rock cod, run at great depths. Being constructed upon a wonderful scheme of resistance, they are fitted for bearing the pressure of 400 feet of water, and are usually anchored upon the banks, and some are caught between 200 feet and that depth upon the submarine plateaus known to the sportsman as "the banks." In most cases these lay off shore from eight to fourteen miles, so it will readily be seen that the capture of one of these fish is a feat of some magnitude, and other experiences that will not allow the sport to be counted an unmitigated pleasure. To make a success of it, one must have either an iron stomach or a world of determination, for the peculiar nature of a whitefish is to lie on the bottom, holding his head down in a fixed position, and waiting for a prey to come within range.

Once a man has tasted the fun, and tried its possibilities with rod and reel, he becomes a convert to the sport of outside fishing, and will brave even seasickness to enjoy it, for the agonies of a tortured stomach are forgotten when the memory of a splendid catch of whitefish is fresh in the mind. The memory of a splendid catch of whitefish is fresh in the mind. The memory of a splendid catch of whitefish is fresh in the mind.

While most men use handlines and deep-sea gear for catching whitefish, the sport is usually conducted in about 250 feet of water, and is eminently feasible with rod and reel, provided the fisher has a twenty-five foot line, a twelve or sixteen-ounce sinker is necessary, and the rod which handles this should be about seven feet in length.

As much of the best sport on the banks occurs over the rock bottom or coral, there is a great deal of trouble with leads getting foul, and when this happens there is nothing to do but endeavor to work out the tackle the

And skilful leaders, electric tangles, and the like, are not infrequently encountered. The fisher must be prepared to handle these, and to be ready to pull the fish out of the water as soon as it is hooked. The fisher must be prepared to handle these, and to be ready to pull the fish out of the water as soon as it is hooked.

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Remember, in taking advantage of these trips you are in no way obliged to buy. We simply desire to show you the property and allow your own good judgment to decide what you wish to buy or not.

The new Illustrated Map will be out next week, showing the entire subdivision of Vernon Park. Contracts for all improvements let. Something is going to happen out there—better go out today and look it over. All titles insured to us by the Title Guarantee and Trust Company.

We are receiving many applications for Lots. Visit this Beautiful Tract, make your selection and get before the sales in prices which will soon occur. Take Vernon Cars, Second and Spring, to our Branch Corner Forty-fifth and Central Avenue; Agents to show Property at all times, or see

and reasonably stiff; not too myeloid, for all fish are handled much more successfully with a stick which has some life in it. Owing to the long hauls a multiplying reel is valueless, and the only proper equipment is an 8-inch bait-casting wooden reel with large hand-drawn pulley and guide to ease the friction on the line is a great convenience as no casting is done, the line being lowered right over the side. Any handy man can take a cane rod, put 10 cents on it in the shape of a reel seat and end guide, using a pulley-block for the latter purpose if it can be found, and make a fine, serviceable rod in half an hour. Whipping the butt with large twine to make a good grip, and varnishing it repeatedly to prevent chafing of the hands are advisable. Care must be taken to get a close fitting pulley, else the line will slip off the wheel and wedge between it and the side of the block. The small brass pulleys sold for yacht engine trucks answer the purpose very well when fitted by a jeweler or gunsmith. This outfit is not only effective, it is also cheap.

Last year Capt. Donahue, Smith and Burt of Ocean Park ran power-launch excursions out to the fifty-fathom bank off Redondo and Del Rey, seldom failing to get from 500 to 1000 pounds of whitefish, groupers and salmon. They furnished the bait, which was sometimes cut clam; sometimes pieces of fish, and sometimes a mixture of the two. This is the best of all baits for bank fishing, and sometimes the stomachs of the fish caught afford quite a supply of it in usable form.

The habits of the whitefish vary at different seasons. Sometimes they are deep and are bitter, but ordinarily are good table fish. From now on through the winter the whitefish are at their best, and outside trips are now in order. The medium operandi is simple. A party of half a dozen is made up, and they leave the wharf about 8 o'clock in the morning, proceeding southwest. In an hour the banks are reached, and then begins a prospecting voyage for fish. A skiff has been towed out, and one of the party tumbles into it, and crawls the skiff away from the launch, while the other proceeds as near as possible to some previously proved spot, located by marks on shore, casts anchor. If fish are found, all well and good. Usually a bed of salmon groupers, big and little, and of all shades of red, is first encountered. They afford no sport. Once hooked and landed, a few feet, they come up of their own accord. Often their upward tendency is so strong that they tear out of the skiff, coming up to the top head of the skiff. After shifting about a few minutes, the fish is eventually located, and it becomes immediately apparent by the determined grab with which the whitefish take the hook and their vigorous fight, plainly felt through three hundred feet of line. With rod, coarcting them to the surface is sometimes five minutes' work. They pound and saw away at the hook, never quitting until the leader is at once, and as they run from six to eight pounds on the banks, the lucky captor is in for a few minutes of keen fun. The rod, bite for bite, is more deadly than a hand line, owing to the greater success in hooking fish with it, and the facility of handling them.

Occasionally a huge fifty-pound rod will lastly follow up a small fish in the surface, sometimes coming so close to the boat as to be readily gaffed. These big fellows bite slowly and like plenty of time. A splay little grouper will attract them as well as anything that is thrown. Bait is impervious to sharp fish. Once hooked they put up a tremendous fight, constantly striving for the bottom, and pulling like a horse.

Sheepshead sometimes are taken on the rocks; they are handsome red and black-banded fellows, with peculiar front teeth and an expression like a sheep's giving them their characteristic name. Properly prepared, they are a good food fish, and hard pullers.

As much of the best sport on the banks occurs over the rock bottom or coral, there is a great deal of trouble with leads getting foul, and when this happens there is nothing to do but endeavor to work out the tackle the

And skilful leaders, electric tangles, and the like, are not infrequently encountered. The fisher must be prepared to handle these, and to be ready to pull the fish out of the water as soon as it is hooked. The fisher must be prepared to handle these, and to be ready to pull the fish out of the water as soon as it is hooked.

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way it went in. As a last resort, it can be broken and strung on a pole. It never pays to use a pole, if others are catching very vexatious, for sometimes the pole is so strong that a man can hold, and every minute he is able while the fish are biting.

WE could write books about the merits of the Toledos. Toledos are the best of all bait fish. They are the best of all bait fish. They are the best of all bait fish.

W. K. COWAN, 322-324
Sales—Storage—Repair

YOU MAY REST ASSURED that the buggy you buy will be exactly what you want. We will be exactly what you want. We will be exactly what you want.

Parrott's Teeth and Mouth
Buildings and Restorations of Teeth

The L. A. Va.
717 S. Broadway
Ladies' Work a Specialty
Phone Main 154, 155, 156
Work done for suit and dress, and necessary.

Bugs
Ours have been cleared out of your house. We will be exactly what you want. We will be exactly what you want.

INNES SHOES
222 WEST SECOND ST.
321 WEST THIRD ST.

AND LADIES WHO ASKED THIRTY...
The Ladies who asked thirty...
The Ladies who asked thirty...

THE AUDIT COMPANY
C. Cook, pres. L. J. Olive, sec.
Room 100, 222 West Third St.
Phone 12 to 1.

MATTERS ATTENDED TO FOR...
Matters attended to for...
Matters attended to for...

THE UNDERGROUND RESPECT...
The Underground Respect...
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Times Clearing House
CLASSIFIED ADVS.
XIP YEAR.

Liners.
CLASSIFIED INDEX
PART IV.

PART V.
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MATTERS ATTENDED TO FOR...
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THE UNDERGROUND RESPECT...
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TO LET-NICELY FURNISHED
private family, for permanent
ten of city. 213 & BURNHAM

TO LET-42, FURNISHED
housekeeping rooms, new bath,
224 & FIGUEROA. Also 213

TO LET-2 UNFURNISHED
housekeeping, private back
entrance. 1 case linen. 624 TOLSON

TO LET-A SUITE OF ROOMS
my front rooms, with
private family. 1924 & GRAND

TO LET-NICELY FURNISHED

TO LET
TO LET-2 NIC
with or without
213 & OLIVE.
TO LET-1 UNF
lino at 1. Apply
for Molino at
TO LET-2 NIC
gas and

front rooms, with bath.
Close in, near car lines, etc.
TO LET—LARGE SUNNY HOME
furnished for housekeeping.
view. Apply 645 E. HILL ST.
TO LET—2; COMPLETELY
elegant three rooms, kitchen,
324 E. FIGUEROA, also 26 E. C.
TO LET—ONE NICOLA PUEBLO
rooms, also 2 side rooms and
bath. 1217 SEVEN ST., The West
TO LET—FURNISHED ROOM
over, with bath.

TO LET-NEWLY FURNISHED
room and small kitchen. Call
sections to one child. 283 S. P.

TO LET-FIRST CLASS ROOMS
boarders in house, near West
dress 8, box 44. TIMES OFF

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barn, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100. Call 1781 NEW

TO LET-NEWLY FURNISHED
bedroom, electric lights, 1
tion; hall entrance, 70 CH

TO LET-FURNISHED
roomkeeping, 1
OLIVE

TO LET-NEW
single co
STREET.

LET-TEN S
rooms for
LOWER.

LET-CLOSE
many rooms, 11
Witt st.

LET-FURN

TO LET-4 UNFURNISHED
housekeeping, with bath, gas
electric lights. 222 N. URBAN
ST. 2ND FLOOR. \$10.00 PER MONTH.

TO LET-FURNISHED ROOMS
housekeeping, all 3-room furnished
rear. 623 WALL ST. No outside
bath. \$10.00 PER MONTH.

TO LET-IN PRIVATE HOME
by nicely furnished rooms for
living. 412 N. 1ST ST. \$12.00 PER MONTH.

TO LET-NEW, MODERN
rooms, good neighborhood, close
to car. 331 S. LOS ANGELES ST.
\$10.00 PER MONTH.

TO LET - NICELY FURNISHED

TO LET-4 UNFURNISHED
MAIN

LET-LARGE
furnished; all
A AVE.

LET-ONE L
room furnished.

LET-5 FURN
on suite. Call

LET-3 SUNN
ly papered.

for housekeeping; lower rent than
dren no objection. 1217 S. GLENN
TO LET - LARGE BUCKY
rooms, \$5 up, with or without
9194 W. EIGHTH, near Piquette
TO LET-SUITE OF SUNNY BR.
with piano, close in and new
Apply 2150 S. HILL. Home Phone
TO LET-FURNISHED NO
housekeeping. new room, in
ideal home, close in, \$2.50
TO LET TWO NEWLY FURN-
ISHED, all complete, in

LET-HOUSE
ster, and high
LET - ROOM
spring, 1213 E.
LET-FURNISH
housekeeping. A
LET-LARGE
front room. 1
LET-FURN

street car men. 909 E. NINTH. 2 car lines.

TO LET—FURNISHED SUITE.
Walking distance. Can be
light housekeeping. 119A N. CLAY.

TO LET—HANDSOME FURNISH-
ing with all conveniences; cheap
roomers. 1623 W. SEVENTH.

TO LET—HOTEL MADISON, fur-
nished, centrally located; house
week or month. 821 E. MAIN.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOM
keeping, close in, \$1.50 per
week. 1111 E. 10TH.

TO LET—FURNISHED SUITE.
2 car lines.

LET—NICE
room. priv-
ate.

LET—LARGE
room, cheap. CAL.

LET—3 NICE
sitting distance.

LET—FURN-
ishkeeping.

<p>TO LET—\$5; COMPLETELY 3 rooms, housekeeping, steam URBAN, also central heat.</p> <p>TO LET—YOUNG LADY, who share room with lady; serious family. 1945 S. BROADWAY.</p> <p>TO LET—DESIRABLE FROM room, well furnished, HEAT & Good board near; no children.</p> <p>TO LET—NEWLY FURNISHED let; gentlemen preferred; best hot baths. 277 1/2 WALL ST.</p>	<p>LET—NICKLY rooms; priv central heat.</p> <p>LET—THREE for house</p> <p>LET—2 OR 3 housekeeping</p> <p>LET—PLEASE young lady, a</p>
---	---

WANTED-GIRL TO ASSIST
room, Wagner, 100
suits at 135 E. SPRING ST.
TO LET-A FINE LIGHT BR
suits, very reasonable. Two
rooms. 619 W. NINTH ST.
TO LET-2 NEW AND NICED
ed front rooms, suitable for
able rent. 613 GLADYS AV.
TO LET-NEW SUNNY RM
for housekeeping, single or
nightly. 1010 N. 1ST ST.
TO LET-ONE FRONT POR
N. 1st north. 612 COUN
LET-FURNIS
rooms for ho
LET-ONE W
modern con
LET-UNFUR
the. THE LE
LET-ONE LA
s. with bath.
LET-FURNIS
COND. PT.,

Grand and Bunker Hill ave.	
TO LET-A VERY LARGE HALL with or without board; near RICH ST. Phone White 11	LET-LIGHT reasonable
TO LET-FURNISHED; ONE in rear, suitable for business men. 65 NORTH GRAND ST.	LET-NEW housekeeping
TO LET-NEWLY FURNISHED with new and high class gentlemen. 546 RICH ST.	LET-3 NICKEL housekeeping.
TO LET - UNFURNISHED light housekeeping; furniture desired. 420 S. OLIVE ST.	LET-4 CHOICE s. suitable for LET-5 FURN

TO LET-3 FURNISHED
light housekeeping, driving
car lines. 115 E. 24TH ST.

TO LET - NEWLY FURNISHED
suitable for one, or two persons.
603 1/2 S. FLOWER

TO LET-HOUSEKEEPING IN
finished, gas range, sunny, two
bathrooms. 117 W. 10TH

TO LET-FURNISHED ROOM
of town, 1.50 per week and 10c
per night. 311 W. THIRD

TO LET-NICELY FURNISHED

ST-2 ROOMS
housekeeping

ST-ONE FU
housekeeping

LET-NEWLY
ric lights, bath

ST-DESIRAB
ry room, bath

ST-3 FURN
housekeeping

ST-BUIT
light housekeep

\$1.50 per week and up, one lot
very cheap. 324 S. HILL.

TO LET—5; 2 ROOMS, KIT-
elegant, 324 S. Figueroa; of
completely, 324 S. Figueroa.

TO LET — FURNISHED
suitable for young men
opposite Westlake Park

TO LET—NEWLY FURNISHED
let, suitable for 2 persons
ST., near Stanford ave.

TO LET—A PLEASANT
housekeeping

ST—2 NICEL
housekeeping.
ST—FURNISHED
house, 912 ED
ST—FURNISH
gentlemen, 233
ST—SUNNY
after Sunday.
ST—FURNISH
two gentlemen.
ST—TWO FU
housekeeping

reasonable. 642 B. HILL.
 TO LET—FRONT ROOM. Full
 private home for 1 or 2. 1214
 ST. Phone Black 6864.
 TO LET—A LADY LIVING ALONE
 1 or 2 roomers and boarder. No
 phone. 717 S. FIGUEROA.
 TO LET—3 FRONT ROOMS
 for housekeeping, close in. No
 phone. 709 E. TONE.
 TO LET—NEWLY AND ELEGANTLY
 FURNISHED ROOMS. THE CLINTON
 URBANA ST., 927Y (N. 10TH).
 ST.—AT 615 E.
 rooms; commun-
 IT—3 LARGE
 rooms. 267 N.
 ST.—PLEASANT
 furnished rooms.
 ST.—TWO PR-
 sleeping. 541 E.
 ST.—FURNISH-
 sleeping. 713 C.
 ST.—SUNNY RO-
 housekeeping.

TO LET-TWO SUNNY, LARGE
rooms completely furnished
ing; china cupboard, pantry,
stationary tubs, bath and
adults. \$19 E. 10TH ST.
LARGE C
No. 1264
ST-ENTR
\$7.00
421 W.

TO LET-FRONT BEDROOM
Door, \$5 per month. 180 W.
LARGE C

TO LET - WELL FURNISHED
sunny room, convenient
two gentlemen. \$10 17TH
LARGE C
No. 1778
\$2.00

TO LET - NICE SUNNY
room, double doors, large
NO. 1 FT. & NICE SUNNY
LARGE,
FURNITURE.
\$1.00

TO LET - TWO UNFURNISHED
Sunny rooms, separate bath,
EIGHTH ST.

TO LET-TWO FURNISHED
light housekeeping; adults;
with gas. 1630 GRAND AVE.
Room - NICELY
furn. 209 E. EIGHTH

TO LET - NEWLY FURNISHED
porcelain bath, \$1 per week
W. EIGHTH. Also housekeeping
rooms; no housekeeping.

TO LET - NICELY FURNISHED
rooms; no housekeeping.

TO LET - 1 ROOM COM-
pleted; use of kitchen and
bath; call 1111 TRINITY ST.
TO LET NICELY FURNISHED
room for housekeeping; call
1111 NANTER ST.
TO LET - IN REFINED PHO-
handsome suite of furnished
rooms; call 1111 WASHINGTON.
TO LET-NICELY FURNISHED
new, modern flat, parlor, and
bath; call 1111 BOYD ST.
WELL-FURNISHED, 2444 S. ST.
1ST & FLOYD ST.
1ST & GUNTER ST.
2ND ST. Rental
1ST-FURNISHED
1111 S. 2ND & 1ST
1ST-FURNISHED, P-
1111 S. 2ND & 1ST
1ST-FURNISHED, P-
1111 S. 2ND & 1ST
1ST-FURNISHED, P-
1111 S. 2ND & 1ST

TO LET - \$ NICELY FURNISHED
for housekeeping, bath, close
BROADWAY.

TO LET - \$ LARGE ROOMS
rooms, rent cheap, at the
corner of Irving St.

TO LET - NICKLY FURNISHED
rooms, to one or two ladies;
1012 W. 28TH.

TO LET ONE NICKLY FURNISHED
BY ROOM, ALSO ONE BEAUTIFUL
GRAND AVE.

TO LET - \$ NICE FRONT

swampy side rooms; 700
TEMPLE ST.
TO LET—TWO FURNISHED
housekeeping; bldg. on
PUEBLO ST.
TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED
on suite; quiet place; 200
PUEBLO ST.
TO LET — 2 UNFURNISHED
cottage, gas range, 2
b. AUDRY.
TO LET—SUITE OF ROOMS
for light housekeeping.

MAPLE AVE.
TO LET -- NEATLY FURNISHED
room in private family home.
TO LET--2 NICELY FURNISHED
for housekeeping. SEE AD 100

TO LET—

House.
TUM & SCHENCK.
MOST DESIRABLE
BURNS
AND COTTAGE
BE OBTAINED
THE WINTER
TUM & SCHENCK.
CHESAIRE.
OWAY. 11
FURNISHED COTTAGE
7, half block west of
11th and Pico. Under
renting or Pico car. 11
FURNISHED COMPLETELY FURNISHED
MODERN IN EVERY
HUNTERSON & CO. 11
RED HOUSE, 12 ROOMS
required. 126 S. FLOWER
11
ROOM HOUSE, NEATLY
furnished, gas, stairs and bath
Schiffert, real reasonable
AVE. 11
2 bedrooms, with nice grounds
erous.
Bascom at, near Ninth;
location, at a very low
good.
T. JEROME & CO.
101 R. Broadway.
ROOM HOUSE, COME
all modern improvements;
er, etc. Apply 141 W. 211
11
ROOM COMPLETELY
or will sell furniture
I give lease for one year
11
RED HOUSE, MODERN
rooms, gas range, with or
located; rent reasonable.
SHRINGTON today. 11
RED, 6-ROOM COTTAGE
at 100 per month, water
N. 27th St. 11
FURNISHED ELEGANTLY FURNISHED E
electricity, bath, etc.; also
7 1/2 TH ST. 11
RED ROOMS, HOUSE
sleep room for young man.
11
FURNISHED MODERN
porcelain bath, modern
convenience; will rent for \$12
er. Apply 728 E. Adams
11
RED NEW, MODERN 8
electricity, gas, stairs, water,
bath, instantaneous heater,
electrically heated, central
stalls. May call 200-
11
FURNISHED HOUSE
modern, good furnace, new
C. OLIVER, 231 South 11
QUANTLY FURNISHED
2 bedrooms, polished
in convenience, furnace.
South Broadway, room
11
RED, 4-ROOM HOUSE,
beautiful surroundings, sit-
ing, open fire, electricity,
er, porcelain bath, etc.;
Y. M. T. ALLEN, oppo-
11
FIVE-ROOM FURNISH-
High School. Apply 26
AVE. 11
FURNISHED 4-ROOM
electricity, bath, stairs,
flowers, rent \$24, water
Y. M. T. ALLEN, 231 South
11
FURNISHED FOUR
2 bedrooms, etc.; also three
PLE AVE. 11
FURNISHED FULLY FURNISHED
all conveniences, Tel.
114 E. 207 ST. 11
FURNISHED HOUSE,
All modern, 12th CAN-
convenience and Union.
11
MODERN, furnished
reception hall, beautiful
kitchen; will give lease
at \$200. 231, on BURLINGTON
11
MODERN FLAT, JAN
unfurnished, piano, gas, ele-
tricity, no children; rent
N. N. HILL, 21 11
EVIDENCE, IS ROOM
is a home, full of
modern furniture for sale,
114 R. Broadway. 11
11
2-STORY, 5-ROOM
elegant and sunny and
d; gas and coal range,
electricity, telephone,
Y. M. T. ALLEN, very reasonable
11
FURNISHED COTTAGE,
bath and instantaneous
ST. Tel. Home 625 11
COLONIAL COTTAGE,
all conveniences; fine
buildings; newly built, or-
low; completely and
including the kitchen, bath
room; great bargain at
ABA, GREEN, 134
11
DUPPEE FLOOR, FINE
cottage, residence, street,
large four large, rooms; bath
every room, almost new
beauty, large closets, beau-
tiful couple, conveniently
beautiful Palm Place;
service, two times, refer
house FICO 311 Monday.
11
HOUSE ON PROMINENT
MODERN, well furnished,
one one HOME 22.
11
SUITES FURNISH-
ing with bath-room, Tel.
124 E. SECOND ST. 11
HOUSE, FURNISHED,
gas stove, good heat-
ing, including water, fur-
niture, comfortable and in good
condition. 114 E. 27th St. 11
MODERN, HANDSOMELY
3 rooms, southeast cor-
ner, very clean, and in
desirable parts of city; no
FICO 138.
11
D WIFE, OR MOTHER
have use of 6-room fur-
nished with lady
keeping privileges. 11
COMPLETELY FURNISHED,
including the piano,
position, W. 2d St. Apply
11
ROOM, HALF HOUSE,
electricity, 12th and 11th
ST. 11
FURNISHED 4 ROOMS,
gas stove, bath;
rent \$15, water paid. 11
Home phone 298.
11
MODERN COTTAGE,
2 bedrooms, piano, in-
no children, rent \$15.
Phone Red 625. 11
COTTAGE, 4 ROOMS,
gas and furnace,
very comfortable. 340
11
RED HOUSES AND
Y. Free list. We have
Room Renting Agency
WAY. 11
HOME WITH FRUIT
for cow and chickens;
to 122. PHONE ALTA
11
TO 6-ROOM MODERN
modern house, fur-
nished, elegant, furni-
ST.
HOUSE, FURNISH-
ing, 2nd St., between
Central ave. Address 11
11
THOROUGHLY FURNISHED,
modern 6-room house;
owner. Inquire at 728
11
HOUSE, FURNISHED
modern, 2 rooms, modern,
at \$200. 111 FEDORA
11
FURNISHED, MOD-
ern, including piano, or will
25 S. FLOWER. 11

SUNDAY

Direct:

[illegible]

and harness, good for driving, delivery; price \$100; will sell separate.

FOR SALE—TWO FRESH JERSEY MILK cows, one 2 years old, the other 3 years old. The COMPTON breed, one of the finest Jersey cows in the country. Call for more information. Call after Tuesday.

FOR SALE—A DRIVE IN YOUNG MOTOR car, with 1930 model, with 1931 model as riding or pack animals. Call for more information.

FOR SALE—BUICKIN MARIE, 7 years and half, a fine, well-bred, and well-trained animal. Nothing more, driver, no. AVE. 21 and HUNTER. Call for more information.

FOR SALE—LARGE WHITE BULL horse 1 year old, a fine, well-bred, and well-trained animal. Call for more information. Call RICHARDSON, Wagon, one block from West 21st and 1st.

FOR SALE—FINE RAY MARIE, 7 years old, a fine, well-bred, and well-trained animal. Nothing more, driver, no. AVE. 21 and HUNTER. Call for more information.

FOR SALE—A TEAM OF MARIE, 7 years old, a fine, well-bred, and well-trained animal. Nothing more, driver, no. AVE. 21 and HUNTER. Call for more information.

FOR SALE—A TEAM OF MARIE, 7 years old, a fine, well-bred, and well-trained animal. Nothing more, driver, no. AVE. 21 and HUNTER. Call for more information.

FOR SALE—GOOD ALL-PURPOSE HORSE, 7 years old, a fine, well-bred, and well-trained animal. Nothing more, driver, no. AVE. 21 and HUNTER. Call for more information.

FOR SALE—A GOOD 7-YEAR OLD horse, 7 years old, a fine, well-bred, and well-trained animal. Nothing more, driver, no. AVE. 21 and HUNTER. Call for more information.

FOR SALE—UP-TO-DATE HADDER horse, 7 years old, a fine, well-bred, and well-trained animal. Nothing more, driver, no. AVE. 21 and HUNTER. Call for more information.

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE BEST AND
est family or survey mares in the
weight 1300 lbs., dark bay, 6 years old

[illegible]

ON SALE—SMALL DRIVING MARE, C
the and city broke; also set of harness

[illegible]

one unbroke horse, \$30; one good dell
horse, \$40; one small horse, \$25.

must be sold or sent to Seattle. The
 of SAN PEDRO ST.
 SALE-OR-TRADE: SMALL RO
 a large house, NE DENVER AVE.
 SALE-A GOOD FAMILY COW, CHE
 4TH ST. East of Central ave.
 SALE-LADIES' IDEAL, NE
 15th and Franklin, cheap and mar
 ting, could sell only a few yards al
 low. Broadway ave.
 SALE-1-YEAR-OLD BAY MA
 must be sold, city broke, weighs
 must be sold, ask for JOHN S
 SALE-GOOD JERSEY COW, AT
 5TH ST.
 SALE-SMALL BLACK MARK
 must be sold for lady to be of G
 and good milk. 325, 629 & DALY
 ST. ST.
 SALE-GOOD GENTLE, 1200 FO
 also 1000 lbs. milk, large and
 not chased, on W. 14th ave. no
 1000 lbs. milk. 1000 lbs. milk.
 SALE-A DAIRY OF 10 COWS &
 must be sold. Call on C. HAYMON, on
 30th St. and Chatham stn. near 14
 ave.

NTS AND POINTERS

There are rumors that Spreckels has been tiring of his San Diego interests there, at a price value stated at from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000. What they want down there is like H. E. Huntington, the

Indianapolis	354	427,785
Buffalo	139	426,173
Milwaukee	286	425,881
Denver	173	389,790
St. Paul	116	345,525
Alliegheny	82	214,500
Atlanta	336	192,642
Indianapolis	251	180,361
New Orleans	156	139,171
Memphis	...	125,671
Totals	6322	\$16,636,910
Allegheny has the most notable in-		

between Fifth and Sixth streets, are each 38x12 feet, contain 30 rooms apiece, and were erected under the supervision of Architect J. Lee Burton, of Mrs. Margaret Wodzilski, and Mrs. M. Hoffman, respectively. The buildings are each provided with modern conveniences, and they cost about \$,000 apiece. Concerning them the supervising architect says: "They are one out of three brick rooming-houses which have recently been erected under my supervision on Wall street. I

thousands, have already been spoken for in this new addition. The predictions then made have since been fully realized. The subdivision is part of the 105 acres which was purchased principally of Mrs. Mary E. Rindge by Frederick H. Rindge and associates in November, 1901.

—o—

Orange Orchard.

Sammett & Smith have sold to J. W. C. C. Cooper, for Daniel Glibler, a 10-acre orange orchard one-half mile

thoroughfare, with a frame
and outbuildings; considera-
named, \$7000. Buyer will subdi-

Property.

McNutt buys of Eliza Taylor,
th R. G. Doyle, sixteen acres,
northwest of Glendale, with
cottage house, frame cottage, barn
and outbuildings; consideration
\$10,000. Land is set out in
year-old naval orange trees.

nue, \$900; to Bernard Cullen, investment, two lots, 2x135 feet at side Central avenue between 9th street and Slauson avenue; to R. Nadeau, who will improve, 40x135 feet each, south side 9th street, forty-seven feet east of Central avenue and adjoining corner which he purchased four years ago, \$975; to Dr. Ralph Williams, south side fifty-seventh and west side of Zamora, \$325; to

(CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.)

and the finest workmanship.
ONLY \$2250.00.
See plans at my office.
J. W. CHALMERS,
Contractor and Builder,
423 Byrne Bldg.
BOETTCHER TRACT
—
—
for investment. Over 100 lots sold.
Prices will be raised October 15
in another column.
F. A. JOHNSON & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,
329 S. BROADWAY.

Liners.

REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—

CITY LOTS AND LANDS.

WE ARE EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR

THE CHEAPEST LOT SUITABLE FOR

PLATS IN THE CITY, CLOSE IN, STREET

NEAR FIGUEROA, GREAT LOCATION.

ASK THE PRICE

ERKENBRECHER SYNDICATE (LTD.)

MEMBERS L. A. REALTY BOARD.

DO YOU KNOW?

That Brown & Chamberlin is noted for

the very best bargains in Los Angeles

realty of any denomination, improved, un-

improved, business or any and all class of

property? Do not think of closing a deal

before seeing

BROWN & CHAMBERLIN.

Home 5472.

Members L. A. Realty Board.

SACRIFICE SALE.

3 lots in Alhambra tract, between

and Santa Monica blvd. The

southwest is the growing part of the city.

Each lot is 100 ft. wide and 150 ft. deep.

Investigate price. It's a real bargain.

Home 5472. R. E. BRINKER, Owner.

Tel. John 7641. 40-3 Lankershim Bldg.

FOR SALE—

A block of 24 lots on Temple street, near

car line, \$150 each.

Home 5472. P. A. STANTON.

Home 5472. 144 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—

CHOICE LOTS IN HARVARD

TRACT, MOST DESIRABLE

LOCATION, OXFORD BOULEVARD, A

BEAUTIFUL STREET, OUR PRICES

ARE RIGHT.

F. L. BOTSFOORD & CO.

MEMBERS L. A. REALTY BOARD.

FOR SALE—

3 lots in Alhambra tract, between

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Each lot is 100 ft. wide and 150 ft. deep.

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Each lot is 100 ft. wide and 150 ft. deep.

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BEAUTIFUL STREET, OUR PRICES

ARE RIGHT.

F. L. BOTSFOORD & CO.

FOR SALE—

CITY LOTS AND LANDS.

FOR SALE—

100-FOOT LOT ON E. 27TH

STREET, WORK ALL DONE AND PAID.

Call for details. J. H. BRITTON.

Home 5472. 124 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—

A BARGAIN ON S. PICO

STREET, 200x150, level and above grade.

Call for details. J. H. BRITTON.

Home 5472. 124 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—

3 LOTS, 200x150, near

Hollywood Park, 1921st. 2nd. Owner going

away; \$500 for the two. Call for details.

Home 5472. 124 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—

BY OWNER, 2 FINE LOTS IN

DAYTON HEIGHTS, 200x150, near

Hollywood Park, 1921st. 2nd. Owner going

away; \$500 for the two. Call for details.

Home 5472. 124 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—

3 LOTS, 200x150, near

Hollywood Park, 1921st. 2nd. Owner going

away; \$500 for the two. Call for details.

Home 5472. 124 S. Broadway.

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Home 5472. 124 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—

BY OWNER, 2 FINE LOTS IN

DAYTON HEIGHTS, 200x150, near

Hollywood Park, 1921st. 2nd. Owner going

away; \$500 for the two. Call for details.

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Home 5472.

sical News.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

HERK is a bunch of "Priscilla"—also a young girl who was brought out in the leading role in the production of this city. Her name is Lillian Bradley of this city. She is the daughter of the late Gen. Bradley, who was a prominent figure in the city. She is now a student at the University of California, and is expected to graduate next year.

The chorus of eighty, under the direction of F. Walter Sauer, has completed its study of the music in about ready to take up stage work. The music is by Thomas Moore, and is a very beautiful piece of music. The chorus is expected to be one of the best in the city.

The Women's Orchestra will resume its work on October 11. The orchestra is a very fine one, and is expected to be one of the best in the city. The orchestra is under the direction of Harry Barnhart, and is expected to be one of the best in the city.

The musical festival, which is to be held in the city, is expected to be one of the best in the city. The festival is under the direction of Harry Barnhart, and is expected to be one of the best in the city.

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CRANDALL'S GRAND LEADER

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You Will Attend the Races

This week and of course will need new wraps for the occasion. No store in the city can give you such genuine bargains in stylish new garments as the Grand Leader offers. New coats—new suits—skirts—waists—gloves—veils—millinery—everything a woman could possibly want for an event of this kind, at prices considerably lower than others.

Millinery for the Derby

A large showing of swell creations particularly appropriate for the races. Cleverness, originality and beauty combined with lowness of prices such as you seldom see. We will take pleasure in showing these to you and think that this inspection will convince you that this is THE place to buy your hat.

Lace Collars \$1.00; Worth Up to \$1.75.

Handsome lace collars in white, cream or ecru in the store and effects. Have been selling from \$1.25 to \$1.75, choice \$1.00. Monday.

We Save You Money on Notions

Hooks and eyes, 1c per card. Tracing wheels, 3c each. Pins, 1c per paper. Sewing machine needles, 1c per dozen. Cotton thread, 1c per spool. Long steel bat pins, 5c per dozen. Sewing silk, black and white, 5c a spool. Shirt binding, all colors, 1c per yard. Hair retainers, 1c each. 7-in. dressing combs, 5c each. Hose supporters, 5c a pair.

75c Pillow Shams 39c

Beautiful hemstitched pillow shams in several choice patterns 80 in. square, values up to 75c each. Monday.

WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT
the most complete
IN
Southern California

Hosiery and Underwear

For a special leader Monday we offer several lots of children's black wool hose, that sell at 85c a pair. Monday the whole lot goes at per yard.

Ladies' Bath Robes

Ladies' blanket bath robes in assorted patterns and colorings, our regular \$4.00 stock, Monday.

Dress Goods and Silks

Extraordinary bargains for those who visit this department Monday. 27 in. corduroy in complete range of colors, suitable for making suits. Monday per yard.

43c For Laces Worth 75c and \$1.00

Point de Paris and Valenciennes silver lace in wide assortment of patterns worth from 75c to \$1.00 per yard, Monday only.

Wash Goods and Domestic.

2500 yards of checked and striped muslin, 37 inches wide; regular 10c value; special, 5c per yard.

Extra Special 80c

500 dozen men's extra special handkerchiefs, full size, assorted colored borders, extra special Monday.

Bargains in Men's Furnishing Goods

An opportunity that economical men cannot afford to overlook. Note these prices: Men's 25c four-in-hand ties 15c. Men's 50c handkerchiefs, 35c. Men's 50c socks, 35c. Men's 50c suspenders, 35c. Men's 50c shirt waists, 35c.

\$2.25 Lace Curtains \$1.37

Tomorrow we offer 850 pairs of fine lace curtains 8 1/2 yards long and 54 in. wide. In very pretty designs. Any house-furnishing store would charge you \$2.25 a pair. Our special price Monday is \$1.37.

Ladies' 25c Handkerchiefs 17c

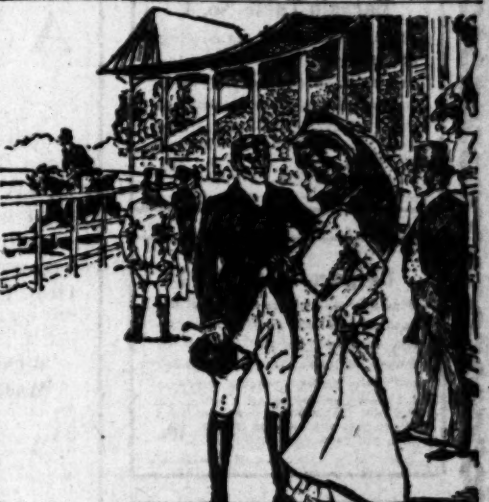
Ladies' hemstitched linen initial handkerchiefs, good value at 25c a piece, Monday special each.

New Arrivals in Cloaks and Suits

A host of clever new styles in women's wearables that have arrived just in time for the Derby. Many exclusive Fall garments to show you. The economical prices that are characteristic of this store are carried out in this department. We haven't room to tell about them. Come see. Ladies' stylish walking suits in long coat style, in brown or gray mixed, and invisible checks, very pretty, well made; prices for Monday at \$20.

New Idea Patterns.

Sold here exclusively. 10c November fashion sheet now ready.



\$10 and \$12 Silk Waists \$5

Notice our show window tomorrow. All these beautiful \$10 and \$12 silk waists and many others that we could not show in the window are on sale in the wait department Monday at \$5.

Ladies' 50c Vests 39c

Ladies' silk vests, low neck and sleeves, in white, pink or blue, 50c kind, Monday.

Grand Opening

Heretofore we have conducted our House Furnishing Dept. Strictly on a wholesale basis. The entire third floor is devoted to this class of goods exclusively and beginning Saturday, Oct. 17th. It will be thrown open as a retail dept. Our position with the leading mfrs. of these goods, will enable us to sell considerably under retail prices. See later ads for particulars.

WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT
the most complete
IN
Southern California

CRANDALL'S GRAND LEADER

IMPORTING WHOLESALE CO.

327-329 SOUTH BROADWAY

SHE MAY BECOME EMPRESS OF GERMANY.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA LATEST CHOICE OF GOSSIPS.

Emperor of Austria Said to Have Smoothed Away Obstacles Between the Hanoverian Girl and the Crown Prince of the Fatherland.

BY CURTIS BROWN.

(STAFF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)

BERLIN, Sept. 21.—Again in the gossip reviewed that Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has smoothed away the obstacles that have stood between the Crown Prince of Germany and Princess Alexandra of Denmark, and that the Hanoverian girl has good prospects of becoming Empress of Germany some day. The fact is that, whereas the Crown Prince is now of

him the greetings of his "loyal subjects in Hanover." The Guelphian movement in Hanover, however, is suppressed with an iron hand by the most approved German police methods. Since the crash, the royal family has lived in Austria, at Penzing, near Vienna, and at Gmunden in Upper Austria. The head of the family used to be the other side, but keeps up all the state and ceremony of a king at his residence.

Liegnard Alexandra, the maternal granddaughter of the King of Denmark, and is consequently niece to the Emperor. Francis Joseph has done his best to bring it about. Hitherto such a reconciliation has not taken place, so that the Crown Prince and Princess Alexandra have never seen each other. However, if the political difficulties were overcome, the reconciliation would be arranged with as much facility as in other royal matters.

Princess Alexandra is a tall, pleasant-looking girl, but not particularly beautiful. She is an enthusiastic yachtswoman, and sails her own boat over the waters of the treacherous Gmunden Lake. She has been much at the Austrian court, where the Crown Prince and Princess Alexandra have been seen each other. However, if the political difficulties were overcome, the reconciliation would be arranged with as much facility as in other royal matters.

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ALASKANS STARVING. Starving Distress Among Indians of Far North Reported by Commissioner McKenna. Was Urges Relief.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.) TACOMA (Wash.) Oct. 8.—Because the United States government has done nothing to aid them, and because advancing civilization has deprived them of their former means of subsistence on game and fish, the Indians of Central and Northern Alaska are dying of starvation. The most serious case is reported by D. A. McKenna, United States Court Commissioner at Coldfoot, Kotzebue district, the most northern mining camp in the world. Commissioner McKenna urges the building of wagon roads, material food for the natives, the distribution of reindeer to the Indians and Eskimos and the establishment of better facilities for reaching the courts. Speaking of the natives living in Central Alaska above the Yukon, McKenna says:

"The habits of these Indians are good—they neither drink whisky, use tobacco, nor eat meat. These habits could be made useful. Three years ago they were starving and dying like flies. I reported the situation to St. Michael, but the government, which was bound by the terms of its Alaska purchase to protect them, made no provision for helping the people."

While traveling through the Kotzebue district, McKenna saw the most practical means of helping the natives. The Indians should also have some one to teach them how to raise vegetables. Even as far north as we were all kinds of vegetables can be raised. I have successfully operated two gardens myself, sixty-five miles north of the Arctic Circle."

McKenna believes the government should appoint a commission to govern the Alaska Indians, the same as the Philippines are governed, giving Southeastern Alaska its own government if found desirable.

Blind Tiger Described. I heard of these "blind tigers," and one day, in company with a gentleman and two ladies, I drove to Linville Falls. As we were going we passed a fortification on one side of the road; the driver announced that it was a "tiger." We regretted as we drove on that we had not stopped to examine it, but I was to give it a trial on our return. Coming back we found that it was a square, log-hewn building, abutting on the road, with no front door at

all, the logs fitting so closely there were no means of seeing anything whatever inside.

The rear of the structure was enveloped in a large brush arbor reaching on both sides to the mountain ravine. Tacked on the front of the "tiger" was the following sign: "Watt's Saloon, July 1. Brandy, \$2.75 a gallon; whisky, 25 cents a pint, \$2.50 a gallon. Anything else in that line. Drop your money in the drawer."

There was a hole in the logs in which was fitted a box. I dropped 25 cents in it and a voice from the inside said: "Five cents more for a bottle."

I added 5 cents to the quarter and a pint bottle of blockaded corn liquor was pushed out. It was a white bottle, and there were many dregs in the whisky. I made complaint and the bottle was pulled back. Another came out, but it was a black bottle this time and I could not tell whether it had dregs or not. I haven't tasted the whisky, but brought it home as a curiosity. We were anxious to see inside this myste-

rious fortress. So we opened negotiations with the invisible occupants and were told to put a quarter in the box, wait five minutes and come to the back entrance.

Looking carefully, we could see the shadowy outlines of three men and one woman sliding down the arbor and eading to the ravine. When the five minutes had expired we went to the rear, found a door open and entered. In the room we found two barrels of whisky, one barrel of brandy, a modern rubber siphon, a patent pump starter, bottles of all sizes, jugs, etc. There were also two rifles, three shotguns and two pistols in plain view.

There was also a bed, cook stove, cooking utensils, etc., in the room. Things were in all right shape, and everything was in its proper place. Like any other well-regulated business, that's all we saw, and we left as we had come. "Hope you got your money's worth," greeted us from the "tiger" as we drove away.—(Continued on p. 3.)

Correspondence New York Tribune.

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GOOD STORIES FOR CHILDREN--By Walt McDougall

Harry Wetherill's Trip to the Moon in Search of Anita, the Girl Who Mysteriously Disappeared Seventy-five Years Ago

HARRY WETHERILL, a boy who won the friendship of a lot of gnomes, learned from them the secret of the moonstone's power to move with wonderful speed from place to place. He was testing this power when the big stone on which he was riding took him into a wonderful garden. Here Mr. Denmore, the owner of the place, told Harry about the mysterious disappearance of his daughter, seventy-five years ago. She was playing with a moonstone at the time, and this gave Harry an idea that a wizard might have spoken the magic words which started the stone and that it had taken her straight to the moon. He promised the father to search for his child.

That seemed to satisfy Mr. Denmore, and he declared that all he possessed would be Harry's if he found Anita in the moon, where Harry supposed her to be, or anywhere else, and she were returned to her parent.

So Harry said good-bye, and then, pronouncing the magic word, "Umph," the moonstone shot upward so rapidly that in a moment it had vanished from the view of the anxious old man. Harry had started for the moon.

Now, had he been more familiar with astronomy and physics, perhaps, he would never have started at all, or at least not without careful preparations, for it is well known to us philosophers that there is no atmosphere outside of a few miles about this earth of ours, and therefore none on the moon, so that one who goes on such a journey by anything like an ordinary conveyance, such as an airship, for instance, would have to take a supply of air along, as well as food and water, but Harry never even thought of this.

+++

He went away as unprepared as he would have been when going to school, so that Mr. Denmore, on reflecting upon the matter, soon concluded that he would never return, but would be overcome and expire for lack of air, and the moonstone would go on and on, carrying a dead boy, until it came smack up against the moon and smashed to bits.

But nothing like this happened, because the stone flew so fast that it drew along with it enough atmosphere for a dozen people, and its speed was so incredibly great that it reached the moon in less than an hour; therefore the boy needed neither food nor water on the journey.

Fast as the moonstone flew, however, Harry was able to see distinctly, and he watched the earth recede with feelings of awe. At first there lay beneath a vast expanse of brown and green, spread out like a great colored map of his own land; then the view broadened and two oceans came into sight at either side, shining in the sunlight like great ponds, for already he was so distant that the great waves were invisible, and the seas seemed as glass mirrors.

Then very soon he saw the whole world, an immense globe, flattened at the poles, as the geographers said it was, and all the continents on the side toward him were plain to view. Great mountains seemed but as small hills on this globe, or like the little irregularities on the skin of an orange, and he could see the world turning on its axis, also.

This was so extremely interesting that he forgot all about the object of his journey as he gazed down at everything, and if he had not suddenly recollected himself he would probably have collided with the moon before he was aware of its presence, but, looking over his shoulder and seeing it still far away, he began to be careful.

+++

Now his attention was turned entirely to the lunar orb. It gleamed pale and white in the sunshine, and as soon as he began to look at it seemed, as he approached, to be under him, instead of above, and he came down upon it, while the distant earth was in the heaven above him, and as small as the moon usually seems to be to us.

Great peaks with black craters showed all over its whitened surface, but he saw no seas nor green trees. It seemed torn, cracked and ragged all over, dark fissures and purple crevices being the most striking features on the landscape, while the absence of clouds showed that there was no moisture anywhere. As he flew nearer he could detect no signs of animal life, but he soon saw that there were peculiar pale blue plants, that looked like corals and sponges or queer seaweeds, growing everywhere, and immense mushrooms, as tall as houses, loomed up in all directions like enormous umbrellas or collar buttons. He stopped the moonstone by saying "Bazipp" and looked about him, when he was perhaps five hundred feet from the surface.

Looking at his watch he found that it had taken him exactly fifty-four minutes to arrive at the moon's surface and he merely glanced around him twice before coming to the conclusion, to return to earth and get his camera, for he felt that nothing but photographs of the wonders about him would convince people that he had ever visited the moon. So in another minute he was flying back earthward as swiftly as he had left it. He did not look back, or he would have seen, rushing out from the ebony gloom of the craters, many strange shapes that brandished after him long, waving arms or tentacles, as if in rage and disappointment; the forms which he had dimly seen lurking in the deep shadows far away where the sunlight lost itself.

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These were the moon men who had hoped to capture the intruder upon their solitude, but they evaded them unconsciously, for they had hidden out upon him when he alighted. They glared after him with their great moonlike eyes until he vanished, and then moved away into their hiding places below the moon's surface.

Harry reached home in twenty-nine minutes, for the moonstone moved much faster earthward, of course, as the law of gravitation worked so much stronger. He alighted in the yard, and there he saw his gnome friend, who inquired eagerly into his actions and was immensely interested when he heard what had been accomplished, but Harry had no time for long descriptions, for he wanted to return at once.

"There are things on the moon; look out for them!" said the gnome. "We have a notion that



THE DEATH OF THE GREAT "SPRING-WORM"

they are some sort of relations of our own, but I do not believe that. However, we know from ancient tradition that they are terribly cruel, treacherous and sly, so beware of having anything to do with them, or else all will fail, and you'll lose our splendid moonstone!"

Harry promised to be cautious, and then hurried in after his camera and a bit of lunch. These were soon secured, and then the gnome watched him as Mr. Denmore had until he vanished in the blue dome above, seemingly shooting right up toward the sun, for the moon was, of course, invisible at that time of day.

The moonstone was soon hovering over the moon's surface again, and Harry somewhat anxiously peered down into all the crannies for a sight of the dangerous people against whom he had been warned, but he saw nothing in the shape of gnomes or men. Instead, he perceived many other curious objects, which led him to approach close to the ground and study them.

+++

Flowers grew there with heads like cats, and these bent down and caught the ball-shaped things frequently in their jaws and swallowed them at once with every sign of enjoyment. Among the leaves of these plants crawled caterpillars of gold and rose, flashing like gems and chirping like crickets! Feathered toads hopped about in the shade of the silvery rocks, and barked like little puppies at Harry's legs hanging down over the edge of the moonstone, while blue spiders, with yellow spots, sat in their webs and crawled out at him as he swept slowly past—spiders as big as dinner plates, and with eyes like diamonds.

As Harry took in all these wonders and at the same time kept a sharp lookout for other dangers, his eye fell on an object lying beneath a great crimson toadstool, and he started in surprise. It was a small red slipper! There it lay as if dropped yesterday, and instantly he was certain that Anita had been carried to the moon, although he had been well convinced before.

He dropped to the ground and seized the slipper eagerly, but of course there was nothing about it that could furnish him with any definite information, for as slippers were not made on the moon somebody must have brought it there, and who could it have been but the little girl who possessed a moonstone! He was sure that he would soon come upon other traces of her, and he softly uttered the word "Gish" that moved the moonstone sideways, and it proceeded to glide along the moon's surface, dodging the giant tree trunks like a living being, as if seeking for itself the lost maiden's retreat. Suddenly it stopped with no word from Harry, and looking ahead he saw a herd of strange, cow-like creatures, with legs twice as long as their bodies, all of them frisking clumsily about among the plants on the mountainside.

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"Gee!" cried Harry, after looking carefully at them. "If these are not moon-calves, I lose my guess!"

The animals, hearing a voice, something hitherto unknown to them, all stopped and stood staring at him in a stupid manner as if stricken with wonder. They were certainly moon-calves, and Harry instantly took a picture of them. The slight click made by the camera startled the herd and they galloped up the mountainside and vanished in a dark crevice. They uttered no sounds, fleeing as silently as deer.

But another creature, attracted by the strange phenomenon of a voice in that silent land, came creeping out of the curious shrubbery toward the boy. This was a giant thing formed like a jelly-fish, a tremendous umbrella-shape, flattened down close to the ground, so that its short, caterpillar-like legs did not show at all. Colorless, pale, slimy, with great dull eyes that yet glared hideously, its pulpy and jelly-like form shaking and undulating as it moved toward him. Then stopping within twenty feet, it gathered itself up into a ball-shape, and Harry saw that it was about to spring upon him! He said "Bazipp" quicker than ever before and the moonstone shot upward. The creature leaped, but fell short, turned a somersault and fell upon its back.

On he went over great hills of pure white stone,

over green rocks like emerald, sapphire boulders, vermilion forests of gnarled tangles, across flat plains of silvery stuff, but never saw water nor any green living vegetation such as we have on the earth. The great craters of long-extinct volcanoes yawned beneath him, and he could see far down into their depths; some of them were fifty miles across the mouth, and he sailed over gaping cracks in the moon that were twenty miles wide and nobody knows how deep, but he felt no temptation to descend into their gloomy depths.

All the time he was watching for signs of Anita, hoping to come upon some sort of habitation at any moment, and really going too swiftly to properly examine the wonders he met with.

Twice he shot clear around into the dark of the moon, but of course it was as black there as in a cellar at midnight, and he realized that it was quite useless to waste time there, so back he went into the shining daylight.

Now he went slowly, peering into every cranny, but remaining far from the surface, for this time he saw something that filled him with fear. Just as he came into full light something sprang upward, a long, elastic, snakey thing, shooting up like a jack-in-the-box at him, and really coming so near to getting him that Harry's heart almost stopped beating for an instant. The thing drew back as quickly as it had shot upward, gathered itself in a sort of lumpy form, and then again launched its whole length skyward.

One end remained attached to the ground and it stretched upward for a mile! Its mouth, as he now saw, was almost as large as the wormlike body and had rows of rows of snake's teeth adorning its inside. This great mouth closed like a bag, all sides at once, and came together with a snap just as a steel trap does, but again it fell short of its prey, for the moonstone rose as swift as thought and avoided its attack.

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But the last effort seemed to have hurt the thing, for it fell on the ground, writhing and twisting as if in agony, and while it tossed and squirmed there sprang upon its prostrate form an animal about as large as a hippopotamus, but shaped somewhat like a lioness, only tailless and without hair, for absolutely nothing grows hair on the moon, and this animal tore the wormy thing into rags, shreds and tatters in a jiffy, much to Harry's delight, but it did not eat it.

In fact, upon descending and examining the thing after the vessel creature had leaped away as swiftly as it had come, Harry saw that the worm like thing was a hollow skin, with a long spiral bone like a spring that ran from its head to its tail and furnished the power whereby it launched itself upward like a skyrocket, and that the tail end of this spring-bone was bored into the ground for twenty-five feet, holding it there steadily and firmly. Its awful head Harry fastened to the moonstone with a piece of stout twine, for he was resolved to take it home to show to Professor Rankin, and then he sought for the animal which had destroyed it, and finding him in a clump of trees, he took a photograph of him before passing onward.

He had not proceeded many miles before he saw in front of a large opening in the side of a mountain of greenish rock, which did not seem very large at first, but when he neared it showed as an enormous cavern running far back into the mountain and which was nearly a mile wide, a cave so wonderfully large that he stared in astonishment as he approached it. When he came to its entrance he soon saw that the rock was as transparent as glass, and the sunlight penetrating it lighted up the whole cavern with a pale green illumination that was wonderfully pleasing.

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He sailed in and found the interior as mysterious as anything else in the moon. Great masses of emerald-hued rock, were apparently carved into all sorts of marvellous forms; here were statues set up against the carved walls; there were pits in all sorts of attitudes, animals, figures, flowers, ships, towers, minarets, domes, while from the roof hung spirals, lanterns, fruits, birds, every manner of pendant shapes, and all through the cavern columns of carved, fluted, round, square, spiral and fretted, heaped up the rock above and were ranged in rows as far as the eye could reach.

Everywhere were alcoves wherein were cunningly carved couches and chairs like thrones, and niches with statues so life-like that they seemed to be about to step down to greet the stranger, and tables with every sort of dish upon them, all of green stone, yet marvellously perfect. Harry took picture after picture here as he headed his way through the forest of columns farther and farther into the cavern, but suddenly he realized that perhaps he had better spare a few plates for the future.

While he was counting them to see how many he had he heard a strange fluttering noise, and saw coming toward him a mass of bats flying along the roof of the cavern. There were millions of them, and they were all of the most brilliant fiery red, but that was not the strangest thing about them, for their eyes resembled lobster's eyes, standing out on stems six or eight inches from their heads, and they were all hairless. Bald-headed bats were new to Harry, especially bats with lobster's eyes, and he tried to get them in wonder until he saw what was driving them forth, when his wonder changed to alarm.

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Behind them came things the like of which even in his dreams he had never conceived. These were more like cut-throat walking on their tentacles or feelers than anything else, yet there was something so man-like about them that he shuddered.

They were ten or fifteen feet high when they stood erect, with round, pulpy bodies to which were attached twenty long feelers that were boneless and as pliable as whips, but upon which they seemed to have little difficulty in walking or standing. On top of this body, that seemed transparent or nearly so, was placed a head, but without a neck, and this head was skinless, as bare of cuticle as a skull, and its great eyes were placed in deep-sunken sockets, red, glowing eyes like those of wolves, that glared upward as they followed the flight of the red bats like so many glowing coals.

Right in the centre of each stomach was a wide-grinning mouth, out of which hung a carmine tongue, but he could see no teeth in any of these hideous mouths and all was silent as the grave. There were perhaps four hundred of these creatures following the bats, and waving aloft stems of some moon-borne plant having spines on its leaves, which seemed to terrify the flying vermin above them and cause them to flutter wildly whenever one of the moon men approached.

Harry had scarcely seen the moon men when they became aware of his presence in the cavern, and they seemed to be thrown into wild excitement, instantly brandishing their plant stems furiously at him and apparently exchanging signals or otherwise communicating the news to one another, although they were dumb and voiceless as clams.

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They rushed wildly to and fro beneath him, glaring up like demons, but as the cavern was a mile from floor to roof he felt little fear of them and soared above them calmly and unconcernedly. Still, so horrible were their glances, that at times he shivered to think what might happen if he fell into their clutches, and also when he reflected that long ago the girl Anita must have been captured by these very creatures that acted like crazy spiders and looked something like men.

In a few moments his unconcern vanished, for now the moon men began to swarm up the columns that filled the cavern, and so many were the fantastic projections from the walls, and even from the roof itself, they soon were clinging by their tentacles from every possible point, sliding down the green stalactites and columns and swarming up again silently, swiftly and determinedly, so that presently the cavern seemed alive with squirming creatures.

The moonstone seemed to act as if alive and moved carefully, avoiding the out-reaching feelers cleverly and carrying Harry now high in air, now just clear of those moon men on the floor. The moon men opened their gaping mouths as if shouting, but nothing issued from the red openings, and this made it all seem more frightful and like some horrid dream from which he would awake and shudder with relief.

As the moonstone passed swiftly along, the excitement of the creatures seemed to increase, and they became a wild madness, for they leaped and maddened and shook their arms in a desperate frenzy,

The Many Wonderful Things He Saw There and the Figures He Had Before He Turned With the Lost Moon

as if growing insane at the failure of the moon to capture the boy.

The cavern roof became loftier and the floor, fewer, and then a great, green dome, like a giant's sky, rose over Harry, a smooth, shining, green surface of which no climbing creature could gain a foothold, and the moon men below him and fairly sprawled in an agony upon the smooth floor.

He passed twice around this green dome, seeing another wide passage beyond the green dome, or other obstructions, he thought of the cavern by that outlet, although he was fearful of being entrapped in some passage an exit.

As he moved into this hall, which was cut and plain, the moon men swarmed in such numbers that he could not see them, but they seemed to be even more anxious than before, but he swept on and on, arriving soon at the passage where it turned sharply, and a few hundred feet, opened into a hall of gold and beauty that Harry was amazed to find.

But all the glory of it faded away from his eyes as he saw a little girl in a red dress seated on a sort of pyramid in the center of the space; a little girl who beckoned him with her eyes shining with joy.

He knew somehow that this must be Anita, though he well knew that seventy-five years had passed since she had been taken from him, and these years had never touched her marks; she was a child of ten still, but in her eyes and the gravity of her smile she knew much more than a little girl should.

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Surrounding her in a circle sat fifty like great toads; legless moon men, even from the other moon men; and as he approached the foot of the pyramid upon which sat on a great crystal chair. The food-gazed upon the floor and then spied their way, but as spiders they were not, and the venom fell far short of its object, was beckoning him on, Harry felt the little danger, else she would have warned him when the moonstone came close she said, "Approach, dear boy, I feel that I have seen you talking to papa in our garden."

"Can you see that far from here?" as he sailed close to her and touched himself that he was not dreaming it all.

She pointed upward, and following he saw that the dome was open above, and the earth seemed to be hanging. He saw all that was happening there, and was so inspiring that he seized Anita and said, "BAZIPP!"

Up rose the moonstone, and, as if great like guards could not restrain the moon, poured up the sides after it, but it shot opening like a rocket and then soared to the sides of that vast green mountain, and down, every moon man in pursuit. The mountainside was covered with tiny flying debris, probably the chips from the moon within, done by gnomish ancestors ages ago.

As the moon men hurried down they chips to loosen, and pretty soon a perfect up of fragments was started, which, growing and greater, soon swept the moon men off at the foot of the mountain it fell upon, buried them many feet deep, crushing the jelly and wiping out the whole tribe at once.

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Meanwhile, with Anita beside him, he his back and the head of the wormlike thing by the string beneath him, Harry descended, while Anita in vast light told him, as he had supposed, she had been the moonstone, which she still had concealed, up to the moon because the wizard had the mystic word, "UMPAH," over it, and moon men had confined her upon the ground by order of the wizard himself, who was long ago, but a prisoner for seventy-five years.

All this time she had watched her father, for as he sought for her all over the moon, most isolated places as well as where she was together for good deeds or bad. She was older, while she saw him bent at her knees, weight of years and sorrow, although he was up hope.

"Oh, what will he say," she cried, "me and finds me just the same little girl!" he will not like it."

"He never has thought of you as a girl," replied Harry. "He told me so himself."

"I am glad of that," she added, "for I had grown so very, very old, you would have bothered about taking me away from men, and I might have remained there for a long time, and I would have just been a dream."

"No doubt; and when you are old are to marry me, for that's what you are; also; that is, he said I could have all you, also, but I think I'll be satisfied with you," said Harry; as he held her close, there was not the slightest danger of her

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And all this came out as Harry and when they arrived at the garden Anita

Germany's Em Miniature Kito Every Detail, fo Old Daughter.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT]

BERLIN, Sept. 29.—While Emperor Wilhelm II. was in the East, Crown-Prince Frederick William, who is a Kaiser, and the rest of his boys to be soldiers and sailors, the Princess Victoria Louise, the only daughter of the Imperial family, to be a cook.

Some patriotic Germans who have been of holy awe for royal dignity thrown into a state of wild excitement the other day when it was announced that a room in the new palace had been converted into a full-fledged kitchen for the use of the little princess, and that she might learn the practical

of housewifery, while yet a child, like the humblest peasant daughter in the realm.

Princess Victoria Louise, who, it has been announced in an undoubted parental pride, has brewed her own chocolate, unwashed, and her culinary talents as a daughter of her mother, for the white-haired Emperor is a far and wife as a culinary artist, more or less direct, of the kitchen, and most domestic wife.

GOOD-BY DOLLS. Millions of little girls of the Empire, Victoria Louise is about to leave from the doll and doll stage of her brief career, which had eleven years exactly a week her mother has humored her, in this most feminine of careers, and many are the stories of her Royal Highness and her doll-houses that would make an American youngster glad to be a doll.

At Potsdam, in the spring and summer, have often encountered Victoria Louise, as earnestly as the most earnest of mothers, stopping now and then at the quill, and waxen figure beneath them, and the Emperor, true to her own doll-houses and those, indeed, of a typical German mother, thinks

of the doll-houses that would make an American youngster glad to be a doll.

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515 South Spring St.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL--By Mrs. Symes

An Entire Home Gymnasium is Comprised in a Simple Strip of Elastic Cord



PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING ELASTIC CORD EXERCISES AND THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY SHOULD COME TO FORM COMPLETE COURSE

BABY'S EYES REQUIRE CONSTANT CARE DURING THE FIRST MONTHS

If there is any period of life at which the delicate organs of sight require constant thought and watchfulness and care it is during the first months of infancy.

The eyes of a newborn infant turn at once toward the light, a fact significant in more ways than one of the future needs of the baby.

The eyes of a baby at birth are not perfectly developed. The eyeballs and eyelids are almost transparent and allow much light to pass through them.

The iris is very imperfect, and lacks the pigment which comes with the growth of the baby.

It is the lack of this pigment that makes the eyes of all newborn infants of the same color--namely, a dark blue.

The light, which is the natural stimulus to the eye, if too strong, becomes a menace to the young. Infants should be kept in a room where the light is as soft as they learn to use it.

The resting place of the baby should be turned away from the light of the window and so shaded that no strong rays of light will fall directly on the eyes.

Especially should the eyes be protected from artificial light. The glare from the electric light should be taught never to look at the eye. Cold, moisture and strong light are harmful to the eyes in the first months of life.

When the baby is taken out for exercise, its eyes should be especially shaded. Who has not seen a sleeping baby startled by a sudden glare of light from the strong rays of the sun pouring directly into its eyes?

Do not protect the eyes by a veil, but by a bonnet that covers over the face and shields them from the sun and wind. The shade of the baby's carriage should be of dark material, and the baby should be kept in it as much as possible.

Nothing could be better for the purpose than a strip of elastic cord, which can be used in many ways. It is a simple and effective method of protecting the eyes of a baby.

Secure a strip long enough to allow of the arms being stretched out straight from the shoulders when the ends of it are held in either hand.

Attach a small piece of wood, which has been sandpapered and varnished, to each end of the cord. These pieces of wood are used in the hands.

The flexible rubber itself will suggest a number of exercises. Here are a number of those which give the greatest variety of movements to the greatest number of muscles:

EXERCISES.
Holding handle in each hand (Fig. 1), bend and touch floor with the hands held in right hand. Reverse the exercise and touch the floor with left hand.

Take the wooden handles in your hands (Fig. 3) and stretch arms out straight from the shoulders, drawing a deep breath at the same moment. Repeat three times.

Throw the cord over a hook or any other object, and pull it down with the right hand. Take the other wooden piece in the right hand and raise the arm as far as it will go without a feeling of strain. Reverse, employing left hand and left foot.

Draw the cord across the back as children do at skipping rope (6 and 7), and, taking one handle in either hand, stretch both arms out in front of you as far as they will go.

THE HYGIENE OF THE BEDROOM MEANS MUCH TO GENERAL HEALTH

The important bearing which proper and restful sleep has upon the beauty of the complexion and figure is undeniably a fact which few women realize.

Properly induced sleep is a most important factor in the maintenance of the body's health and beauty.

One's position in bed is almost as important as the bed itself. It is essential to the health and beauty of the body.

Not only should the windows of the room be left open as much as possible during the day, but also at night. Even if a wood fire is kept burning in the bedroom, the windows should be left open to a certain extent, in order that there may be a current of fresh air.

On no account should flowers or growing plants be allowed to remain in the bedroom, which should be free from all odor or perfume.

The scent of flowers, such as violets and roses, is very agreeable and soothing, but it is also a most potent cause of the flowers throwing out carbonic gas, which is bad for the lungs, while they also absorb the oxygen in the air.

Above all, a woman should avoid having her head raised at night. The head should be kept low, and the feet should be raised slightly.

To obtain good beauty sleep, all the conditions of the bedroom should be such as to make it a place of rest and relaxation.

It is not only the position of the body in bed, but also the position of the head, which is of great importance.

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RECIPES AND TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

BY MRS. HENRY SYMES

Here is a valued contribution by a reader of the department:

CUCUMBER COLD CREAM.
Put in a double boiler six ounces of sweet almond oil, having put as much water in the outer vessel as for cooking, set on the fire, and when the oil is boiling, add six ounces of cucumber pulp, which has been carefully strained through a fine cloth.

Whipped, in a large bowl, the liquid and the oil, and when the mixture is smooth, add six ounces of white sugar, and keep warm, and let it stand in a warm place for a few days.

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EYE "BEAUTIFIERS" A Dangerous Folly

This, however, is not its only effect; for it also causes a blurring and dimming of vision, and if it is used for a long time, it will eventually end in total loss of sight.

Many women have injured their eyes, and how many more have irreparably ruined it, by the application of "beautifiers" to the eyes.

The eyes are the most delicate of organs, and they require the most careful treatment. Any use of "beautifiers" is a dangerous folly.

It is quite within the feminine province to apply cosmetics to the face, but the eyes should be left alone.

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Diet Faddism--A Serious Form of Monomania

There are few more ludicrous and at the same time more serious forms of monomania than extreme fads in diet.

The "reform" which limits the reformer to one special class of food, is a fad, and a very dangerous one.

There is faddism in diet as well as in dress and custom of other sort.

One particular line of foods is almost invariably chosen to make place for another, it is human nature to go from one extreme to another.

Fads in diet are often due to the inconsistent reasoning that "if a thing is good for you a quantity of it will be better." Like poisonous medicines this might seem to prove fatal.

Not only have meat, fruits, vegetables and nuts each had their day in the diet reform of the past, but special kinds of each class have enjoyed temporary popularity of fashion.

The extraction of the meat liquid and then cooking it separately is one kind of the meat diet reform.

Another school takes the meat pulp, after the juice is extracted, and eats it after thorough cooking.

This meat is useless and hence a little dangerous, but the advocates of the system consider the health of the consumer and not taste. It is possible, however, to learn to like almost any diet if we persist long enough.

The fruit cure and the whole grain diet are illustrations of the rise and fall of diet reform.

Both of them were to cure us of diverse diseases which the human race is heir to and to postpone the approach of old age for another decade. They were both based on scientific principles; they did good to many and thus made enthusiastic disciples of them and their friends.

There is no question that the whole wheat contains more nourishing qualities than the bolted wheat flour, use is there any doubt about fruit and plenty of it being good for us; but to assume that such diets may have been in just the physiological condition which would be helped by a large diet of fruits or whole wheat flour.

There are others to whom an individual fruit diet would be poison, and so with many vegetables; they act as a poison to combat. Physiological chemistry teaches us above everything else that the human system needs variety and the true art of living is to find out the proportions required of meat, fruit, nuts and vegetables.

Culinary chemistry is gradually enlightening us so that we can judge as to what is best for us, and the more we learn to eat, the more we learn to eat.

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THE HYGIENE OF THE BEDROOM MEANS MUCH TO GENERAL HEALTH

The important bearing which proper and restful sleep has upon the beauty of the complexion and figure is undeniably a fact which few women realize.

Properly induced sleep is a most important factor in the maintenance of the body's health and beauty.

One's position in bed is almost as important as the bed itself. It is essential to the health and beauty of the body.

Not only should the windows of the room be left open as much as possible during the day, but also at night. Even if a wood fire is kept burning in the bedroom, the windows should be left open to a certain extent, in order that there may be a current of fresh air.

On no account should flowers or growing plants be allowed to remain in the bedroom, which should be free from all odor or perfume.

The scent of flowers, such as violets and roses, is very agreeable and soothing, but it is also a most potent cause of the flowers throwing out carbonic gas, which is bad for the lungs, while they also absorb the oxygen in the air.

Above all, a woman should avoid having her head raised at night. The head should be kept low, and the feet should be raised slightly.

To obtain good beauty sleep, all the conditions of the bedroom should be such as to make it a place of rest and relaxation.

It is not only the position of the body in bed, but also the position of the head, which is of great importance.

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Special Sale Hair Goods.

For Monday a large assortment of hair switches, popular shades, priced at 98c, \$1.49 and \$1.98.

THE SAFE HAMBROS

Sale of 10,000 China and Bric-a-Brac

Every large importing and wholesale house at the end of the season has a large lot of odd pieces which have been used as selling samples and as the goods which do not match have naturally been disposed of, and goods for the coming season which are entirely different in pattern or style, these samples are to be closed out at about one-third under regular wholesale prices or cost to import. Such an opportunity is rarely watched for by the progressive retail houses, for in this way a large and varied assortment can be secured at price concessions which enables the retailer to present before his trade at the same saving and gives you an opportunity of picking up pieces of China and bric-a-brac which by no possibility your neighbors can have.

Lot One; Choice 10c.

10c

Venetian glass vases, Satinware, Cups and saucers, Plates, Creamers, Mustard dishes and spoons, Mustard, Match holders, Toothbrush holders, Salt and pepper shakers, Olive dishes.

Lot Two; Choice 15c.

15c

Ten tiles, One meal dishes, Shaving brush, Candelabras, Soap dishes, Bone dishes, Tea trays, Plates, Spoon holders, Ring racks, Covered soap dishes, No. 7 figures, Large cream pitchers, Handled olive dishes.

Lot Three; Choice 19c.

19c

Blaque Statuary, Handled Sugar Baskets, Jeweled Box Sets, Tea Tiles, Salt Boxes, Cake plates, Cane Vases, Bique Animals, Platin dishes, Venetian Glass Vases, Spoon Holders, Hair Receptacles.

Lot Four; Choice 98c.

98c

Comb and brush trays, Soap trays, Cracker jars, 7-piece water set, 3-piece tea set, 2-piece table set, Chocolate pots.

Lot Nine; Choice 98c.

98c

Chocolate pots, Chop plates, For cream trays, Cake plates, Cracker jars, 2-piece table set, 2-piece tea set, Salad bowls.

Lot Ten; Choice \$1.19.

\$1.19

Cracker jars, Cabaretas or lobster salads, Vases, Celery trays, Cake plates, 2-piece table set, Position babies, Net bowls.

Lot Eleven; Choice \$1.39.

\$1.39

Hospital jars, Celery trays, Vases, 7-piece water set, 3-piece tea set, 2-piece table set, Chocolate pots.

Lot Twelve; Choice \$4.98.

\$4.98

Comb and brush trays, Soap trays, Cracker jars, 7-piece water set, 3-piece tea set, 2-piece table set, Chocolate pots.

CABARETTES OR SALAD DISHES—two compartments, fancy shapes, some with flower handles; worth \$2.00.

\$2.19

CLARK JUGS—French China, tall shape, mat gold handles and gold enamel decorations; value up to \$2.50. Sale price, each.....

\$3.98

TORRADO JARS—Limoges China; delicately tinted; various shades; have gold stippled edges and sponge holder in cover; worth \$4.50. Sale price.....

\$1.98

6-PIECE TABLE SET—German China, assorted shapes and decorations; some tinted, others with floral sprays; all are gold traced; worth \$1.75. Sale price.....

\$1.19

PUDGING SETS—large sizes, complete with tray and lining; have pretty floral decorations and are used with gold; worth \$1.50. Sale price.....

\$4.98

SMOKING TRAYS—French China with pipe in center for matches; is prettily tinted in and is thick stoneware; worth \$1.50. Sale price.....

98

WHITE CLASSICAL FIGURES—master pieces, are of pure white porcelain; in and 11 inch sizes; worth \$1.25. Sale price.....

\$1.98

BAVARIAN CHINA TANKARDS—decorated in gold and colors; worth \$1.50. Sale price.....

\$1.98

Women's \$3.50 and \$4 Shoes, \$3.



We have just received two thousand pairs of women's fine Vici kid shoes; made with hand turned soles and are made at the same factory as our "Ebel" shoes, thus ensuring the very highest workmanship. They have best crease heels, patent leather tips and are all in new shapes as comfortable lasts. There is not a pair which could be duplicated elsewhere in the city under \$3.50 and \$4.00. They will be made a leader and given an introductory price Monday at per pair.....

\$3.00

Women's Knit Underwear.

Seasonable garments of first quality, and at prices lower than shown elsewhere in the city.

Women's Winter Underwear—Wool-mixed or fleece lined vests; high neck, long sleeve; pants ankle length. The usual 75c grades at per garment.....

50c

Women's Wool Underwear—Jersey ribbed in gray only; also white in French ribbed with ankle length pants to match. Usual \$1.25 kind priced at per garment.....

\$1.00

Women's Winter Underwear—high neck, long sleeve vests in gray and white with silk finished neck; pants to match. Also wool union suits in gray or white. Both of them exceptional values at.....

\$1.50

Women's Silk and Wool Vests—high neck, long sleeve also wool vests in white or gray. Both prettily finished with hand crocheted embroidery down front and around neck. No better sold elsewhere under \$2.50. Our price per garment.....

\$2.00

Good Winter Reading.

A selected list of books which will help to while away the hours when the rainy season comes and you must remain indoors at night or during the day for that matter and if you have not read any of the books, they are not only cheap but entertaining.

Popular Copyrights—originally published to sell at \$1.25 and \$1.50 and they have never been published in a cheaper bound edition. They are all in cloth binding; are by well known authors and are an assortment of books purchased from leading publishers to close out surplus stocks; choice per copy.....

58c

Copyright Fiction—which was originally published to sell at \$1.50, and while they are not the latest books, we have but recently reduced them from \$1.18—which is our sale price of all \$1.00 copyrights. It is not a bad idea to make some selections from this lot and lay away as Xmas presents as they are priced at.....

49c

Popular Fiction—a lot of well printed, well bound books comprising about 800 titles. Most of them are standard works by the world's most famous authors and they will be priced at choice per volume.....

25c

Popular Novels—not unknown, but the works of the best known authors, such as Lytton, Thackeray, Sir Walter Scott and others. They are cloth bound, printed on good paper, and there are about 100 titles in the lot, but in order to close out the large line of them, will be priced this week at, choice, per volume.....

15c

Women's Attractive Modish Wearables.



How about the new fall costume you have been thinking of purchasing? Why not do it now? Prices won't be cheaper, and if you wait too long the best selections will be gone. Then, again, you may not have the time to go to the dress-makers, and while you can buy the ready-to-put-on garments, which are equally as good in quality, in making and in style as the dressmaker could produce and at a difference of 10 to 25 per cent. less in price, you should make your purchases now and the store should be Hamburger's; for we are certainly showing the largest and best selected stock of women's wearables, both foreign and domestic make, that were ever brought to this Coast.

New Tailored Suits At \$15.00, \$25.00, \$35.00 and Up.

An almost limitless assortment from which to make selections. They are in the popular long coat styles, and are in all the newest weaves of Cheviots, Broadcloths, Zibelines and fancy mixtures. The coats are silk or satin lined. The entire suits are correct in fit and finish.

Cloth Jackets and Coats At \$10.00, \$15.00, \$25.00, \$35.00 and \$45.00.

The largest assortment to be found anywhere in Southern California, and include box coats, half fitted or tight backs and the military styles; with or without capes; all of them with good quality linings; are nicely finished and garnished in prevailing fashion.

Misses' Cloaks At \$5, \$6.50, \$7.50, \$10 Up to \$15.

An assortment of sizes from 6 to 14 years and include long box coats with capes, some trimmed with piping or crapping and fancy buttons. They are medium weight material and are the newest, most stylish garments for young girls.

Girls' Dresses At \$2, \$2.50, \$2.98, \$3.50, \$5 Up to \$13.50.

Juvenile suits and dresses for school girls, including the popular "Peter Thompson" style; the materials fancy plaids and plain Cambrays. Some of them are elaborately trimmed and all are cut true to measure and are perfect in fit. All are reasonably priced.

White or Basket Cloth Coats At \$49, \$65, \$75, \$85, up to \$150.

This is an assortment of exquisite white or Basket Cloth coats elaborately trimmed; nicely lined and are among the most popular of the season's favorites. In the lot are Panne velvet coats in the very newest styles.

Second Floor

New Spangled Bands—also appliques and all over yekings in medallion, edgeline and separate patterns; light dainty designs; pastel shades. Persian colorings, black, white and solid colors. Prices per yard 35c to.....

\$7.50

New All over Yekings—of embroidered Chiffon, shirred Liberty silk, Venice, Cluny, Ecureuil, Chantilly, Tenebris, Arabes and Point de Taone laces; large variety of patterns to select from in black, white, Paris ecru and champagne colorings. Price per yard \$1.00 up to.....

\$10.00

New Black Trimming Laces—in Cluny, Tenebris, Ecureuil, Venice, and fancy cotton laces in straight bands and insertions, edges and galloons; handsome designs; wide range of styles to select from at prices ranging 25c up to.....

\$5.00

Silk Mousseline Trimmings—also Chiffon and Taffeta applique trimmings in separate medallions and separate designs; pastel shades. Persian colorings, black, white and solid colors. Prices per yard 35c to.....

\$4.00

New Trimming Ornaments—in drops, frogs, foragers, motifs and medallions in silk, spangle, wood silk, brilliant silk and others, black, white and colors. Prices ea. 10c up to.....

\$1.50

Zibeline and Persian Lamb Trimmings—bands and insertions, black and white combinations also mixed color combinations. Suitable for trimming all classes of fall and winter dress goods; prices, yd. 50c up to.....

\$2.50

Dress Trimmings and Laces.

Fashion demands rather elaborate garnishing of gowns, wraps and waists this season and it has necessitated exceptional care in selecting just what particular lines of trimmings and laces will be the most popular. With an intimate knowledge of what is going on among the fashionable set of New York and foreign fashion centers we think that we are now ready to place before the Los Angeles public those trimmings and laces which will be most in vogue, and we assure you that in no case are the prices exorbitant though the styles are exclusive.

Paris Bands and Appliques—a large variety of patterns in square, medallion and separate designs; choice color combinations and are narrow, medium or wide. They are very stylish and durable and prices range per yard 25c up to.....

\$4.50

Brilliant Silk and Wood Fiber Bands—also glimpes and appliques in a large variety of styles and most elegant among the novelty trimmings. Are in black, white and colors. Prices range per yard 25c to.....

\$3.00

Matched Sets in Lace Bands—also insertions, galloons, all over and motifs; are of Cluny, Venice, Tenebris, Point de Taone, Point de Taone, Oriental and Chantilly in black, white, ecru and champagne colorings; handsome designs in cotton, wool or silk. Prices per yard 50c up to.....

\$7.50

A Word to
As a mercantile house ever anxious for the principle of store management in the ourselves. We have recently noted through supposedly from working women. While is any civic league, woman's league or surrounding working people; and they want the invitation to one and all to interview such an interview will not be interfered with hood of our employees to think for one moment of the Hamburger Store have of will the public learn to believe that as a public thought. As to Saturday night for the Merchants' Manufacturers' Association at any time such a movement would be principal stores of this city close at six o'clock & Sons.

Newest in

The time is growing short to have garments season. It is better to make your wardrobe when wanted. You have seen all the latest styles. We are satisfied you have seen the style is not lower priced at Hamburger's.

21-inch Black Moire Velours At \$39, \$49, \$65, \$75, \$100, \$115, \$150, up to \$300.

A perfect dreamland is our French room where these exquisite creations for women's uses are shown. They are all imported from the foremost Parisian, Berlin, and London modistes and the materials are Crepe de Chine, Mousseline, Broadcloths in shades of gun metal, blue, champagne, gray, black and white; all handsomely garnished with laces, ornaments and jewels and made over foundations of Clifton or Taffeta.

New Silk Coats At \$15.00, \$20.00, \$25.00, \$35.00 and \$49.00.

These are certainly the most desirable of the season's styles. They are unexcelled in quality and are in Peau de Soie silk only; are made with or without capes and have white or colored linings. Are both three quarter and full length.

New Walking Skirts At \$3.98, \$4.98, \$6.95, \$10 up to \$15.

Every woman needs a walking skirt separate from a suit, as they can be worn with any skirt waist; these skirts are in plain or fancy materials and are made either plain or trimmed hips. Are perfect fit and all excellent values. Matchless elsewhere.

Women's Fall Waists At 98c, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$5.00 up to \$10.

A large assortment of heavy Cheviot and wool waists, also waists of fancy vesting. They are made with the wide shoulder effect, which is the very newest style; some of them have deep tab collars, but take them in the aggregate and no store in California can match the assortment.

27-inch Black Guaranteed Taffeta At \$1.98, \$2.98, \$4.98, \$6.95, \$10 up to \$15.

A list of 15 pieces of the best guaranteed Taffeta. Every yard has the wording "Guaranteed by A. J. Hamburger" in the selvage. It is a heavy crisp quality in Swiss finished; pure dye and pure silk; does not overprice at \$1.00. A leader for the city.

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Los Angeles Sunday Times

OCTOBER 11, 1903.

FIVE CENTS.

AND OH! THE PITY OF IT.



Where is our boasted Christian civilization?

OUR ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

A MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

Californian in tone and color, Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, the slopes, the valleys and the plains.

Devoted to the development of the country, to the exploitation of its marvellous natural resources and to the word-painting of its wonders and beauties. The contents embrace a wide range of good reading matter: Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles, thoughtful and picturesque editorials, brilliant correspondence, poetry, pictures and bright miscellany.

The Magazine being complete in itself, may be served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required. It is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size. The numbers will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Address THE TIMES-MIRROR CO., Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.



Editorials by Eliza A. Otis.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

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THE BEACON LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

SILENTLY, persistently, ceaselessly, for more than half a century have the invisible boundary lines, which early in our history were set up between the East and that portion of our country which was vaguely denominated as the great West, receded, until now we often hear the question asked, "Where is the West—where are its limits, and how far do its boundaries extend?" Technically speaking, it has vanished, its wild and woolly flavor has disappeared, and it is no longer the great stamping ground of the untutored cowboy, or the primitive dwelling place of a non-conventional, non-producing population, dependent upon the East for all the necessities as well as the luxuries of life. The mighty primeval wilderness is a thing of the past. The wide-stretching and uncultivated prairie is but a memory, for it is now dotted with towns and cities, and its still air is stirred by the whirl of the countless wheels of industry; its great cañons and its once silent plains echo the rush of the iron horse and the mighty stir of traffic.

Says William R. Lighton in the July number of the Outlook: "Within a very few years it will be seen of all men that 'the West' is no longer a wild and woolly sort of No-Man's-Land, where spurred and pistoled braves do nothing all day long but fling defiance in the face of heaven and its laws; it will be seen that 'the West' has, by hard, patient, persistent labor, won an unequivocal station and dignity as the chief source of the world's food supply. Very few persons appreciate the volume of traffic in western foodstuffs. Secretary Shaw, in a recent address in Chicago, declared that a single western city (Minneapolis) now manufactures and sends abroad a carload of flour for every ten minutes of day and night, the year round. He said also that the Detroit River (one of the links in the Great Lakes traffic) carries four times as much tonnage as does the Suez Canal. The significance of these figures is tremendous; but it must be remembered that they represent only a small fraction of the whole commerce. Since 1896 the trans-Mississippi country has discovered that the logical outlet for its export trade is by way of the gulf ports, rather than by New York and Baltimore; a very large proportion of western meat and grain and flour is now sent to the South, and thence to Europe, with a large decrease in cost of transportation. The West is thus evolving a commercial independence of the Eastern

States, saving to itself the percentage once paid to eastern middlemen.

"Heretofore the bulk of exported foodstuffs has gone to Europe, but within three or four years Asiatic markets have begun to yawn for American corn and wheat. In 1901, for the first time in her history, Nebraska sent trainloads of grain across the mountains to the Pacific ports, for shipment to India and China. This is but the beginning."

This industrial supremacy is not by any means the only encouraging feature in the life of the great West today, for from the same authority above quoted we learn that, "If you will look at the matter without prejudice, you will discover that the balance of the law-abiding spirit is decidedly in favor of the West. In proportion to population, there is today twice as much crime in Massachusetts as in Nebraska."

In matters of education the balance lies in favor of the West. Says the same writer: "In proportion to population, Nebraska's expenditure for educational purposes is annually twice as great as that of Massachusetts; and in the same proportion illiteracy is reduced by one-half. Prairies and mountains are speckled with college towns. In point of efficiency in preparing men and women for the serious business of life, western educational institutions are second to none. Some of the greatest industrial feats of this generation have been wrought in the Far West by men born, bred and educated on the sunset side of the Missouri."

This great, real West, extending from Illinois to California, is not only "the inexhaustible food garden of the world," but it is the modern Land of Promise, the desired Canaan of modern civilization for which the ages have unknowingly waited. In God's providence, which kept it hidden from the knowledge of the world for so many long centuries, there was no blind Chance, but an infinite Purpose for the good of the race. It was designed for the home of Freedom, for the kingdom of the sovereign citizen, and here is his broad, open gateway to the Orient, the pathway for the flag which heralds all that is best and highest for humanity.

There have been no accidents in our history, and this gradual, glorious unfolding of the great West of our continent presages not only a marvelous destiny for our republic, but sublimer hopes for Freedom, in which the whole world shall share. God's finger is upon the mainspring of our destiny, and this great land of Freedom with its golden West shall yet become the beacon light of the world.

The mighty prairies, billowed with vast oceans of grain, and dotted with populous towns and cities; the great valleys, orchard crowned and vineyard laden, filled with happy, prosperous homes and opulent industries, with schools and churches, in whose trail follow the printing press and the daily newspaper—this boundless West, with its climatic wealth, its fruitful soil and unhindered sunshine, joined to our earlier settled eastern borders, makes a domain of which Freedom may well be proud, and where firmly entrenched she is well-nigh invincible. It is the land where the best hopes of the race are centered, and out from which shall flow the great educational tides, and the tides of Christianity that shall redeem the race from tyranny, superstition and barbarism. Plymouth Rock was the threshold of a new future, of a domain that should stretch from the sunrise to the gates of the sunset, and where Freedom should unfurl her banners to the world.

Our Puritan ancestors, while they firmly believed in an overruling Providence, had no conception of the possibilities in store for this New World. But when the story of all the centuries is written we shall find that Christian America was the most powerful instrument in the hand of God for uplifting the world.

OCTOBER—A RHAPSODY.

OCTOBER comes golden shod to our shores; the air is full of warm mellow sunshine and delicious calm.

There is no whisper anywhere of approaching winter. The touch of frost is not laid upon the trees. The flowers still blossom and fill the air with fragrance. Butterfly and bee are winging their paths through the sunny air. Bird song is not hushed. The trees yet stand leaf-clad, many of them filled with luscious fruits. We say it is October, but it might well be June, for the spirit of June is in all things, and nature is full of beauty.

And here all the day may be spent out of doors, hand-in-hand with comfort and delight. The little ones may tumble on the grass in our parks, or on the green lawns in front of their homes, watching the butterflies on the wing; listening to the song of the cricket in the grass, or the merry notes of the frog in the pool. The fragrance of flowers is wafted to them on every breeze, the sunlight plays hide and seek amid the million emerald leaves over their heads; the green vines clamber over roof and wall; the skies are without a cloud, and October sits in the lap of Summer and smiles as if the year were young, and flowering June were here to crown the year with golden light and beauty. There is no rush of angry tempest, or fierce gale; no touch of frost, no whisper of waiting cold. The eyelids of Day are fringed with golden sunbeams, and night silvers the air with her starry rays. Beauty, calm, sweetness and growth are everywhere. Oh, who would not live in a land like this!

It would be a great joke if Boston should be obliged to send to the Philippines for codfish.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

REMARKS BY MEN OF THE

It is announced that the stockholders of the company (limited) do not mean to let the cup, he must do public kind, to keep the stockholders. Thomas is, of course, a good fellow, a sportsman, but there has been an amount of gush on this side of the water about the yachts races. He probably changes his mind.

It has been stated that the funeral of Salisbury cost only \$70, it having been estimated that it should not cost over \$100. It is said the late Duke of Westminster, the richest man in Great Britain, set a like example, the expense of his funeral amounting to only \$35. This is a row of the suffering relatives is added to the and unnecessary worry of paying a large bill, which they often cannot afford.

Soon after a street has been graded, in the lying districts, the sides of the street and sidewalk show a rank growth of weeds and of them waist high. Many of them come through the dry season. Some of them are ornamental, which suggests the thought might not be improved by cultivation and lawns and parks where water is scarce. The nuisance of weeds in the streets may be the use of oil upon them. Scientists have been used with much success on the city.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery of London, which has been paying a return American offshoot in Boston, has decided we Americans call a "good time." This is which a member of The Times staff was in several respects a notable military dates from the time of Cromwell. It is the ment in England whose officers' commissions by the sovereign, the others being signed by the sovereign-in-Chief. The Prince of Wales—ward—has been honorary colonel since he was a man. There are three branches, infantry, artillery. The uniform is the same as that of the army, the infantry wearing scarlet jackets and bearskins. It would be an insufferable Southern California.

THIS FAIR LAND.

O Land of sun, O Land of light,
Of glorious vale and mountain height,
Where night's stars twinkle in the blue,
And shine on us the whole year through,
Scarce dimmed by clouds or veiled by storm,
Night smiling as our sun-filled morn.

Our sun-filled morns! Oh, who may say
What light and beauty crown each day,
What blossoms brighten all the land
With color waves on every hand,
What seas of fragrance flow and flow,
Whichever way our steps may go!

O Sabbath land! It seems to me
Ye kneel in worship's reverie,
In such a land of light and calm
The ear must hear the angels' psalm,
Must hear the echo of God's word,
Which the pure air of Eden stirred.

When God looked on creation's face,
Each thing created in its place,
The smiling sun within the sky,
The mighty mountains lifted high,
And swaying in the gentle breeze
Tall and glorious leaf-clad trees.

And then a bird's note sounding clear
Within the fragrant atmosphere,
How sweet and full the song it sang,
As through the listening air it rang,
And fuller was the air with balm
As Nature listened in the calm.

Of that glad day to that first song
From feathered throat. As borne along
Above the flowers, each lifted face
Seemed smiling with an added grace
And, Light of all light, there God stood
And this fair earth pronounced He "Good."

And it is good, and this fair land,
Which stretches to the ocean's strand,
Is earth's best land, her fairest place,
Which she so tenderly doth grace
With beauty and with grandeur; high
Her mountains rise unto the sky—

Her vales like empires are outspread,
Her giant trees above our head
Tower like great Titans. The soft air
Is filled with sunshine everywhere,
And oh, to be, just be, is bliss,
In land so beautiful as this.

October 6, 1903.

The Minnesota dog, who has been paid \$100,000 by the Board of Equalization, superior when he meets up with the hounds are not down on the tax rolls for even a Paul Globe.

Uncle Sam and the Danes. By Frank G. Carpenter.

COPENHAGEN.

CURIOUS FEATURES OF AMERICAN TRADE IN THAT CITY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Copenhagen is one of the liveliest cities of northern Europe. It has about 500,000 people, the most of whom are as well dressed as any you find on the continent. It has some magnificent parks and the cleanest streets outside of Holland. Every man here has to see that the street and pavement in front of his house is kept clean. The asphalt is changed several times every day, and a regiment of scavengers is always at work on the squares. The men wear black clothes and wooden shoes. Each man has a watering can and a huge broom, and works like a Dutch housewife.

Copenhagen is a good business city. It has fine stores, and the houses are so high above the streets that you have to go to the second story to get in. It has great warehouses and several large factories. It is noted for its breweries, especially those owned by the Jacobsons. The Jacobsons are the Astors or the Carnegies of Denmark. They have for years been the richest people of the country, the original Jacobson having made a great fortune in beer.

One day Jacobson before the present one had a son who was very wild. Instead of brewing barley the son persisted in sowing oats of the kind called "Danish." At last his father disinherited him. The two did not speak as they passed by, and the young man and his wife were left to go their own way. One day a little of the young man saw his grandfather on the street, and he came up to him and said:

"Grandpa, aren't you?"

"I am," was the reply, and the old man took the young man to his heart. He accompanied him to his son's house, and there was a general reconciliation. Shortly after this he gave the son a quarter of a million dollars to go to America. The son thereupon resolved to turn over a new leaf. He founded an opposition brewery, and soon became as great as his father. At the latter's death he succeeded to the whole estate.

The Jacobsons believe in America and American machinery. They import American hops and Indian corn for their breweries, and they say our corn makes better beer than Danish barley. One of the young Jacobsons, recently visited Milwaukee to learn how we make beer.

American Trade.

It is told that many Danes are now sending their sons to our country to learn business methods. They come to the top in trading and manufacturing, and are beginning to pattern after us in banking as well. It is only a year or so ago that three of the chief bankers were sent to the United States to study our methods.

Trade with Denmark is important. That country

has close connection with all parts of Europe, but nevertheless we stand fourth in our exports to it. We send about \$20,000,000 worth of goods here every year. This is more than any other country, with the exception of Germany, Great Britain, and Sweden and Norway.

Indeed, Denmark is a better customer for us than Sweden or Norway. It has only about two and one-half millions, or about one-third the population of Scandinavia; nevertheless it takes more goods than all Scandinavia.

Denmark cannot feed itself nor its stock. It has to go outside for such things, and it is especially fond of American corn and American flour. The corn comes in for the stock and the flour is made into bread for the people. At first the Danes imported the wheat and tried to grind it. They made a fair flour, but not as good as that shipped in from America. Then they imported our milling machinery and American millers to manage it, but for some reason or other the flour was a failure, and they had to give it up. It may be that the climate here is not so suited to milling as that of Minneapolis.

The Danes are buying our cotton-seed meal for cow feed. They say it makes good milk and good fertilizer, and they like it. They have many of our agricultural machines, and also some electrical machinery of United States make. I see American shoes sold in the stores, and am told that this branch of trade might be materially increased, as the people consider our shoes the best in the world.

Farmers' Co-operative Association.

The farmers of Denmark work together better than any farmers of Europe. They have co-operative associations through which they buy their machinery and sell their products and also borrow such money as they need.

There is one such association which ships nearly all the butter made in Denmark to London.

Indeed, Denmark is the dairy farm of London, and nearly all of its dairy work is by co-operation. The first co-operative dairy was begun in 1882. There are now more than a thousand such dairies, which use annually almost four billion pounds of milk and make more than \$35,000,000 worth of butter. These dairies were erected and put into operation at a cost of about \$7,000,000, the cost of each dairy varying from \$2000 to \$10,000. The stockholders are farmers, and they number about 150,000. In such dairies 130,000,000 pounds of butter are made annually.

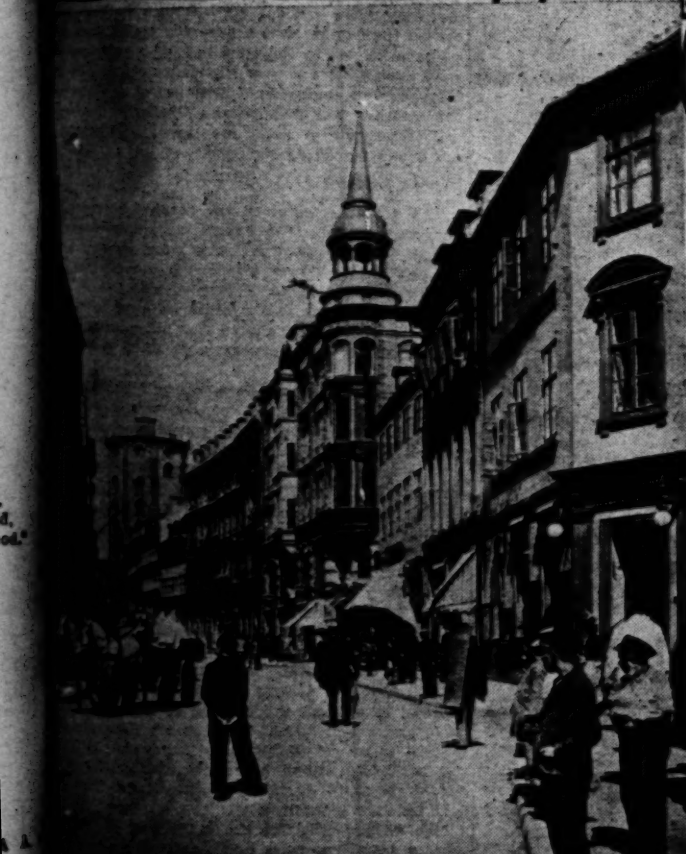
Denmark's Butter Trust.

This combination might be called a butter trust. It is so, but the farmers are the stockholders, and the money goes back to the people. Years ago they made their butter as we do, and the Danish butter commanded the lowest prices. Then these co-operative dairies were started on borrowed capital guaranteed by the farmers. Every man agreed to turn in all his milk to the company, and to let it handle the product. The result was that better butter was made and shipped to England and elsewhere. It at once began to make a reputation. It improved, and now it is the best butter in the market.

The companies buy feed in quantities and sell it out at reduced rates to their members, taking their pay out of the milk receipts. Machinery is bought in the same way, and the associations work generally for the good of their stockholders. Settlements are made weekly or monthly, the co-operative society holding back a certain amount of its receipts for a sinking fund to pay off its debts. It also puts a part of its surplus into a savings bank and loans it out to the members of the association at low



The free harbor of Copenhagen



A pretty Dane from Greenland

Business Denmark

rates of interest. Each man can borrow in proportion to the quantity of milk he supplies to the association.

Denmark's Egg Society.

The chicken raisers have also their combination. There are something like 25,000 Danish men and women who raise fowls who have joined together to get a good price for their eggs and chickens. They have their own egg collectors, who go from farm to farm and take the eggs to the factories or packing houses, whence they are tested and shipped off to London and other markets.

Every farmer is responsible for his own eggs. He has to stamp them with his initials, and if a bad egg is allowed to get in he is fined. As the eggs come into the packing-house they are tested by being placed on a frame of netting, which is held over an electric light. The light will shine through those that are the least bit bad. Every dark egg is taken out. Its sender is known by the initials upon it, and he is fined at the rate of 5 kronen, or \$1.25 for every bad egg. As a result there are few bad eggs in the Danish packing houses.

After this the eggs are sorted according to sizes. They are sold by weight rather than by the dozen, the packers guaranteeing so many pounds to the dozen up to a certain amount. If similar care could be used by our chicken raisers, our helpful hen would become more helpful than ever.

The Danes have also coöperative bacon associations. The men who raise hogs combine together to sell their product. They have their own ways of feeding and their pork brings a higher price than ours in the markets of Europe. The best hogs are produced by feeding them American corn until about three weeks before killing. During these three weeks they are fed on barley, skim milk and buttermilk. Last year Denmark exported hogs, cattle and pork to the value of \$25,000,000, and butter to the amount of \$35,000,000, so you see she does a big agricultural business.

Our consul here speaks highly of the Danes as consumers. He says they know a good thing when they see it, and have the money to pay for it. He says the demand for American shoes is increasing and goes on as follows:

"Danish business men write their letters on American typewriters. They count their money on American cash registers; they like the American bicycle and are now buying American automobiles. In short, American goods of every description, if reliable and up to date, will find a ready sale here."

The Best Educated People of Europe.

Copenhagen is noted for its educational institutions, art galleries and museums. The Danes are about the best educated people of Europe. They have had a compulsory system of education since 1814, and one rarely finds a man or woman who cannot read and write. There are public schools and all sorts of technical schools everywhere. There are schools for dairy men, schools for farmers, for beer makers, and for everything under the sun.

The Thorwaldsen Museum is one of the finest in Europe, and singularly enough it is devoted to the works of one sculptor. Thorwaldsen was educated at the Academy of Copenhagen and later on in Rome. He soon developed into a great sculptor, and as such did more work perhaps than any other of his kind. In this one museum there are eighty statues, 130 busts, three large friezes and 240 reliefs in marble. His works are of wonderful beauty, and they are famous all the world over. Among the objects is a model of the Swiss lion, which he carved out of the rock at Lucerne in memory of the Swiss guards' defense of the Tuilleries.

Another great man of Copenhagen was Hans Christian Andersen, the writer of the fairy stories. There is a monument to him here in the heart of the city, on one side of the pedestal of which is engraved a picture from the "Ugly Duckling," and on another side a little child riding on the back of a stork.

Andersen was born in the little Danish town of Odense. His father was a shoemaker, and his mother wanted to make her boy a tailor. Young Hans, however, had a bookish bent, and his ambition was to become famous by writing. He left home with \$5 in his pocket, and with that as a start worked his way through school in Copenhagen. He had some talent for singing, and hoped to make a place for himself on the stage. He tried for one of the theaters of Copenhagen, but was rejected. His talent was brought to the notice of the King, and through him he was placed in an advanced school at public expense. Later on his poems and stories became noted, and during his latter years he received an annuity from the Danish government. The people here are very proud of him, and they tell many stories of his simplicity and kindness.

Copenhagen's Free Harbor.

I came down the Kattegat on my way from Christiania to Copenhagen, passing Elsinore, where Shakespeare has laid the scenes of Hamlet. Copenhagen lies on the narrow strait leading from the Baltic Sea out through the Kattegat and Skagerrak to the German ocean. It has a fine harbor, and this has made it one of the most important cities of northern Europe. It commands the straits, and has always been a great meeting place. Three years before Columbus discovered America, Bishop Absalon built a castle here and lived off the trade. Since then the harbor has been widened and deepened, and is now one of the best in Europe. The city has established a free port at a cost of \$6,000,000, and there are two miles of quays, at which the largest ocean steamers can land. Thirty-five thousand sailing vessels and steamers come in and go out of Copenhagen every year, and its trade extends to all parts of the world.

The Danes are noted as sailors. They command ships almost everywhere, and you will seldom strike a harbor without finding one or more Danish captains in charge of the larger vessels there.

I drove out to the free port the other day. It has enormous cranes and all facilities for handling goods.

I noticed several American products among the things loading and unloading. American cotton, petroleum and Indian corn were being taken out of vessels from New York, and also Minneapolis flour and Chicago pork. There were many steamers in the harbor; several from Russia, two from Norway and Sweden, three from England and an equal number from Germany. There were ships from the West Indies and South America, and also one about starting out for Greenland.

The Danes in Greenland.

There is considerable trade between Greenland and Denmark. Greenland is largely a Danish colony, and there are many Danes in Iceland and the Faroe Islands. The Greenland colonies are chiefly on the west coast, extending through about 12 degrees of latitude, or something like seven hundred miles. They have also a mission and trading station, and do a considerable export business.

The trade is largely in the hands of the Danish Royal Greenland Company. It is monopolized by the state, and only government vessels are allowed to sail in Greenland waters. According to Denmark's treaties with us the British and other people, these waters are closed to all vessels which have not the permission of the Danish government, and it is also necessary for travelers who wish to go to that part of the country to get such permission. Without a traveler has such permission he cannot enter, and this permission is not granted without the person who asks for it is backed by his own government.

This is done in order to protect the natives from unscrupulous traders. The government will not allow the natives to sell more than they can dispense with lest they be starved in the winter. They will not sell them intoxicating liquors, and they are really doing what they can to elevate their condition.

The exports from Denmark to Greenland are chiefly provisions, firearms, dry goods, hardware, tools and implements. They send some tobacco, rope and wooden goods. Their imports are seal oil, sealskins, bear and foxskins and elderdown. About 30,000 sealskins are sent from that island to Denmark every year, and also those of the polar bear and of the blue and white fox. The elderdown is brought as it comes from the nests of the elder duck. It is here cleansed and prepared for the market.

Copenhagen, Denmark.

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DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK?

Did you ever stop to think
That the man who stops to think,
Running out his mental tissue
On a movement or an issue
While his progress is congested,
And his actions are arrested
By the weight
Of the great
Burning questions in his pate,
Never puts his dreams on canvas, never puts his thoughts
to ink,
Never alters laws or lands because
He merely stops to think?

Did you ever stop to ponder
That the man who stops to ponder
While the thread of Fate's unwinding,
And the mills of God are grinding,
And the men who rule the mill
Do their thinking while they toil,
Mingling thought—
As they ought—
With the wonders they have wrought,
That the fellow who has stopped to do his thinking over
yonder,
Doesn't aid in the act by the mere cold fact
That he has stopped to ponder?

There's a call of Life to ponder,
There's a cry of Life to think,
But the striver over yonder,
In the game of swim-or-sink,
Cannot stop for How or Why
Lest the swifter pass him by,
And the man who grasps the lever
Has no moments to rehearse
Idle thoughts, however clever,
When the signal comes, "Reverse!"
But the grand shall command
When the brain has wed the hand,
And the thinker shall be mighty and shall prosper in the
land;
Not the hermits of the Indies who from life and duty
shrink,
But the men whose thoughts are moving—
They shall never stop to think.

—[Wallace Irwin, in Sunset Magazine.]

ON THE VERGE.

I've been reading the news
And I've gotten the blues;
My brain's in a state of concussion,
My mind had a wrench
With Dutch, Spanish and French,
And now I am up against Russian.

With "ovitch" and "off,"
I splutter and cough,
But my skill seems exceedingly slowski,
My speech isn't right,
'Tis a perilous plight,
And when it will end I don't knowski.

—[Washington Star.]

Muchmoney: Do you usually order your dinner by the card?

Nocash: No; by the price.—[Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.]

Sunday in the

INSPECTION AND REHEARSAL ICES MARK THE DAY

By a Special Contributor.

"ON board all vessels, at navy yards and elsewhere, the Sabbath will be observed as a day of rest; work will be reduced to the strict necessity. The religious beliefs of the sailors are to be respected, and it is earnestly expected that they embrace their several opportunities devoutly upon the worship of Almighty God. In these official words does the United States Navy recognize the Sabbath Day.

Let me tell you how it was observed on the ship which I was attached.

We had a company of about one hundred men, under the command of Capt. Thomas. The ship was the United States ship, Albatross, of the European Station.

Saturday Preparation.

Saturday morning the ship was always overhauled, from keelson to top. The work was polished till it shone like glass. The battery was put into extra trim. The chain cables were coal-tarred, scraped and touched up with paint, the rigging outside, above water, was scoured with sand till it looked like new, and all the ware and kitchen utensils were given a good scrubbing.

Sunday morning the crew were called later than usual (I am describing routine). The decks were given a good washing down. The work touched up where it needed it. The rigging was squared by the lifts and braces, the awnings to the ridge rope taut and flat, and the aloft, put into ship-shape.

Immediately after breakfast the crew were given their clothes bags and ditty boxes, getting on their shoes, polishing shoes, putting on new caps, new and fancy knife lanyards.

The marine guard gave their arms a final touch, and put on their new belts and white gloves.

At 10 o'clock the shrill whistles of the mates were followed by the hoarse call: "Deck for inspection!"

The ship's crew ranged themselves on the side of the spar deck in two lines, heads to the fore, arms at the ship's yeoman; the deck was occupied by the marine guard and the officers in full uniform.

Inspection.

When quiet was obtained, the roll was called, each man answered to his name, then the executive officer, passing the lines, critically examining everybody; then on to the galley and looked at everything on the gallant fore-castle, then down to the berth deck, the forward storerooms, the engine room and the coal bunkers.

This was no perfunctory affair, but everything was thoroughly looked after. Delinquencies were carefully noted, and when the inspection ended, the captain was thoroughly posted, by observation, as to the condition of his ship.

As soon as it was over, the ship's bell rang. Benches and chairs were arranged on the deck, the weather was fine, on the berth deck it was inclement. A pulpit was brought out and a net organ placed alongside it.

Sunday Service.

The captain conducted the services, according to Episcopal ritual. The hymns were from the Book of Common Prayer, and usually a sermon by some noted preacher.

The crew, as a rule, attended in a body; the compulsion, expressed or implied, about it.

At one time we had a brass band on board, and sacred music they rendered was exceptionally good, singing of so many strong male voices was inspiring.

At Beirut, Syria, Dr. Jessup, or Dr. Paul, frequently preached for us, and nearly every while in Constantinople, clergymen connected with the College, occupied the pulpit.

At noon we had dinner; after 1 o'clock, was at liberty to do about as he liked. Some ashore, others would get out their writing, many would read books taken from the ship's library, a few would hunt a quiet corner and sleep, and there might be seen a group about some old fellowing to his yarns.

The whole tenor of affairs was that of a day together with an acknowledgment of the presence of God and our duty to Him.

At sea this routine was varied by the weather of the day, but it was rare indeed that we were allowed to prevent the holding of divine services under sail alone, when church time was desired to attend did so, whether on duty or not caring to attend having to look out for the ship. If we were under steam, we had to stay at their posts.

The Alliance was known in the fleet as a ship among seamen a term half implying respect, crew were quite content, for she was a dear to everyone on board.

Capt. V. L. Cottman of the Wyoming, San Pedro, was one of the officers of the fleet at the time of which the above was written.

STANLEY

Mount Macolod.

A MOUNTAIN TRIP IN BATANGAS,
THE PHILIPPINES.

By a Special Contributor.

RISING to a height of 1200 meters above sea level, on the southeastern shore of Taal Lake, which contains the famous volcano of Taal, this peak is a landmark for almost the whole of three provinces. Its summit, as given by one of the engineer corps, is not reliable, but its solitary figure in a country which for miles is either level or only slightly rolling, takes itself both impressiveness and rugged beauty. From the summit of Batangas, twelve miles to the southwest, the northwestern shoulder is seen to have been partly cut off by some ancient seismic disturbance, and it is on this edge that one may look down a cliff equal to the famous Glacier Point of Yosemite into the unsounded depths of the lake. From this broken shoulder of Macolod descends a little to cross a fertile garden, surrounded by woods, whose tops shake and whose echoes with shrill chattering as the monkeys flee

sides of the crater, and even at that distance the color lines of different strata on the farther side of the interior could be easily made out. The outer sides of the shattered mountain had a green fringe of low trees and bushes for a short distance from the shores of the island, but above this rose only the gray, lifeless mound of ashes and lava, while the white jets of steam mingled with the blue wreaths of sulphur smoke, as if in silent, mysterious threatening toward the lake and its verdant borders.

Then we turned our steps upward to where the main peak of Macolod towered, and leaving the garden patch, plunged into the shade of our first real jungle. Our progress was naturally slow, on account of growing fatigue and hunger—it was now past the middle of the forenoon. Moreover, we were occasionally halted while the bolomen went forward to chop away some dense growth of rope-like vines from the seldom-traveled trail. Yet we would have lingered still more, so interested were we in the beauty and strangeness of the plant life on every hand. There were ferns of many curious forms; some humble, yet graceful ones, that, matted together, made a velvety carpet over which we passed with noiseless, almost reverent tread; others whose tapering leaves spread more than two feet at the base and reached high above our heads. Then there was a kind of parasite fern, with round, hairy stem, which wound its way as a vine up the tree trunks, its tendrils clinging tight as ivy. In every direction we could see varieties of the orchid on trees whose mossy limbs appeared to have been adorned by some gardener, so gracefully were they decked with these beautiful hanging plants. One of our boys climbed a tree and chopped away with his bolo. Soon we were the proud possessors of an orchid whose glossy, sword-like streamers average three feet in length as they spread out quite symmetrically from the center. We shall hang it in our window at Batangas, a charming trophy of the first American lady to climb to Macolod's summit.

We cut a number of fine rattan canes, but this wood is in such general use among the natives that it is becoming scarce in these parts. Also most of the choicer trees have been hunted out and cut. Hence Mt. Macolod remains a treasure house for the firewood merchant, the hunter, the charcoal burner—and the tourist, especially if the latter be interested in botany. Days of enthusiastic study, gladdened by hundreds of rare finds, might be spent in sight of one's tent pitched in the twilight of this grand conservatory of nature's curios.

We were somewhat disappointed at not finding any ebony or other rare woods, but the natives of our party were mostly people of the plains, and knew little about the names and uses of the different trees and plants. We learned to know the "gogo," a great vine, often six

must be familiar to all who have breathed mountain air, and have gazed where leagues upon leagues of fair lands are spread out, like some miniature of a great garden, far below. We gazed upon the homes of 300,000 people dotting the rich rolling country to the south; church towers and blotches of indistinguishable surrounding roofs marking the locations of the larger towns; the outlying country alternating in patches of green and brown.

Then, from another point, we gazed once more upon the Taal Lake, the smoking crater in its center, and from the southwestern end of the lake we marked the silver thread of Pasipit River, winding down to Balayan Bay, on whose shores we dimly made out the church tower of Taal pueblo. We were loth to leave the summit, whose vistas had so well repaid our toiling, but we remembered that home and refreshment for the inner man lay far down yonder to the south. There it was true that the enchanted vision born of distance and lofty position would often fade into the scene of every day commonplace toil; yet the memories of this and many other high view points could never be lost.

So we slid, climbed, swung ourselves down by the friendly branches, into a deep gorge, which soon lost its wild appearance as we entered the shaded underbrush which was just whitening with the coffee blossoms. Next came the cacao, and the hemp patches, where we saw the natives deftly drawing the hemp bark through his rude machine; twice the green strip is dragged under the bolo lashed to a log, and he holds in his hands a beautiful glistening hank of the fiber which has made Manila world famed. But we hasten on, out of the groves and over the plowed fields, bearing our monster orchid, with our canes and bulbs, to the welcome shade of our summer home, in the quiet little pueblo guarded by Macolod's giant form.

H. C. THEOBALD

A BRAVE PIONEER WOMAN.

SHOT THREE BEARS IN THE NIGHT AND SAVED
HER HUSBAND'S STOCK.

By a Special Contributor.

Nestled upon the mountain side, midway between San Jacinto and Strawberry Valley, is the ranch known as the Thomas ranch. This ranch is situated in one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots in all Southern California. To this place, forty-two years ago, Uncle Charley Thomas, as he is now called, brought his young and pretty bride, to build a home in the wilderness, for wilderness it was, with not a white man nearer than Temecula.

Surrounded by Indians, and the wild animals that roamed through the mountains, Mrs. Thomas saw life in all of its primitive wildness, and met with many exciting adventures. In her quaint and modest way she relates one night's experience while Mr. Thomas was away getting their annual supply of groceries. They had driven their young cattle and calves into a corral near enough to the cabin, as they supposed, to protect them from the depredations of the bears, but in the night Mrs. Thomas was awakened by a terrible racker among the live stock, and she knew the bears had broken into the corral, and would likely destroy the entire bunch if something was not done to protect them. In a moment this brave little woman determined to save the stock that she and her husband had struggled so long and hard to raise. Seizing her rifle and ammunition, and lighting her lantern, she made her way to the corral, and looking through an opening in the fence, evidently made by the bears, she could just make out one large bear munching at the carcass of a yearling which he had killed and drawn through the fence. At the same time two other bears came toward the opening, growling and showing their teeth, with the evident intention of attacking her. Trembling "like a leaf on a poplar tree," as she described it, she raised her rifle, and, aiming at the glittering eyes of the nearest bear, fired. Mr. Bruin rolled over, gave one or two convulsive kicks, and passed in his chips.

This brave little woman was destined, however, to stand guard until daylight, killing still another bear, and wounding the third.

It might have been difficult for her to have protected the cattle, or even saved her own life, except for the assistance of two faithful dogs.

When daylight came, and Uncle Charley hove in sight, when the cattle were safe and all danger was over, Mrs. Thomas did what many another woman has done, and will do, to the end of time—fainted. R. J. W.

WANTED TO TALK.

A blustering, self-important gentleman walked into a barber shop at Peck and wanted his hair cut. He didn't want any talk—just a plain hair cut, and he wanted it right away.

The modest and unpretentious old gentleman in the shop attempted to explain, but was roughly told to go ahead without a word.

After the job was finished, the man who knew everything looked in the glass and was horrified at his appearance. He fairly stormed around, and indignantly asked the old gentleman if he called that a hair cut.

The mild old man meekly replied: "I don't know. You must ask the barber. He'll be in presently. I am the editor of the village paper, and was waiting for a hair cut myself, but you wouldn't give me a chance to explain."—[Lexington (Mich.) News.]

FAITH.

To see the light behind the night,
When clouds are dark and gray,
To know the future will be bright,
When night has passed away;
To face dull care with cheerful air,
And laugh amid your pain,
To see in all things something fair,
And pine not for wishes vain,
Is Faith.

FRANK HARTGROVE.

BRIDGE-GORGE NEAR BATANGAS.

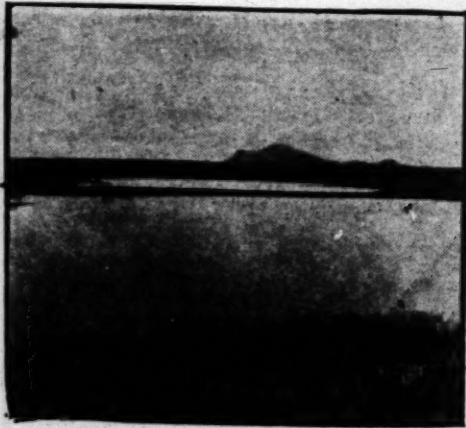
hiker's footsteps. Then the ascent once more began steep, through the twilight of dense foliage, until, for a moment of conquest arrives, and the hiker (or peers out over a vista which includes down wealthy pueblos, their villages and farms, and the which gave us at every turn wider views, as we descended to the ocean, and the distant summits of other mountains.

We had chosen the little pueblo of Cuenca, which lies up to the southern foothills of Macolod, as a resting place, for being some nine hundred feet higher than Batangas, it afforded some respite from the heat which began with the passing of Macolod was from the first an invitation to a climb, especially since our work had never before enabled us to enjoy any Philippine mountain scenery. There were sixteen in our party, including some of the schoolboys, the writer's wife, two servants, and a good old mountaineer, who, barefooted and tireless, the way over the rolling foothills, through gorges, and up steep paths which gave us at every turn wider views, as we descended to the ocean, and the distant summits of other mountains.

A boy of perhaps eight years, wearing the remains of a very discolored hemp shirt, and a middle-aged woman, were the only members of the family at the house, and were guarded by a very savage-looking cur. The woman, whose clothing and hands showed signs of hard garden labors, told the native school teacher that they had a banca down at the lake's edge, and that their living came from the little patch of sweet potatoes and tomatoes. They rowed to a point opposite the house of Banan, and thence carried their produce some five miles to market, often selling four pesos worth of produce twice a week. This will give an idea of the poverty in which the country people toil. Down the mountains, three hours' rowing, and then three hours' gliding with heavy baskets on their heads; the journey occupies most of another day, and the family have earned approximately one dollar and ten cents, United States currency! Yet this amount is used in rice, sugar and a few luxuries, will keep the family for a good while, and the curate with his tools will help to piece out the bill of fare.

From the dog of the little shack we saw two monkeys swinging away through the branches at perhaps a hundred yards distance, but our eyes were claimed by the view over the blue lake at our feet to the smoking crater on the little island, not more than two miles away.

The volcano is not very high, and its crater occupies the little island. More than one-half of the original summit seems to have been blown away, and from the rim we could see a considerable part of the



MT. MACOLOD, FROM TIDELANDS NEAR
BATANGAS.

or eight inches in diameter, which extends its python form up among the tops of its more stalwart neighbors. Its leaves resemble those of the acacia. The reddish, net-like inner bark of this tree has a saponaceous quality, and yields a good lather when used as soap. The natives all over southern Luzon use "gogo" bark to scrub themselves when bathing, and we Americans have experienced its good qualities as a shampoo. The most curious product of this tree is its huge, wood-like pod, often two feet in length, and generally three or four inches wide, in which are found beans, or peas, the size and appearance of a small brown door knob, highly polished. These seeds contain in a higher degree the soapy quality of the bark, and when crushed form the principal ingredient of a purgative in common use among the Filipinos. We saw many varieties of lily resembling the calla species, one with a darkly mottled stalk, which we brought home, though we are in doubt whether we can make it live away from its native soil. None of the plants were in bloom, but we dug up several bulbs to try our luck in taming these forest beauties.

We had been told that we should see numbers of wild chickens, the "labuyo," whose ancestors escaped from the mountain farmers, along with the progenitors of the wild pig, whose fresh wallowing places we found, but who kept warily out of sight, though our old guide affirms that he saw a pig just as he reached the summit. The freshly-rooted ground by the trail gave us reason to believe him, but was little satisfaction for our hunter's ardor. On the whole, the absence of animal life in such wild surroundings was to us very strange; yet we found what we sought in rare scenery, and the charm of tropical flora; while the warbling of birds hidden among dense tree-tops was a more fitting accompaniment to the panorama of nature than would have been the crack of the rifle, followed by the death cry of some innocent victim. Once the top was reached, we found no open space from which we could view the landscape on every side, but could only peer out from openings here and there, as from the windows of some enchanted castle. The wonderment, mingled with exaltation of spirit,

The Toothsome Cranberry

THE HARVESTING SEASON IS NOW
AT ITS FULL GLOW.

From a Special Correspondent.

WOODMANSIE (N. J.) Oct. 5.—Although we do not begin to set our mouths for the toothsome cranberry until Thanksgiving, just now the season for its harvesting is at its height. This great stretch of virgin forest hereabouts, covering nearly 1000 square miles, and known as the "Jersey pines," was all but doomed to fall into innocuous desuetude two generations ago. About that time some thrifty agriculturists of the State conceived the notion of cultivating the wild cranberry, which, long before the advent of the white man on our shores, had lain neglected in the cedar swamps of this region. The industry smoldered for some years, but now New Jersey can boast of half again the acreage in cranberry lands claimed by any other State in the Union.

A Great Gamble.

Cranberry culture is the greatest gamble in the entire fruit industry. In a successful year a good bog in this region often nets the grower 20 per cent. on his investment. But the very next season he may lose his entire crop. There are several stealthy and potent enemies ever plotting to ambush him in the dark shadows of the surrounding fastness. The most formidable of these is Jack Frost. Wherever fall his hoary tracks the glistening waxy fruit is blighted. And Dame Nature, as though designing to aid this destructive ogre, has so engineered matters that the cranberry does not blush into ripeness until just before the autumnal frosts. Hence armies of men, women and children are now invading this center of its cultivation, endeavoring to capture the precious fruit before it can fall into the clutches of the unsparing foe.

I have been inspecting five of the most flourishing cranberry bogs in the world. To the casual glance of the traveler, any of these would seem to be merely a broad, natural meadow, drained with ditches, the whole falling with a gentle decline toward a dam, with floodgates. I will state some details as to how nature was put in harness for the laying out of one of these great bogs. A thick, dense cedar swamp was selected for the site by an ingenious grower. He purchased the tract

at a mere song, then cut and marketed the cedar. To what remained he set fire, leaving a broad meadow studded with charred stumps. These, if left, would have been obstacles to successful planting and harvesting. To pull or blast them out would have been a heavy expense. The forest area, on all sides was a storehouse for water, and gentle brooklets trickled into the meadow from all sides. Across the end of the area toward which this water drained a dike was built, with floodgates in the center. In the winter the gates were closed, and the cleared swamp flooded until the water reached the level of the stumps. Here it was held until a cover of ice six inches thick had frozen fast to these obstructions. Then the water was raised beneath the vast cover of ice, which thus forced upward pulled the tightly-clutched stumps up with it, uprooting them so that they floated ashore at the first thaw. Thus cleared by such a simple yet wholesale hydraulic system, the bog was next leveled, ditched, drained and made ready for the planting, which process need only occur once in a favorable region like this.

Planted by Women.

A new bog, like the one in question, is almost always established by planting cuttings. Portions of shoots ten to fifteen inches long, and freshly cut from some mature bog, are separated into wisps of from eight to fifteen separate stems. These wisps are placed in rows upon the sand. Women, paid 75 cents a day, walk over the rows and force each cutting into the sand with a wedge-shaped rod. A new bog thus planted will commence to yield well in four or five years. It will never die out if properly cleaned and protected.

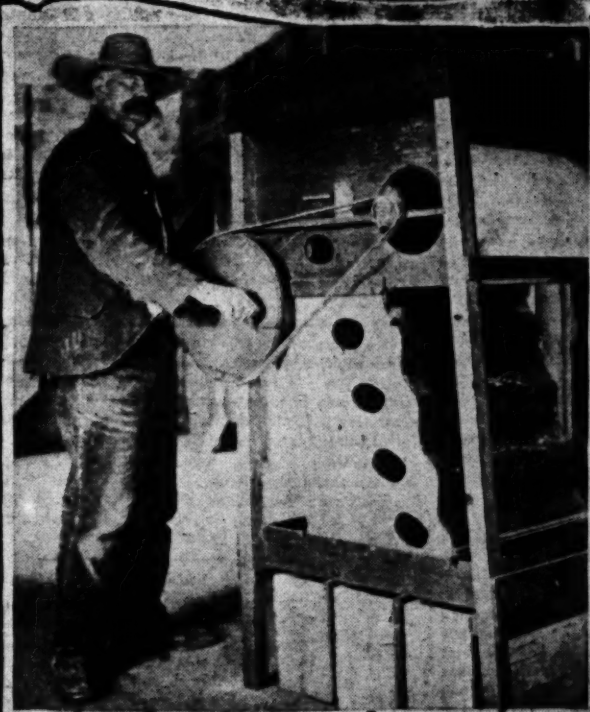
After the last picking, and throughout the weeks of autumn, winter and spring, in which frosts and freezes are likely to occur, each cranberry bog is kept flooded. The presence of the water not only protects the plants and fruit from the frost and ice, but in the spring retards the bloom until the danger of late frosts has passed. It also shields the plants against the depredations of certain insects, prevents blights and some injurious fungous diseases. But after the winter's ice has adhered to the vines, any inflow of water which may raise its surface will take the plants with it, and prove disastrous to the bog. Just now, in the picking season, the careful grower keeps his weather eye upon his thermometer, and should the mercury drop to a degree threatening frost, the floodgates of the bog are closed and a film of water made to creep up over the vines. Such flooding, of course, retards picking, and inasmuch as the harvesting is being pushed in order that every bit of fruit may be gathered before the settled season of frost, there is

always a hesitation whether the grower should hasten the picking. It is right here that the successful grower shows his fine discrimination. Pickers Scarce.

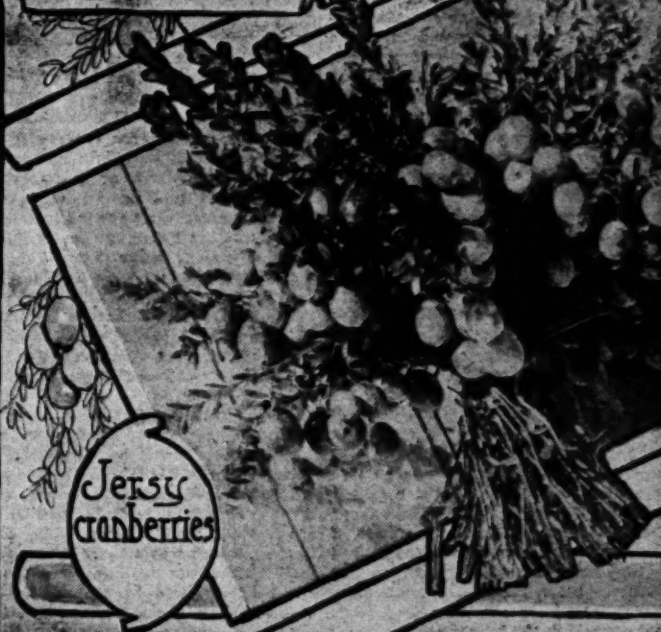
The labor problem is troubling the grower this year more than ever before. The amount of work to be done, but few hands are available. The native "Pine hawker," who in past years has been year to year hankering for "picking money" around, evidently has been a busy body, and has not turned out in half his usual hordes. He has turned into industrious yeomen of the soil, and is drawing of water, native of the forest, and encouraging their sons and daughters to take their usual pin money this season. Race weakness among these foreigners—in fact, among them is amazing—a single woman upon the bogs can reap a pretty sum in this season their daughters find time to siestas. Their sons sit about and wait for the asperated grower keeps the wires hot for more Italian labor. But even the Italian is now scarce. He prefers regular employment on the railroads and other construction work at \$1.50 a day, and there is plenty of work to be performed. Thus most of the picking is done by women and children. They operate in the command of "row bosses," each of whom has a squad in straight lines across the bog. After having been assigned to his row, the picker



Cranberry pickers
at work



Sorting the cranberries



November 11, 1903.]

...or under the discipline of the boss—usually a
...of circus in cadence with vigorous gesticulations
...and limb.
...all told, these Italian pickers are the happiest
...whom I have ever seen toil. They seem to re-
...their task as a jolly outing. As they proceed
...on their knees across the meadows, the breeze
...to the ears of spectators along the forest edges a
...mellow harmony of choral song, instinctive only
...of Italy. It is a sight for Millais—these dreamy-
...of Italy, their abundant black locks crowned
...bandanas, these mature peasant women span-
...with long, dangling earrings; these olive-skinned
...with bright-colored caps and neck kerchiefs.
...is One Shanty.

...Italian pickers are hauled from the cities some
...in special trains, and live in a sort of gypsy fash-
...in the shanties surrounding the bog. One grower
...had rows of small shanties built to accommodate his
...pickers, was surprised to discover that they
...crowding their entire number into one house
...contributing themselves among the many buildings.
...back me to their headquarters just before picking
...and when their "head boss" blew his whistle to
...them for inspection, the sight was like the
...of a spider's egg. Score after score rushed
...from the scant habitation in a veritable stam-
...and quickly formed into a group in which I counted
...hundred swarthy faces. How they found breath-
...in the little shanty at night was a puzzle
...to cover the modern hygienist with gooseflesh.
...crowded communism these people find themselves
...mostly macaroni, bread and cheese, shipped to
...from the city.

...foreign pickers formed themselves into a long
...of two at the command of the "head boss," and
...to march to the bog. Here they were as-
...to their rows in the section where the previous
...harvest had been interrupted by darkness. Each
...with a square, black peck measure held before
...group after group of vines between his
...joined his finger ends and combed out the abun-
...fruit. His peck measure being filled, he carried it
...long line of crates at the bog's edge, where one
...of the grower poured out the berries, and an-
...standing before a tin strong box, handed him
...good for 10 cents at the cashing-in time.
...underwent a strict inspection; pickers who
...grow, leaves or stems in their boxes being
...or sent back to add sufficient of the fruit
...quantity. About the ticket giver was constantly
...gesticulating and grinning group, vying for
...to babble a rhythm of words which fell in
...his ear. After being filled, each row of crates
...up an open wagon and hauled to a storage

...the latter.

...house a man turned the crank of a machine
...cleaned and assorted the fruit, distribut-
...three crates placed beneath. In one fell
...and soundest berries; in another those of
...; in the third the few injured or decayed.
...of this ingenious mechanism is that the
...berry, when dropped from the feeder, bounces
...crate, and vice-versa. But there is lit-
...the mechanism until frost sets in, or unless
...fruit has suffered from scald. The cranberry
...being unusually sound and hearty, it is
...in "the rough" by the trade.

...cranberry is very nearly white during the
...picking, but gradually reddens toward frost,
...is stored or on the ground. Cranberries, as
...often as widely in tins as do apples, the small
...being dark red, and the large Jersey
...being mottled. While the dark berry is pre-
...by the eastern trade on account of its color, the
...berry is sought by the western buyer on account
...superior keeping quality and greater proportion
...to skin and seed. I heard a commission mer-
...the eastern housewife for her superstition
...the small dark cranberry makes jelly and sauce
...color and flavor to that made from the lighter
...Jersey berry.

...other evening, after a day of heavy picking, I
...by a grower to witness the regular cere-
...of "exchanging tickets" among his Italian pick-
...We tramped for a quarter of an hour, finding the
...hunters congregated about several bonfires,
...in the open. The "head boss" whistle was
...and each picker filed up to the ticket taker, who
...green "bushel" ticket in return for each four
...tickets handed him. For each score of red
...he returned one yellow, or "five-bushel" ticket.
...manner the bits of pasteboard most in use are
...each day for reissue. After the exchange had
...terminated, we remained to watch the Italians
...in the accompaniment of an accordion, performed
...by the "head boss," a very rotund man, who varied
...entertainment with a solo or two, and an
...of the "jacks" bray, which latter feature was
...by shouts of approval from his vast army of
...pickers. A conspicuous feature of the dance was
...the same never mingled upon the open space used
...there. It was a sort of monotonous hornpipe, in
...the dancers, face to face, took part.

...the pickers.

...moving device, now being experimented upon
...the bog, but whose success has already been
...based on those of Cape Cod, is the harvesting
...It was first looked upon with prejudice by the
...grower, because of an imaginative injury
...to the crop. But recently several growers who have
...to experiment with it, have discovered that
...rather than injures the next year's crop.
...with comb teeth. By this scooping process
...costs the Cape Cod grower 20 cents a
...The hand picking costs the Jersey grower just

six times as much for the same measure. Hand pickers
earn from \$2 to \$4 a day in good weather.

Thousands of bushels of New Jersey cranberries will
be left upon the bogs this year, simply because a
sufficiency of pickers cannot be found. The total crop
for this year in the State is estimated at 304,250
bushels, on which the grower will net over \$1 per bushel.
The average yield is but 230,000 bushels for New Jersey.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

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Sam Ward's Recipe.

IT MADE TERRAPIN STEW FAMOUS,
THE WORLD OVER.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—Terrapin time has come
again. This delicacy of the rich and epicurean
is becoming well-nigh extinct. Systematic cul-
tivation alone has prevented the entire disappearance of
the once numerous amphibians.

Terrapin farming—that is, the "planting" of terrapin,
as it would be known in oyster terminology—is not by
any means new. About twenty-five years ago a man of
the name of Dorlin established a terrapin pound just
below Mobile, where he kept young terrapin for growth,
and where he claimed to be also raising terrapin from
the egg. The report of the fish commission, however,
denies that he did any breeding. The Dorlin terrapin
farm was destroyed by one of the terrific gulf storms,
and was never reestablished.

Every year there is a scare throughout the Eastern
country, particularly in New York, Philadelphia, Balti-
more and Washington, over the likelihood of the dis-
appearance of terrapin. Last year the report was spread
at the beginning of the fall and winter season, and the
wealthy were obliged to pay enormous prices. They
were the more anxious to have terrapin at any price,
because dealers said that another winter might come and
no terrapin be served. The report again went all over
this section, late the past summer, when the farmers and
fishermen of Maryland and Virginia were impounding
terrapin for the coming winter trade. All along the
shores of Chesapeake Bay supplies of terrapin are being
collected for the market of the immediate future. There
are laws against the impounding of terrapin, but they
are ignored.

Terrapin as Boarders.

Although there is no sale for terrapin until snow flies,
which is about Christmas time, the farmers of the States
contiguous to the bay are constantly on the lookout for
stray terrapin, which they pick up and take home, where
they hold them for the season. They do not fatten them.
On the contrary they seldom feed them. Terrapin hiber-
nate. When they have had their spring or summer
feed, they can be put in a pen or barn and left for two
or three months. They will not die. A Baltimore dealer
nailed one in a box and left him there for three months,
at the end of which time he claimed that the captive
weighed one ounce more than he did when he was im-
prisoned. This story is one which is well verified, and
there are other tales of terrapin longevity, which are
regarded by some as of less credibility. Scientists all
admit, however, that the terrapin is a hibernating am-
phibian.

In the neighborhood of Chincoteague Island, near the
eastern shore of Maryland, in the Chesapeake Bay, there
are several houses where from 200 to 1000 terrapin are
stored in straw, in good seasons. Whenever the owner
wants to display them, he raps hard on the side of the
house before opening the door. Each terrapin sticks his
head out of the straw to see what the noise is about.
They have very acute hearing, and manifest great curi-
osity whenever any unusual noises are heard. Down
South they are lured to destruction by this trait. A fish-
erman rowing over the mud banks raps on the side of
his boat. Water carries the sound, and the terrapin
come to the surface to see what made that noise, and
the fisherman very promptly satisfies the curiosity of the
inquirers.

The officials of the fish commission do not believe
that the terrapin will become extinct so long as system-
atic farming is carried on, but they believe that this in-
dustry should be increased very largely.

An Acquired Taste.

Washington and Lafayette, Cornwallis and Tarleton
knew the quality of terrapin stew, but they ate it some-
times for want of something better, and not as a luxury.
Terrapin stew was one of the hardships of their mili-
tary environments occasionally. There was at one time
a law in Maryland providing that a man should feed only
so much terrapin to his slaves, for even the slaves re-
belled against such a diet. And, for that matter, no civil-
ized white man really likes terrapin when he first eats
it, but acquires the taste because it is fashionable and
expensive, and because everybody tells him what grand
luxury it will be when he becomes accustomed to it.
All of which is true, for the taste, once acquired, is ever-
lasting.

The farmers and fishermen along the bay shores ate
terrapin because it was economical to do so. The crop
was so valueless that they would not take the trouble to
gather any more than was sufficient for the use of their
own families during the season. Naturally they would
expect their slaves to take the same kind of food, but
the slaves were right out in open rebellion against ter-
rapin. They were docile enough and endured all sorts
of hardships and injustices, but when it came to terrap-
in for a steady diet, they declared they could not stand
it. Consequently a law was enacted limiting the amount
of that sort of food for the slaves. But, beginning with
terrapin for the sake of economy, the white folks ac-
quired the taste. Senator John M. Clayton, of Dela-

ware, was very fond of terrapin. He usually bought an
oxload of them for a dollar, and had them shoveled into
his cellar like coals. His own people regarded his taste
for terrapin as so peculiar that it became a tradition of
his State until everybody began eating terrapin.

Although the negroes do not care for terrapin, they
are great hunters and cooks of the toothsome amphi-
bian. They liked nothing better than to get away from
plantation work and go hunting terrapin, and they are
still so inclined. There was no commercial demand for
terrappin, previous to 1850. The waters of Delaware,
Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina
fairly swarmed with them. They were unmolested except
for home tables. But when the people of Northern
States began to acquire the taste, the fishermen began
bringing them to market. Then there was a system of
Southern hospitality which was exceedingly shrewd.
Relatives and other visitors from northern States were
entertained lavishly, and they were given terrapin every-
where. They were regaled with stories of how to make
the stew, and had it dinned into their ears until they
went back North talking terrapin and nothing else.

Sam Ward's Recipe.

Sam Ward, once known as the king of the lobby, was
successful in all his schemes before Congress primarily
because he was such an unusually extravagant enter-
tainer. He studied all of the epicurean artifices and was
himself one of the best of cooks. His terrapin stew was
famous, and he always either made it himself, or per-
sonally supervised its making. Here is his recipe:
"Immerse live terrapin in boiling water. Let it boil half
an hour. Then take out, remove lower shell, carefully
cutting out the meat. Take out gall bag without cut-
ting or breaking, and throw away. Remove liver and
cut into cubes. Remove meat from upper shell, disjoint
and place in iron pot with the cubed liver and a pint of
the liquor in which the terrapin was boiled. Watch
carefully, and cook until tender. Serve in a sauce made
of two ounces best butter, a pinch of flour, half pint of
cream, cayenne pepper and salt. On the bottom of each
plate place a piece of bacon cooked crisp, so that it will
easily break all to pieces."

It was with that recipe that Sam Ward captured the
Prince of Wales; and, until this day, King Edward has
his terrapin stews in season, made on Sam Ward's re-
cipe. John Chamberlin, the famous restaurateur, until
the day of his death, served terrapin to his distinguished
guests, in the same way. After his withdrawal from
earth scenes, John Chamberlin's world-famous place was
closed because the rich and extravagant patrons of the
place declared that they could not get terrapin there, or
other things, as Chamberlin had prepared them.

Habit of Terrapin.

Only in America can terrapin be found, principally
from Long Island to Texas; although a few have been
taken on the Pacific Coast. The epicures give prefer-
ence to the terrapin of the northern waters, because they
have more delicate flesh. That is because, in the north-
ern waters, they develop less rapidly. The most pro-
lific waters are those along the Virginia shore, just
below the mouth of the Potomac River. The terrapin of
the Maryland waters are finer than those of Virginia,
and bring better prices on that account. But the Vir-
ginian waters produce about two-thirds of all the ter-
rapin in the market.

The diamond-back terrapin of Chesapeake Bay is the
best of all, and therefore the most costly. The most
desirable diamond-back is the six-inch fellow. After
them are the heifers and the bulls, the latter being
cheapest and used in restaurants for terrapin soup, a
very inferior imitation of the genuine stew of the tables
of the rich.

Suppose you save up your pennies, and have a terrapin
stew, instead of turkey, for your Thanksgiving dinner!
SMITH D. FRY.

A FISH STORY.

A poor little fish, way down in the sea,
Was bobbing about quite merrily.
When he beheld far over his head,
A big fat worm of the brightest red.
"Dear me," cried he, "what a fearful sight;
I thought that worms were always white!
I must swallow it quick," said he under his breath,
"Or 'twill frighten the other fish almost to death!"
Now this sounded brave, but as you will see,
That fish was as greedy as greedy can be,
Little he cared for the other poor fish,
To get all the worm was his only wish.
So he swam up high, and stood up straight;
And swallowed at once all the red flannel bait.
Then the pain in his vitals was so awful to feel
That his mother rushed off for old doctor eel.
And when he appeared, oh, what do you think?
He prescribed lots of water, till the flannel should
shrink!

And now the sad task of that greedy fish-y,
Is to drink every drop of the big salt sea!
ALFRED ARKWRIGHT.

NEW WOMAN'S WAYS.

Senator Patrick H. McCarren has, it seems, a special
dislike for a certain type of inquisitive woman reformer.

A woman of this cast worried him considerably at one
time about his vote upon a bill concerning her sex. She
haunted his favorite places, and one day advanced to his
desk and began examining objects upon it.

"What's this?" she inquired, picking up a weighty
brown thing which slipped out of her hand and dropped
like a heavy stone on the floor.

"That?" replied the Senator. "Oh, that's a tea bis-
cuit baked by some women reformers who are eager to
get a bill through on some kind of scientific cooking.
It's the finest paper weight I ever had."

The woman departed silently, and troubled him no
more.—[New York Times.]

The Operator's Story.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CONCLAVE
AT SAN FRANCISCO.

Contributed by Frank H. Spearman.

VERY able men have given their lives to the study of Monsoon's headlight; yet science, after no end of investigation, stands in its presence baffled.

The source of its illumination is believed to be understood. I say believed, because in a day when yesterday's beliefs are tomorrow's delusions I commit myself personally to no theory. Whether it is a thing living or dead; whether malign to mackerel or potent in its influence on imperfectly understood atmospheric phenomena, I do not know. I doubt whether anybody knows, except may be Monsoon himself. I know only that on the West End, Monsoon's headlight, from every point of view, stands high, and that on one occasion it stood between Abe Monsoon and a frightful catastrophe.

There have been of late studied efforts to introduce electric headlights on the Mountain Division. But there are grizzled men in the cab who look with distrust—silent, it is true, yet distrust—on the claims put forth for them. While Monsoon's headlight does its work—as it has done even long before Monsoon followed it to the West End, and will do long after he leaves the West End—way, they say, and reasonably enough, take on new and theoretical substitutes?

While the discussion deepens and even rages in the Wicklup, Monsoon himself is silent. Brave men are modest men. Among ourselves we don't use adjectives; where Monsoon is known it is not necessary to put anything ahead of his name—except, may be, once a month on the pay roll when the cross-eyed accountant adds A. or Abe or Abraham, just as he happens to be fixed for time. Monsoon's name in itself stands for a great deal. When his brother engineers, men who have grown seamy and weatherbeaten in the service, put up their voices for Monsoon's headlight; or when talkative storekeepers, who servilely jump at headquarters' experiments in order to court the favor of the high, speak for electricity, Abe Monsoon himself is silent. His light is there; let them take it or leave it as they will. If the Superintendent of Motive Power should attempt to throw it out for the new-fangled arrangement, Monsoon would doubtless feel that it was not the first time Omaha had gone wrong—and, for that matter, that neither he nor anybody else had assurance it would be the last. However—

The story opens on Bob Duffy. Bob, right from the start, was what I call a good-looker, and, being the oldest boy, he had more of the swing anyway. When Martin came along, his mother hadn't got over thinking about Bob. Doubtless she thought, too, of Martin; but he was kind of overshadowed. Bob began by clerking in the postoffice and delivering mail to all the pretty girls. His sympathy for the girls was so great that after a while he began passing out letters to them whether they were addressed to the girls or to somebody else. This gradually weakened his influence with the government.

Martin began work in the telegraph office; he really learned the whole thing right there at the Bend under Callahan. Began, carrying Western Unions stuck at his waist under a heavy leather belt. He wore in those days, when he had real responsibility, a formidable brown Stetson that appeared bent on swallowing his ears; it was about the time he was rising trousers and eleven. Nobody but Sinkers ever beat Martin Duffy delivering messages, and nobody, bar none—Bullhead, McTerza, anybody—ever beat him eating pie. It was by eating pie that he was able to wear the belt so long—and you may take that either way. But I speak gladly of the pie, because in the usual course of events there isn't much pie in a dispatcher's life. There is, by very large odds, more anxiety than pie, and I introduce the pie, not to give weight to the incidents that follow, but rather to lighten them; though as Duffy has more recently admitted, this was not always the effect of the pie itself.

I do not believe that Martin Duffy ever had an enemy. A right tight little chap he was, with always a good word, even under no end of pressure on the single track. There's many a struggling trainman that will look quick and grateful when any fellow far or near speaks a word about Martin Duffy. Fast as he climbed, his head never swelled. His hats rested, even after he got a key, same as the original Stetson, right on the wings of his ears. But his heart grew right along after his head stopped, and that's where he laid over some other railroad men I could mention if I had to, which I don't—not here.

About the time it looked as if Martin would make a go of it on the road, the Postoffice Inspectors were thinking Bob would make a go of it over the road. But he was such a kid of a fellow that the postmaster convinced the detective Bob's way of doing things was simple foolishness, which it probably was, and they merely swore him out of the service.

It was then that Martin reached out a hand to his elder brother. There were really just the two brothers; and back of them—as there is, somewhere, back of every railroad man—a mother. No father—not generally; just a mother. A quiet, sombre little woman in a shawl and a bonnet of no special shape or size—just a shawl and a bonnet, that's all. Anyhow, the Duffy boys' mother was that way, and there's a lot more like her. I don't know what gets the fathers; may be, very often, the scrap. But there's almost always, somewhere, a mother. So after Martin began to make a record, to help his mother and his brother both, he spoke for Bob. Callahan didn't hesitate or jolly him as he used to do with a good many. He thought the company couldn't have too many of the Duffy kind; so he said, "Yes, sure." And Bob Duffy was put at work—same thing exactly: carrying messages, reading half-destroyers and blowing his salary on pie.

But pie acts queer. Sometimes it makes a man's head solid and his heart big; then again it makes a man's head big and his heart solid. I'm not saying anything more now except that pie certainly acts different.

Bob Duffy was taller than Martin, and I would repeat, handsomer, but I can't, because Martin had absolutely no basis of beauty to start with. He was parchment-like and palish from sitting night after night and night after night over a sounder. Never a sick day in his life; but always over the sounder until, sleeping or waking, resting or working, the current purred and purred through his great little head like a familiarity-taking old tom cat. He could guess more off a wire than most men could catch after the whole thing had tumbled in.

So up and up ladder he went. Messenger, operator—up to assistant dispatcher, up to a regular trick dispatcher. Up to the orders and signing the J. M. C., the letters that stood for our superintendent's name and honor. Up to the trains and their movements, up to the lives, then Chief—with the honor of the division all clutched in Martin Duffy's three quick right fingers on the key and his three quick left fingers on the pen at the same instant scratching orders across the clip. Talk about ambidexterity—Martin didn't know what it would be like to use one hand at a time. If Martin Duffy said right, trains went right. If he said wrong, trains went wrong. But Martin never said the wrong; he said only the right. Giddings knows; he copied for him long enough. Giddings and plenty more of them can tell all about Martin Duffy.

Bob didn't rise in the service quite so fast as Martin. He was rather for having a good time. He did more of the social act, and that pleased his mother, who, on account of her bonnet-and-shawl complexion, didn't achieve much that way. Martin, too, was proud of his brother, and as soon as Bob could handle a wire, which was very soon (for he learned things in no time) Martin got Callahan to put him up at Grant as operator. Bob got the place because he was Martin's brother, nothing else. He held it about two months, then he resigned and went to San Francisco. He was a restless fellow; it was Bob up and Bob down. For a year he wandered around out there, telegraphing, then he bobbed up again in Medicine Bend out of a job. He wanted to go to work, and—well, Callahan—Martin's brother, you know—sent him up to Montair as night operator. Three months he worked steady as a clock. Then one night the dispatchers at the Bend couldn't get Montair for two hours. It laid out No. 6 and a special with the General Manager, and made no end of a row.

Martin said right off he ought to go. But there was the little mother up home, silent, I expect, but pleading-like. It was left largely to Martin, for the young fellow was already chief; and that was the trouble—he hated to bear down too hard; so he compromised by asking his superintendent put to fire Bob, but to set him back. They sent him up as night man to Rat River, the meanest place on the whole system. "That was the summer of the Templars' Conclave at Frisco."

We worked the whole spring getting things up along the line from Omaha to the Sierras, for that conclave. Engines were overhauled, rolling stock touched up, roadbed put in shape, everything shaken from end to end. Not only were the passenger records to be smashed, but beyond that a lot of our big general officers were way-up Masons and meant that our line should get not merely the cream of the business, but the cream of the advertising out of the thing. The general tenor of the instructions was to nickel-plate everything, from the catlapps to the target rods. For three months before the conclave date we were busy getting ready for it, and when the big day drew near on which we were to undertake the moving and the feeding of six thousand people one way on one track through the mountains, the cartlarks smoked cross-cut and the Russian section men began to oil their hair.

Callahan was superintendent under Bucks, then general manager, and Martin Duffy chief dispatcher, Neighbor superintendent of motive power, and Doubleday division master mechanic, and with everything buttoned up on the West End we went that Sunday morning on the firing line to take the first of the Templar specials.

Medicine Bend had the alkali pretty well washed out of its eyes, and never before in its history had it appeared really gay. The old Wicklup was decorated till it looked like a buck rigged for a ghost dance. Right after daybreak the trains began rolling in on Harold Davis' trick. Duffy had annulled all local freights, and all through odds and evens, all stock tramps east and all west-bound empties—everything that could be had been suspended for that Sunday; and with it all there were still by five times more trains than ever before rolled through Medicine Bend in twenty-four hours.

It was like a festival day in the mountains. Even the Indians and the squaw men turned out to see the fun. There was a crowd at the depot by 5 o'clock, when the first train rolled up the lower gorge with St. John's Commandery, No. 3, from Buffalo; and the Pullmans were gay with bunting. The Medicine Bend crowd gave them an Indian yell, and in two minutes the Knights, with their scalpils in their hands as a token of surrender, were tumbling out of their sleepers into the crisp dawn. They were just like schoolboys, and when Shorty Lovelace—the local curiosity who had both feet and both hands frozen off the night he got drunk with Matt Cassidy at Goose River Junction—struck up on his mouth organ, "Put Me Off at Buffalo," they dropped seven dollars, odd, and three baggage checks into his hat while the crews were changing engines. It appeared to affect them uncommon, to see a fellow without any hands or feet play the mouth organ, and before sun-down Shorty made the killing of his life. With what he raked in that day he kept the city marshal guessing for three months—which was also pretty good for a man without any hands or feet.

All day it was that way; train after train and ovation after ovation. The day was cool as a watermelon—August—and bright as a baby's face all through the mountains; and the Templars went up into the high

passes with all the swing and Harold Davis took it all morning the dispatcher's key. He was used to but he stayed, and just at 12 o'clock, train from Baltimore was loading in front of the Wicklup after an early Templar band played a tingling stuck his dry, parchment face into the elbowed his way unnoticed through the Wicklup stairs, walked into the dispatcher's shoulder and took a transfer.

Young Giddings had been sitting there half an hour then; he copied for the day. At noon they figured to get the Eagle Pass with the set of the took the key he never looked his form was tired; Giddings could see that. He had been sick a week, and Martin had Besides that, all Saturday, the day before, looking the line—figuring what could be what couldn't; what could be what could be put into regular had just got married, and was going Coast on his wedding tour in Dakota refused to look at an order after Saturday day morning, and from Sunday morning against Martin Duffy. When the chief trick there were fourteen Templar specials with the last one just pulling out of the plains. They were ordered to run with over all east-bound trains thirty minutes way through.

A minute after Martin Duffy sat in, the train below registered out. There was soon, and away went the Baltimore were corks, tob, those Baltimore fellows, like lords.

At 5 o'clock in the evening the trains in vision were moving just like clocks on the half-thirty minutes, thirty minutes, thirty and, as far as young Giddings could see, booming hours, was fresher than when he The little dispatcher's capacity for work enormous; it wasn't till after supper time, of the figuring behind him, and in the anxiety, that Martin began to look older. Indian hair began to crawl over his forehead time his eyes had lost their snap, and when Giddings to the key, and got up to walk the hall in the breeze, he looked like a vine. His last batch of orders was only a pared with those that had gone before. Changes to the different crews they read

Telegraphic Train Order No. 68. Mountain Superintendent's Office, August 8, 1892.
For Medicine Bend to C. and E. of Medicine 810, 326, and 526.

Engines 664, 738, 810, and 326 will run on Medicine Bend to Bear Dance. Engine 810 head Special 326 to summit of Eagle Pass.

First No. 80, Engine 179, will run two minutes late Bear Dance to Medicine Bend.

Second No. 80, Engine 264, will run three fifteen minutes late Bear Dance to Medicine Bend.

Third No. 80, Engine 210, will run four thirty minutes late Bear Dance to Medicine Bend.

When young Giddings sat in, the sun was between the Tetons. In the yard the carlarks polishing the plates on Bucks' private a dark cook was pulling chickens out of the Duffy had thirteen Conclaves moving middle trick. The final one was due, and were steaming down with the double-headed over the Pass. This, the last of the Commandery was to bring De Molay Commandery, No. 4, burg, and the orders were to couple Bucks' for the run west. De Molay—and everybody—was Bucks' old commandery back in and he was going to the end of the division with the cronies of his youth. Little fellow in railroading when he rode the goat with now mostly like him, big fellows. Half a salts had been pounding ahead at him all wire. They were to join him and Mr. and han for supper in the private car, and the lay on the thin-shaven ice and the mounted curled on the grill irons when De Molay burg, pulled into Medicine Bend.

We had seen a good many swell trains the swellest that ever pounded our fishplates, Pull and the finest kind of people. Boston, Washington, Philadelphia sent some pretty gurg But with at least half the town on the De Molay Four rolled in, it took their couldn't yell till the Sir Knights began the vestibules and gave Medicine Bend their cheer.

Mahogany vestibules they were, and forms; salon lamps and nickeled hand smoker and private diner; a royal train and pany; olive green from tender to tail light Four, Pittsburgh.

Bucks' old gang spied him. Modestly portico, he stood near the ticket window, and through at him solid. They pulled him and mauled him and passed him from They stood him on his head and on his his feet again, and told him of something and wanted right off.

Bucks looked the least bit uncertain at the opening request. It wasn't much in what they asked; in other ways it was a would stand it; then he called up to Martin was leaning out the dispatcher's window, how he talks," laughed Bucks in his "But, boys, it's up to the chief. I'm not

tin Duffy, staring at the copper coil, pushed himself up in his chair like a man that chokes, caught smothering at his neck, and slipped wriggling to the floor.

Carhart caught him up, but Duffy's eyes stared meaningless past him. Rat River was calling him, but Martin Duffy was past the taking. Like the man next at the gun, Barnes Tracy sprang into the chair with the I, I, D. The surgeon, Giddings helping, dragged Duffy to the lounge in Callahan's room—his chief was more to Giddings than the fate of Special 326. But soon confused voices began to ring from where men were crowding around the dispatcher's table. They echoed in to where the doctors worked over the raving chief. And young Giddings, helping, began, too, to hear strange things from the other room.

"The moon—"

"The moon?"

"The moon!"

"What?"

Barnes Tracy was trying to make himself heard:

"The moon, damn it! Moon! That's English, ain't it? Moon."

"Who's talking at Rat River?" demanded Benedict Morgan, hoarsely.

"Chick Neale, conductor of Third Eighty; their train is back at Rat River. God bless that man," stammered Barnes Tracy, wiping his forehead feverishly; "he's an old operator. He says Bob Duffy is missing—tell Martin, quick, there isn't any wreck—quick!"

"What does Neale say?" cried Doubleday with an explosion.

Tracy thought he had told them, but he hadn't. "He says his engineer, Abe Monsoon, was scared by the moon rising just as they cleared Kennel Butte," explained Tracy unsteadily. "He took it for the headlight of Special 326 and jumped from his engine. The fireman backed the train to Rat River—see?"

"While Tracy talked, Mallers at the key was getting it all. "Look here," he exclaimed, "did you ever hear of such a mix-up in your life? The head brakeman of the freight was in the cab, Neale says. He and the engineer were talking about the last Conclave train, wondering where they were going to meet it, when the brakeman spied the moon coming up around Kennel Butte curve. 'There's the 326 special!' he yelled, and lighted out the gangway. Monsoon reversed and jumped off after him so quick he knocked the fireman over in the coal. When the fireman got up—he hadn't heard a word of it all—he couldn't see anything ahead but the moon. So he stops the train and backs up for the two guys. When Neale and he picked them up, they ran right back to Rat River for orders. They never got to Rock Point at all—why, they never got two miles east of Rat River."

"And where's Special 326?" cried Doubleday.

"At Rock Point, you loco. She must be there and waiting yet for Third Eighty. The stopping of the freight gave her plenty of time to make the meeting point, don't you see, and there she is—sweating—yet. Neale is an old operator. By Heaven! Give me a man of the key against the world. Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

"There isn't to be any wreck?" ventured a shy little lady homeopathic physician, who had been crimped into the fray to help do up the mangled Knights, and was modestly waiting her opportunity.

"Not tonight," announced Tracy with the dignity of a man temporarily in charge of the entire division.

A yell went out of the room like a tidal wave. Doubleday and Benedict Morgan had not spoken to each other since the night of the round-house fire—that was two years ago. They turned wonder-struck to each other. Doubleday impulsively put out his hand, and, before he could pull it in again, the wrecking boss grabbed it like a pay check. Carhart, who was catching the news from the rattle of young Giddings, went wild trying to repeat it to Duffy without losing it in his throat. The chief was opening his eyes, trying to understand.

Medical men of violently differing schools, allopaths, homeopaths, osteopaths, eclectics—made their peace with a whoop. A red-headed druggist, who had rung himself in for a free ride to the horror, threw his emergency packets into the middle of the floor. The doctors caught the impulse; instrument cases were laid with solemn tenderness on the heap, and a dozen crazy men, joining hands around the pyred saws and gauze, struck up "Old Hundred."

Engineer Monsoon was a new man, who had been over the division only twice before in his life, both times in daylight. For that emergency Abe Monsoon was the man of all others, because it takes more than an ordinary moon to scare a thoroughbred West End engineer. But Monsoon and his moon headlight had between them saved De Molay Four from the scrap.

The relief arrangements and Monsoon's headlight were the fun of it, but there was more. Martin Duffy lay eleven weeks with brain fever before they could say moon again to him. Bob had skipped into the mountains in the very hour that he had disgraced himself. He has never shown up at Medicine since; but Martin is still chief, and they think more of him on the Mountain district than ever.

Bucks got the whole thing when De Molay Four reached Rat River that night. Bucks and Callahan and Moore and Oyster and Pat Francis got it and smiled grimly. Nobody else on Special 326 even dreamed of leaving a bone that Sunday night in the Cinnamon cut. All the rest of the evening Bucks smiled just the same at the Knights and the Knightesses, and they thought him for a bachelor wonderfully entertaining.

A month later, when the old boys, more or less ragged, came straggling back from Frisco, Bucks's crowd stayed over a train, and he told his Pennsylvania cronies what they had slipped through in that delay at Rock Point.

"Just luck," laughed one of the Eastern superintendents, who were on his watch chain an enormous Greek cross with "Our Trust is in God" engraved on it. "Just luck," he laughed, "wasn't it?"

"May be," murmured Bucks, looking through the Wickip window at the Teton peaks. "That is—you might call it that—back on the Penn. Out here I guess they'd call it, Just God."

The Genial Idiot.

HE DISCUSSES THE SOCIAL STATUS OF THE OLD MAID.

Contributed by John Kendrick Bangs.

"POOR girl!" sighed the Idiot, as he folded up the letter he had been reading and put it away in his pocket. "It's a tough thing to be an old maid these days."

"I never tried it," said Mr. Brief, with a grin at the Bibliomaniac. "How long have you been one, Mr. Idiot?"

"Well, I've been the next thing to it all my life," replied the Idiot. "First my aunt, and now my sister, and I know the species pretty well. You couldn't qualify at this stage of the game."

"And why not, pray," demanded Mr. Brief.

"You're too effeminate," retorted the Idiot. "But it is only of late years that the old maid's lot has become a problem. In my aunt's day she was a personage to be envied rather than an object of pity. She had her definite place in life, her place in the social order which only she could fill. No home was considered complete without a maiden aunt who, having no children of her own to worry over, was able to reason out a theory of training for the young that was unclouded by the delusive testimonies of experience, as a consequence of which she has become the accepted authority in the science of bringing up children."

"Of what sublimated method of training are you the flower?" demanded Mr. Brief, his soul still rankling over the Idiot's affront to his manhood.

"I am the flower of the system known as the Come One, Come All," returned the Idiot blandly. "I was brought up by everybody in the house, from my mother down to Bridget, the presiding genius of our poor but honest kitchen. Any defect in my moral nature that escaped my mother's eye was sure to be discerned by my Aunt Jane, or if she happened to be elsewhere at the time of its development, either by my father, the cook, Mike the hired man, or somebody else on the premises. But it was a good system, for at no time of the day was I able to escape the eagle eye of one or the other of my many preceptors, and I have known it to result in my getting as many as seven spankings in the course of a single morning. When I see what I have become, I am glad, and thank those dear monitors of my youth for having made me possible in this the day of my efflorescence."

"You seem rather stuck on yourself this morning," sneered the Bibliomaniac.

"Well, why not?" queried the Idiot. "It is a sticky morning, and as I look about this board I see no one upon whom I could more worthily affix myself. Mary, give me a lighter muffin, please. These sixteen-ounce biscuits are a trifle rugged for the delicate adjustments of my interior."

There was a pause, interrupted by a sniff from the landlady, whose liking for reflections of this nature upon the quality of her table did not increase with custom, and then the Idiot resumed:

"Next to motherhood, maiden aunthood in the old times was considered one of the most noble achievements of women. She was the Vice-Queen of Domestic Empire, and ex-officio frequently became its Prime Minister. Sometimes through a certain force of character, or aggressiveness of manner, she made herself the actual ruler of the premises, the nominal rulers letting her have her own way for the sake of peace. She engaged, disciplined and discharged the servants. She kept her eye upon Papa, and frequently shared pieces of her mind with Mamma. She was the kindly but inflexible disciplinarian of the children, and the terror of the indulgent Uncle. What the latter did to spoil his nieces and nephews with his blarney, his candies and his mendacious narratives, she supplied the antidote for—"

"She was the squills of the Domestic Medicine Chest," suggested the Bibliomaniac.

"Say rather the mustard plaster," corrected the Idiot, "for she was always on top, stuck to her duty through thick and thin, and had a very warm side to her nature."

"Well, my recollection of the lady is that she was a disagreeable old hen," said Mr. Brief. "Always sitting on somebody and hatching out trouble, being impertinent to my father, a thorn in my mother's side, and of no earthly use to any one. It is one of the faults of our statutes that a man can get divorce from his wife, but not from his wife's family."

"Oh, there are aunts and aunts, I grant you," said the Idiot. "Some are born aunts, some achieve aunts, and others have aunts thrust upon them. You evidently suffered from the last-named variety. I'd rather be brought up in an incubator than be intrusted to one of that kind. But the born aunt, the maiden aunt who takes upon her shoulders the burdens of others, who has her warm side, and who is not always asking disagreeable questions; who commends you because your hands are clean, instead of seeing them only when they are dirty, that is the kind of an aunt that is worth having. Alas! that she has gone out with so many of the other worthy things of the good old days. Just as the giant steamship manned by mechanics has supplanted the dear old sailing packet with a crew of jolly jack-tars and ex-pirates, so has the new woman supplanted our lovely Aunt Tabitha of other days, and I'm blest if I know who is the happier for it. Certainly the new woman isn't, for from crack of dawn to midnight doth the lady protest, and with equal certainty the lives of those about her are not made easier by her incessant Jeremiahs."

"You are severe," suggested Mrs. Pedagog.

"Not I," cried the Idiot. "She has my sympathy, not my reprobation. She is just as much a product of modern life as the Ferris wheel. She can't help being any more than a piano can help being played on by this new mechanical Paderewski they call the Bangerola.

We should not permit ourselves to confront us, but do what we can to alleviate its condition, either back or forward to the normal fields for scientific investigation none better than that of the old maid to do with trusts, the negro question, Shakespeare, Bacon, Raleigh or Daniel Webster. Problems are comparatively easy of solution. "What shall we do with our old maid content to be an aunt, as she used to be no serious trouble with her, but that day rather be a member of Congress, or a girl has got an idea in her head that it's at least a fearful disadvantage, to be a woman for all the acres of heaven and earth so vile a thing as a man, it is very difficult for her. To be sure, she might become a woman in the language of Poe is 'neither man nor she has too much brain power for that, that is a thing the Willieboy couldn't do."

"That's the trouble with her," said the Idiot.

"She thinks too much."

"Nonsense," said the Idiot. "Nobody thinks too much. But she doesn't think broadly enough. She has come a reaction. Up to within the last century she has thought only of making her life easier. Had she flown to the extreme and thought only of herself, and then make her own life easier that she knows is the man way. Therefore she reasons that man has she must have. She wants to run for President. She wants to smoke cigarettes, and in the drink cocktails. She thinks she'd like to go to the primaries, and do what men do except drive cabs and join the A. O. U. and the funniest part of all, these dear aunts who are wasting their sweetest woman's page, and letting their nieces and nephews, really think that they can be losing any of their feminine charm. They think the bloom of domesticity will remain with them, despite their brushes with the rough man's life."

"They don't think anything about it," Pedagog. "All they seek is to accomplish the world, and if they resent being regarded for nursery work in this life, I don't blame them for times when the apron string is a shame and more galling than a prison chain would be."

"Well said!" agreed the Idiot. "That is coming to. Up to this, thousands of people of the old maids merely as a sort of upper position of an official. If a man marries a six old maid sisters, who are without hope, it is definitely understood that they have rights of husband-elect must recognize. They should of his cabinet, as it were, and the domestic which each family should in time develop to be governed by them, as well as by the suffrage, no man should be permitted to cast his vote to please himself, and in defiance of the convictions of the ladies of his law should require that the mind of the man be made up by the family, and not by mere accident of sex happens to be the man, the wife, and the six maiden sisters. In the family I have suggested should gather and after due deliberation by ballot that man should vote."

"How about a widow who has nobody but her?" asked Mrs. Pedagog.

"It all depends on the widow," smiled the Idiot. "She is like some widows you read about, she dozen men to vote for her. If, on the other hand, she is dull and colorless, she at least has the advantage of knowing that if she can't vote, her husband can't, either. But it isn't widows I was discussing. As a rule they can take care of themselves, but the old maid is a different proposition, they should be taken hold of scientifically. I dread of 'em together down in our National Academy of Science at Washington, and let the male feminists in the world study them, and in a year, two years, five, if necessary. Put them in a laboratory and go at the very root of the matter what it is that they want, and if it can't be had by them. All other schemes will fail. An old maid trust financed by Mr. Morgan advanced, but Mr. Morgan is having all his money kept by his other indigestibles without trying a lot of old maids. I have myself suggested forming themselves into an Association for the Other People's Children, and Sewing on the Old Bachelors, but the suggestion has been shelved by every old maid I have spoken to, subject, and their unrest is growing daily."

"It's all bosh!" said Mrs. Pedagog. "All right, what they need is to get married. It is what men and women were made for, and I notice that agitation about woman's rights and wrongs in exceptional cases that the agitator is married to a real man. What you men need to do is talking about the hard lot of the old maid and marry a few."

"I'll marry a dozen, Mrs. Pedagog!" cried with enthusiasm, "on one condition?"

"What's that?" demanded the landlady.

"That they're not too old," laughed the Idiot.

"Most men would," snapped Mrs. Pedagog.

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THE SORT OF A FELLOW HE IS.

Knippe: What sort of a fellow is John Knippe? Oh, he is one of that kind of always remarking, "It looks as though we'd ruin before night."—[Syracuse Herald.]

In the Valley of Kashmir.

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S
INTERESTING JOURNEY.

From a Special Correspondent.

ALHOUSSIE (British India) Aug. 31, 1903.—The journey from Srinagur, in the Valley of Kashmir, to the hill town of Dalhousie, which we found it necessary to make on account of the floods in Kashmir, took us the whole of ten days, two by houseboat, three driving across the mountains in a rather uncomfortable "tonga," a day and night by train, and two days waiting at the pretty little town of Pathankot, for the roads had been made impassable by the heavy rains. The last two days were spent in driving over the mountains, one of the most beautiful drives in the world, and to the Dalhousie.

On the first day out by tonga from Baramoula, we turned our attention entirely to the different relays of the journey, which we had found on our way into the valley months earlier to be in a pitiable state, but as the journey was to arrive a month later, had all been fattened up, and were now, we were glad to see, in the best possible condition. Every six miles of the drive the animals are changed, and at only two of the stations were the animals changed with the condition of the animals, one being terribly lame, and far from able to do the six miles' haul, for the most part up hill; the other being suffering from blind staggers. The last poor animal we pitied greatly, for it tossed its pretty head in the most frantic manner, and jumped and galloped dreadfully. Finally it was born in upon the unimpaired mind of one of us that the bit might possibly be the cause of all the trouble, so at the end of the miles we examined the horse's mouth, and found it was covered with blood; that its tongue was actually split, and that the cause was, as we had thought, a most devilish bit.

We took off the bridle ourselves, seized upon the instrument of torture, and turning fiercely to the sals, told them to tell the manager of the stables from which the horse had come that we had taken it, and would reward it at once to the Burra Sahib (great master), which is the name given by all natives to the Viceroy; and that if the horse were used again until his mouth healed, the manager would be arrested; that we were observing all the animals used on that road, in order to report to Lord Curzon.

Heaven forgive us for those lies, for such they were, I fear, although to save over our consciences we attempted to report cruelty, if there proved to be any of it, to the gracious and lovely Vicereine, who has sympathy with human suffering with the same feeling for that of the animal world. We wrapped up the terrible bit, which can only be equalled by the instruments of torture used by cruel Mexicans, and when the driver was not looking, we tossed it over a steep cliff and saw it no more.

We stopped not for rain, and we stopped not for food, but sped on in order to do our seventy-seven miles the first day, eating our 10 o'clock breakfast and lunch in the tonga, as we flew along. In fact, the only reason we had was caused by witnessing a fray between two ladies and their tonga driver. We were waiting to have our horses changed at a small station, when we heard voices in the tonga ahead of us, occupied by the officers' wives, in altercation with a very sullen and resentful-looking driver. A question had been asked, and answered with rudeness; a rebuke was given at once, but the man only shrugged his shoulders, and said insolently: "What do I care if you hurt me. I will mind my own business." At that the lady who had not so far taken any part in the conversation hopped instantly out of the tonga, and said to the driver in a commanding tone, "Answer our question at once." The man, however, only laughed. Instantly she hit him hard over the head with her umbrella. He looked a little frightened, but seized her by the arm, a great piece of impertinence in a native, whereat the lady flew at him, and forgetting all dignity, tried to pummel him with all her strength, calling out: "Sahib! Where's a sahib?" The man had all the time for a time to manage both women, and I was rather relieved in mind when a very tall English sahib appeared, even though he received a smart cuff over the head and a command to salaam to the ladies at once, and beg pardon for his insolence.

The two women looked both grateful and crestfallen, and admitted that they had never before touched a man, that it was entirely against their principles, but that they were carried away by the man's insolence. The young officer, as he proved to be, had been secretly smiling all the time, and said it was the best thing they could have done, that the natives were all bullies and cowards, and if all women showed their metal in this way there would be less trouble. We ourselves, of course, agreed with him. There is much said about the treatment of the natives by the Englishman, but it is a question which can only be justly judged from the several months' experience with them in India.

Those we have had to do with have been utterly irresponsible and cowardly to the bone, without respect for women, and in fact without respect for anything except their own skins; dishonest in every way, inveterate liars, and utterly heartless to those in trouble, or to children, but terribly cruel to all animals, and very greedy.

Of course, of the servant class. The better class may be different, but I doubt it. The only way in which one or two women alone can get on in India, when traveling or housekeeping, is by continued scoldings, or by the use of a stick, a degradation, but the most successful method of punishment. The

best and most faithful servant I have seen in India belonged to an officer, the mildest tempered of men, who confessed to me that he hit his man over the head on an average of once a week, and had always done so during the twelve years he had had him.

The first night of our long drive out of the valley we spent at a tiny place (Domel) overhanging the deep and turbulent river Jehlum. It proved to be full to a room, and there was no other Dak bungalow within twelve miles. We were filled with despair for a moment, as it was dark by this time, and twelve more miles after our drive of seventy-seven seemed quite too much. However, our minds were relieved very soon, for two Englishmen came forward and offered most kindly to give us one room to us, and share one between them for the night we were to be there, and we slept the sleep of the very tired.

We waked early, to start at eight in order to do sixty-five miles to the large hill town of Murree. The day was uneventful, and we reached our destination at 4 o'clock, drove up to a hotel, and were promptly told that every room was full, inquired of other hotels, and were informed that not a room was to be had in the town unless there was one in the "Curzon Rest House." We sought that place at once, and found it to be a big barn-like place, with three rooms on the lower floor, entirely unfurnished, except for dirty-looking beds, and a number of small, unfurnished rooms on the upper floor. Such a dirty, horrible-looking place it had not before been our misfortune to come across, and we very reluctantly ordered our luggage into the dreadful room. It seems that the building was hastily thrown up by the Dhanjibroys, proprietors of the tonga line to Rawal Pindi, and is usually occupied by tradesmen and natives, but it was the only place to be had in the whole town, alas! As the nearest hotel was nearly ten minutes walk from there, we went dinnerless to bed, except for a few biscuits and a bit of cheese left from our frugal tiffin, and only to lie awake all night, the prey of the worst of all insects.

Murree is a military post built on the top and along the sides of a hill up nearly eight thousand feet, and is composed of one street of very up-to-date shops, several hotels, and a large number of villas, besides the cantonments. It is a very fashionable hill station, and always during the season more or less full, but at this time trebly so on account of the tremendous exodus from Kashmir, after the floods there. On the afternoon of the third day, after a twenty-five-mile drive in a severe dust storm, we arrived at the big station of Rawal Pindi, and half an hour later were in the train, surrounded by our numerous bags and bundles, speeding away toward Pathankot.

A sleepless night because of fleas and noise, a cup of very bad tea at 6:30 o'clock, a good deal of groaning and grumbling from us both, and we were landed at the station of Amritsar, the city of the "Golden Temple." There, after a hasty and nasty breakfast and a long powwow with a young Eurasian station master as to the amount of luggage we could have with us in our compartment, we boarded the train once more, and after a five hours' crawl, I should call it, through a flat country, covered with palms and banana trees, and grain fields, we reached the pretty town of Pathankot. One of us went at once to a small office in the station to make inquiries as to the possibility of a tonga, or an ekka to Doneira, the first station on the way to Dalhousie, and found a venerable, gray-haired native presiding. He rose politely, and we made our inquiries.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Doneira?"
"Twenty-eight miles, Mem Sahib."
"Could we go that distance this evening in either a tonga or an ekka?"

"It is an impossibility, Mem Sahib, for so much rain hath fallen that the roads are no longer there, and are concealed beneath the fallen hillside."

We were greatly impressed by the elegance of the language and alarmed by the news.

"When," we asked, "do you think it will be possible to get to Dalhousie?"

"That, Mem Sahib, I can tell you not. One sahib arrived today at 4 in the mail tonga, which ought to have been here at 3 of the night, and that sahib related that he and his servant the tonga had carried across half a mile of fallen earth."

We were greatly interested in that sahib, who evidently had a picturesque imagination. A tonga weighs many tons, and for two men to carry it would be a sight worth seeing.

What could we do? We were so anxious to reach our journey's end, so very tired, and we had heard that Pathankot was "feverish." If the Mem Sahibs will have the hospitality of this station and sleep themselves upon sofas in the waiting-room, their luggage shall accompany them into the room, and nothing shall they pay. If the mail tonga fails not to come at 3 of the night, then the Mem Sahibs may easily start at 4 and reach Doneira at about 2 o'clock in that day."

The mem sahibs thanked the stately old person and went off to inspect the station waiting-rooms. In the first-class room we found a very stout Eurasian lady stretched upon two chairs, snoring loudly, the room hermetically sealed, and filled with such a dreadful "native" smell that we fled in disorder. The second-class room proved clean and not impossible, and contained two chaises-longues, which looked comfortable enough, but as there was a continuous noise of hammering in the station, and as the dignified old native gentleman had told us that a train was due at 3:30 a.m., and we might be disturbed, we concluded to get two ekkas for our luggage and make for the Dak bungalow, a mile away.

We had been very fortunate in having rain and cool weather, for it was the hottest season, and we might have had a very trying journey from the heat. We walked a sultry mile along a very muddy road, lined with trees, through the tiny native town, alive with babies and buffaloes, up a hill and into the Dak bun-

galow, which proved to be the cleanest, most comfortable and most picturesquely situated of any one we had ever come across. It was on the hill top, surrounded by palms, tree ferns and other tropical growths, with a distant view of the mountains, and a delicious silence about it, which made it restful indeed to us, tired as we were. As the moon was full, we hastened with our dinner and climbed up a picturesque outside stairway, built against the house like a flying buttress, and onto the flat mud roof, which was green with grass and small wild plants; and here and there gay with patches of a tiny crimson flower, of which we could not find out the name; and we sat up there in the moonlight and in perfect contentment until a raid of mosquitoes drove us to our rooms.

MARGARET STERLING.

HALL CAINE IN ICELAND.

[Reykjavik correspondence London Mail, Aug. 27:] Hall Caine was present last night at the parliamentary dinner at the close of the session of the Althing as a guest of the Governor. He was introduced to the company as a distinguished "skald" (bard), whose writings were widely known and greatly admired in Iceland. Mr. Caine, who was very warmly received, referred to his relation to the Isle of Man, and to the island's connection with Iceland, to which it owed its early settlers, its Constitution, its place and proper names, and said all Manxmen were Icelanders by blood, if not by birth. He had been interested, but not surprised, to find the legislative body of Iceland almost identical with that of Man, where the Lower and Upper Chambers consisted of the same number of members, with almost precisely similar powers. The function he had witnessed in the Althing that day had been practically the same as that which was held on Tynwald on Midsummer Day.

A year ago he had, with others, the honor of accompanying King Edward over his little Norse dominion, and that evening in the parent dominion he had joined them in drinking the health of King Edward's father-in-law, the King of Denmark.

Mr. Caine referred to the new Icelandic Constitution, and spoke in congratulatory terms of the splendid development of autonomy, contrasting Denmark's conduct toward Iceland with Russia's conduct toward Finland. In conclusion he referred to Iceland's needs as being a quicker steamship service or telegraphic communication, to make it popular as a playground for English tourists.

Mr. Caine has since gone on to Thingvalla, in the interior.

The weather is exceptionally fine, but Hecla is reported to be showing signs of eruption, and the Polar ice is said to be near the north coast.

SAYINGS OF SHACABAC.

Dispute not with thy neighbor if his hens permeate thy garden, but bid them welcome, and give them shelter. So shalt thou have fresh-laid eggs for thy breakfast.

Twice blessed is he in whose tent dwell both his mother and his wife's mother; for, even though he gain not Paradise, yet shall he fear not Gehenna.

Polliteness between husband and wife costeth nothing. Were it otherwise, the virtue would be even rarer than it now is.

Marry not any woman out of gratitude, lest perchance she come in time to wonder where the reward cometh in.

Save up money for a rainy day, and it is sure to rain.

It hath been said of the son of the desert, "Lo! he hath sand"; but what availeth a whole Sahara, and no sugar to blend therewith? Or who that hath a river before his door, and never a cow in his barn, shall grow rich in the milk business?

It is very lucky to find a horse shoe, if there be a horse attached. But unlucky if the owner be about.

It is a bad omen to meet, on leaving thy house in the morning, a mad dog, a tiger which hath not breakfasted, or a man to whom thou owest money.

It is unlucky to sleep thirteen in a bed.

Pay as you go, but not if you intend going for good.

Do not put all the best figs at the top of the crate. Have just as good a layer on the bottom also; for there be sometimes evil-minded persons who open the package at that end.

Time is money. Every second saved at your mid-day lunch means so many sequins by and by for your family physician.

Be not angry with your creditors if they importune you. It is nobler to forgive and forget them.

Do not judge a customer by the clothes he wears; he may not have paid for them. Be courteous to all men. The humblest of your neighbors may sit upon your jury one day.—[From "Her Majesty the King," by James Jeffrey Roche.]

PEWTER CADDIES WANTED.

The tea caddy of genuine old pewter that looks worth its cost is a prized trophy this season, particularly if it have a date and a crest, or quaint motto to further the distinction. Next to the pewter, a canister of old silver, with goblin-like faces and figures wrought upon it, is esteemed.

More tea caddies than ever are being designed for drawing-room use. Far corners of the globe are searched for unique and costly caddies. Jewelers and dealers in imported stuffs keep assortments of fine canisters, as well as the purveyors of household supplies.

A caddy of antique silver plate is of straight, round jar pattern, but set upon feet, and with double handles flanking its screw top. A caddy nearly as handsome is of brass, with hand chasing for a border, and has a peculiarly original shape. Some of the brass caddies have scenes that suggest old tapestry work indented and outlined upon them. Curious Chinese caddies are of pottery, in tints of blended green and brown and olive.

An uncommon caddy is of oriental wood, showing eastern symbols and designs in black and green on an ivory-tinted groundwork. Other fine wood canisters have borders in Persian colors for decorative effect. These have oval wooden tops, shutting down with a spring, as a jewel casket is fastened.—[Answers.]

The Weeping Nun.

A MEXICAN LEGEND TO WHICH A SEQUEL HAS JUST BEEN ADDED.

By a Special Contributor.

IN the Santa Rita Mountains, near the lower Parapet range, there is a peculiar rock formation which attracts the attention of travelers.

Where the dead alkali plain melts into the indeterminate horizon, and the Cordillera's low ranges fade from pine-clad slope to barren prairie, through a yawning gap is seen arising what once might have been a great obelisk of rock, but which is now cleft in twain from top to base as if split by a giant blow.

Beyond this V-shaped opening lie rugged mountain ranges, their summits clear against the canopy of limitless cobalt blue which stretches over all New Mexico.

A few years ago this severed rock stood a massive whole, with a strikingly unique outline. It took no stretch of the imagination to discover in this large boulder-like detachment from the upper range the kneeling figure of a veiled woman. From the smooth, rounded summit a hood-shaped crest slipped back, giving the profile of a drooping face; across the breast great ridges showed like folded arms.

The native Mexicans who live about Santa Rita, and whose fathers and grandfathers before them have been workers in the copper mines of that region, call this ancient landmark, "The Weeping Nun," and have preserved from generation to generation a romantic legend about it, the sequel to which has only recently been added, and in a manner to bring conviction to the simple minds of these people of the truth of the tradition and all its fanciful embellishments.

The story runs that, in the days when the Hidalgo was first becoming imbued with patriotism, there lived at Guanajuato a beautiful Spanish girl, Inez Porciano, whose father arranged for her a marriage, but one not to her liking.

Don Francisco Venegas, her father's choice, was a bluff, middle-aged cavalier who had distinguished himself in war, but was not calculated to fire the fancy of a romantic girl of fifteen. Inez, believing her aversion to her stout, iron-gray suitor an indication of unfitness for the duties of the world, became exalted with the idea of becoming the bride of heaven.

She begged her father to allow her to enter a convent. Don Porciano was a wily diplomat, and consented to his daughter's becoming a novice, with the explicit understanding that, if she found she had no vocation, she should yield to his wishes.

Inez's girlhood had been carefully guarded; her intercourse with men confined to her father and her confessor. She had never left the seclusion of her home, except with an argus-eyed duenna, and her hours of solitude were spent in the patio—a courtyard fascinating in picturesque, tropical beauty, but as inaccessible to any breath from the outside world as a convent garden.

So this motherless child, failed by a cross-grained duenna, in exchanging her unloved and uneventful existence in the great hacienda for the quiet convent where sweet-faced nuns made much of her, lost little, and might have gained much, had not the meddlesome little god of Love interfered.

Dona Maria Uruga demanded that, before her charming god-daughter hid herself in the cloister, she should make her a farewell visit. This visit was not looked forward to with much joy by Inez, former experiences having proved but dismal affairs.

Dona Maria was a plump, slovenly, tiresome old lady, and her once handsome estate in the suburbs of the Mexican capital falling into decay.

Its patio was but a walled-in garden, with unkempt shrubs and a tangle of unrestrained creepers growing over the old sundial. Here the scarlet passion flower and jasmine ran riot. Yet its wild disorder did not lack charm, and here Inez spent every afternoon, while Dona Maria prolonged her siesta.

The garden walls were but crumbling ruins, leaving great obstructions of sun-dried brick, but no actual barrier between the patio and the outside world.

Inez, fired with the venturesome spirit of youth, thrilled deliciously with the naughtiness of clambering just outside the mouldering confines of the old placita to sit in the shadow of the adobe debris, where she could gaze over the green slopes off where the site of Chapultepec arose in its shelter of cypress trees.

And one day, stretched under a waving palm at a little distance from her stolen retreat, Inez was startled at discovering a handsome youth. His elbows on the sward, his head propped up on his hands, he seemed deeply engaged in reading the open book lying flat before him.

The girl, meditating instant flight, continued to gaze, fascinated, when suddenly the boy looked up; their eyes met. Inez, poised like a shy wild creature, Claudio thought the most exquisite vision he had ever seen. When he started to his feet and spoke to her, she lingered. That was the beginning.

The weeks sped. Dona Maria slept and dreamed, while her god-daughter kept tryst with her boy lover.

When, at parting, Inez threw herself upon Dona Maria's ample bosom in a passion of tears, no one was more surprised than that good lady, unless it was Don Porciano, who was little prepared for such a display of fervid tenderness from his unemotional daughter.

Inez's novitiate was a failure. Not the most sanguine of her instructors could detect evidences of a true vocation, and it was with complacent satisfaction Don Porciano received the suggestion of the old abbot that Inez be given a glimpse of the world before assuming binding vows.

Inez welcomed the proposition; her thought was that she might again see Claudio, her father's that he would hasten her marriage with Don Francisco.

Inez begged to take up her residence with her god-

mother. Claudio had not forgotten her, and opportunities for meeting, though rare, were made much of.

With every parting they made vows of eternal fidelity, but had nevertheless little real hope in their future, since Claudio was entirely dependent upon the caprice and favor of an uncle whose fortunes turned upon mingling schemes vast and variable, and Inez knew her father's implacability.

The moment arrived, however, for action; she must either wed Don Francisco or announce her determination to return to the convent. Claudio resolved to take her to his uncle and to throw themselves upon his generosity, but through the treachery of one of Dona Maria's servants, these pretty plans were frustrated and at the eleventh hour the lovers were confronted and torn asunder by Don Porciano. He, enraged to the point of frenzy, cursed indiscriminately god-mother and lover, and packed his daughter back to the good nuns.

The temper of this Spanish caballero was still further tried when Don Francisco developed pronounced and particular ideas about taking a bride who had so unreservedly betrayed her sentiments for another, and withdrew his suit. At this Inez's father washed his hands of family affairs, turned his attention to those of state, informed Inez that all that remained to her to do which could give him the slightest satisfaction, was to take the veil.

Claudio's uncle, when the news reached his ears, took no less censorious view of the escapade, and, to put an end to further folly, determined to take his nephew with him upon a hazardous expedition into the unknown interior, on the search for gold.

And so Inez, her heart broken, Claudio lost to her, her father alienated, her god-mother's friendship prohibited, threw herself into the consolations of her religion. Gradually the quiet of the cloister restored peace, the routine and simple interests became dear, the children of the orphanage, the sick whom she cared for, a vital interest in life, which in time led her to think perhaps this was indeed her vocation. But it was not without some inward misgiving that Inez became Sister Cristiano and irrevocably bound herself to a life of self-abnegation.

Nevertheless she fulfilled her obligations faithfully, and when the good Bishop Quiroga sent that small band of trusted, intelligent sisters to extend the work of the mission at Santa Fé, Sister Cristiano was one of those chosen.

Claudio, dead to her, was perhaps so in reality. In the early days of her novitiate a whisper had reached her through the revelations of the indiscreet Dona Maria that, following the fortunes of his uncle, Claudio had gone far to the northward into the Santa Rita mountains, where fortune had awaited them, and it may be that lingering, unacknowledged memories of this confidence made Sister Cristiano's enthusiasm keener for her exile in that north, unsettled country.

Certainly several months later, when hurrying conventward from some errand of mercy along the narrow streets of what is now the oldest city in the United States, Sister Cristiano was marvelously quick to experience a strange thrill at meeting a pair of dark eyes, set in the face of a bearded man whom she would have sworn she had never seen before—eyes which looked full recognition into her own and set her heart wildly beating.

Nervously hurrying the lagging steps of her companion—slow, elderly Sister Patria—Sister Cristiano tried to hasten; the man was following; she heard his regular footfalls behind them. At the convent gate she turned, again to encounter that passionate glance—Claudio's own.

Some two hours later when she was summoned to the hospital ward to attend a "pobre caballero" who had fallen in a fit outside the convent gate, Sister Cristiano went with unwarranted apprehension, but when she recognized Claudio and the reckless subterfuge of his sham illness, she realized that her dress of the religious neither disguised nor protected her from him.

What now may have been the struggles of this good woman—what the persuasions this lover of her youth brought to bear in the brief and chance meetings afforded them, none may know; but the story runs that she became faithless to her vow and, violating her position of trust, under cover of the night, fled with the man who years ago had won her girlish heart.

The meeting had been accidental, the consequences unpremeditated by both. Claudio, who, with peons and mule train, had traveled from Santa Rita, bringing specimens of ore, was ready for return. His was a journey of many days in a time when all journeyings were beset with dangers. Yet from the moment of the flight of these guilty lovers, they encountered unusual vicissitudes.

At the sight of Inez in her cloister dress, Claudio's peons—good Catholics all—whispered together that their master had desecrated and robbed the Holy church; that their expedition was of necessity ill-fated; and several of them deserted. One by one those who remained paid the death penalty for their loyalty to their master.

The party was surprised by robbers and made prisoners in the mountains; effecting their escape, the little remaining band suffered tortures of hunger and thirst over desert wastes, where the last of Claudio's followers succumbed.

Convinced that the hand of God pursued them to their final destruction, the unhappy lovers lost hope, yet struggled on, until, in a dismal ravine still known as El Hueco de la Muerte, a frightful storm broke over them out of a clear sky, and, as in a cloudburst, Claudio was swept from the clinging arms of the agonized Inez and carried away before her eyes to death, in the torrent of rushing waters.

The distracted woman wandered on and on, heart-broken but rebellious and unrepentant. A God of vengeance still followed her. The thunders rolled; lightning played about her head. Fierce storms beat her down. Forced to penitential position, there she knelt when a bolt from Heaven struck her into solid stone.

This was her fate; but from the pigny of a rock in

woman's shape, the image grew; it was a mummy commensurate with the greatness of her sin.

There, imprisoned in this granite shape, her soul was held, and there must remain until, purified and repentant, it shall be released, God, released.

For nearly one hundred years credulous natives have gazed upon this wonderful formation, and have cherished this superstition in regard to the fathers have told the tale, in the mountains of Spain, to dusky-eyed children, who, in turn, repeated it to their little ones.

Two years ago, up into a cloudless sky, a swiftly from behind the Santa Rita range, a murky, spreading out in ink, suddenly a streak of zigzag lightning shot from the mass, struck "The Weeping Nun" and the boulder clean in two, as it is seen today.

All the peon world of Santa Rita saw and still give a sigh of commiserate satisfaction, tell how the soul of poor, sinful Sister Cristiano, after an imprisonment of nearly a century, was released, repentant.

ISABEL BATIN

The Sweet Pea Fair

ARROYO GRANDE'S FESTIVAL KNOWN ELSEWHERE.

By a Special Contributor.

IF you would see the carnival in all its glory, go to Vienna. If you would see the Mardi Gras, go to New Orleans. The Flores is seen in all its beauty at Los Angeles.

see the only sweet pea festival held in all the must come to Arroyo Grande. Long pumpkins of the valley attained fame, and said we were liars came to scoff, but remained for a whole crop of just such pumpkins as we had but which seemed too big to believe.

the pumpkins, however, and in every yard grow the lovely flowers in profusion. The farm, among other items, raises tons upon tons of peas for seed, every year. In order to do fields of these beautiful blossoms must produce peas, and it has become one of the State to see those forty-acre "patches" of glowing beauty, which are at their best the of June.

The origin of the sweet pea fairs is Six years ago, when so many loyal women ing ways and means to raise money for Red among the soldiers of the Spanish-American L. C. Rhoutahn, wife of the manager of the farms, proposed to hold a sweet pea fair.

carnivals were taken as a pattern, only used. So great was the success of the fair Red Cross work ceased to need funds, the loath to lose this annual festival of beauty, ers of the seed farms decided to allow the turn to give these fairs, and of course her ceeds, which often amounted to two hundred or more.

The fair is held on Thursday and Friday week in June. Columbian Hall, the largest chosen, and transformed into a bower of walls are first hidden with palms, bamboo, graceful pepper, with its spicy fragrance. On day an army of girls and women go to pluck the blossoms that stretch in long ribbons across the forty-acre fields, each variety grown row.

The skill of the artist is shown in planting, as the rows are so managed as to produce most beautiful color effect, when in bloom. are gathered, placed in big baskets of w taken by wagon-loads to the hall, where they ferred to tubs of water. Deft fingers set a wonderful and beautiful are the results.

Booths are constructed of pepper and then roofed with sweet peas, each booth displaying single color; and when you have one hundred varieties of blossoms to choose from, what is obtained? Long ropes of greenery and festooned from the ceiling, every pillar is beauty. A great basin is hidden and roofed and blossoms and a fountain splashes and falling drops upon it all. A ship, full-rigged, white and ropes of pink, sails upon a sea of somes. Twelve little men and maidens, wreaths of smilax and sweet peas, dance a pole, winding it with ropes of sweet peas.

On one side, above which rises trees of graduated holds great bouquets of the one hundred and thousands growing on the farm so massed as to be harmoniously.

It were useless to attempt to describe the designs evolved each year. The whole effect, whether viewed from the floor of the hall, stage or balcony. A good orchestra is there the ear, and amid all this loveliness of and fragrant flowers, it is easy to believe in Fairyland, and to wish the illusion to last and a day.

Excursion trains bring hundreds of visitors from other towns, each evening, and so these floral displays become that many have now time their visits to quit, and are here the sweet pea fairs, each year. The farm of Arroyo Grande no longer rests upon its pumpkins; grown to perfection, and even Roosevelt was by them; but he would have been still more had he seen one of its lovely sweet pea fairs.

ANNIE LOUIS

Good Short Stories.

BRIEF ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM
VARIOUS SOURCES.

Compiled for The Times.

Cleveland's Messenger Boy.

HON. WILSON S. BISSELL of Buffalo, who was seriously ill in August, and is now recovering, conducted at one time a partnership in law with Grover Cleveland. Mr. Cleveland, during this partnership, frequently went hunting and fishing, and would never fail, on his return, to send a bird or a bass to Bissell. One day a servant of Mr. Cleveland, a boy of seventeen or thereabouts, brought from his master to Bissell a basket of fish. Mr. Bissell thanked the lad, and then took it in his pocket for a quarter, but his pocket was empty of silver; it contained nothing but notes of large denomination.

"Thank you for the fish, my boy," repeated Mr. Bissell, and he turned again to his desk. He thought it hardly worth while to explain that he had no change. He doubted if the lad was anxious enough for a tip to be willing to ransack the neighborhood for change for a large bill. But here the boy set him right.

"Mr. Bissell," he said, "excuse me," and he wriggled indignantly.

"Well, my lad, what is it?"

"Why," said the boy, "when I go back home and tell Cleveland that I delivered the fish, if he asks me what you gave me, what would you like me to say to him, sir?"

The Doctor and the Stonecutter.

THE novelist Thomas A. Janvier has lived for a number of years in France, and has collected many tales and anecdotes of the French peasantry.

"I heard a story of a physician the other day," Mr. Janvier said recently. "He was a physician of Provence, and one morning, stopping his gig, he entered into conversing talk with a tombstone maker.

"While the talk went on, the tombstone man did not cease to work. He had a chisel in one hand, and a mallet in the other. He was carving upon his tombstone words, 'Sacred to the memory of —' and the rest would leave blank.

This proceeding, for some reason amused the physician. Watching the stone cutter, he laughed heartily. "Why," said the other, "do you laugh?"

"Because your way of work amuses me," the physician said. "Do you always cut out upon your headstones the beginning of the obituary, and then wait?"

"No," said the stone cutter, "not always. When there come one sick and you are treating him, I keep on."

Britain's Conquerors.

SENATOR ALDRICH of Rhode Island visited a typical London music hall the last time he was abroad. A melodrama called "The British Heart of Oak" was played by seven men and a young woman. The melodrama was laid in the early years of the century, and four of the players represented American soldiers. These American soldiers were a ragged, ragged lot, for it was the idea of the melodrama to make the American army. As the men came on the stage they were put through an examination.

"What was your business before you became a soldier?" they would be asked, and to this question one answered that he had been a tailor, another that he had been a cobbler, a third that he had been a cook, and so on. The audience laughed uproariously at an army composed of men from such sedentary and confining trades, but in the midst of the laughter Senator Aldrich's American heart was rejoiced to hear a voice from the gallery:

"Hurray! Great Britain licked by tailors, cobblers and cooks! Hurray!"

The Doctor's Opinion.

JUDGE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES of Boston told the other day an anecdote of his father, the noted lawyer and physician. Judge Holmes said that a prolific novelist, whose works are now very popular, had consulted his father regarding his health.

"Perhaps," the young man said, after narrating his symptoms, "perhaps I write too much for my constitution."

"Not for your constitution," Dr. Holmes corrected him. "For your reputation."

The Judge's Retort.

JOHN PENNYPACKER of Pennsylvania was, before the election, a judge in the Philadelphia courts. A case of his in a certain case was once disputed by a headstrong young lawyer, who said, when the judge declined to affirm against all his arguments:

"Well, sir, if that's law, I'll go home and burn my books."

"Hain't you better," said the judge, "go home and burn them?"

Meeting a Thin Man.

WALTER S. LOGAN of the American Bar Association's Committee on Commercial Law—it was this committee that in August made a report in favor of the abolition of trusts—is a Yale man of the class of 1870. Mr. Logan is a man of broad culture. He belongs to many historical and scientific societies, and at a meeting of one of these societies he told, one night, an anecdote of a French emigre.

"This poor fellow, a count," he said, "had just suc-

ceeded in crossing the water, after innumerable hardships and privations. He was as thin as a rail, and his clothes hung like rags on his bones.

"He sent for a barber to shave him. The barber came, and was obliged to put his hand in the man's mouth to plump out his cheeks by pressing his thumb against them from the inside, for they were so hollow that otherwise they would not have met the razor's edge.

"In this odd way, then, the barber shaved our poor emigre, cutting him deep and often during the operation.

"It is unpardonable, sir, the cuts you have given me," the emigre said when the shaving was over.

"The barber looked at him with disgust. 'Hang you,' he said, 'I've cut my own thumbs through your blasted cheeks.'"

Sawney Went Back.

THE youngest bank president in the world is Carl R. Schultz, president of the Equitable National Bank of New York. Mr. Schultz is only 27 years old. He was graduated from Yale only six years ago. This young man was asked recently to what quality he attributed his success, and he replied that he attributed it to discretion and coolness. Then he was asked to give an instance of that quality's manifestation, but he would not give a personal one. He said, with a laugh, that he would give an instance of coolness and discretion, but it would be one somewhat different from the kind he meant, and it would pertain not to himself, but to a Scotchman.

"There was a Scot," he said, "who owned a fine orchard, surrounded by a hedge. One day, as he entered this orchard, he saw a neighbor of his creeping on hands and knees through his hedge, so as to steal some fruit.

"Sawney, hoot, hoot, mon," exclaimed the Scot, reproachfully, 'whaur are ye gangin'?"

"The discreet Sawney answered:

"Back agen.'"

Fame and Geography.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS told the following story on himself at a recent dinner: "Just after my unsuccessful campaign for Mayor of Yonkers, a friend of mine came up to pay me a visit. He inquired my address of a policeman, and I am glad to say the policeman did not know me. My friend thought that a corner saloonkeeper could surely tell him, but I am glad to say that he also did not know me. A constituent of mine, happening to overhear his inquiry, asked:

"Bangs, Bangs, do you mane that Bangs that was just after runnin' for Mayor?"

"My friend told him that I was the same one, but explained that that was not Mr. Bangs's only attribute to fame. He went on to say that Mr. Bangs had written several books, one of which a man out in California had read from beginning to end, and that a large family in Salt Lake City had read another of his works. In fact, he said Mr. Bangs's reputation might well be called national.

"Well," broke in the Irishman, 'his reputation might well be called national, but O'll be hanged if it's local.'"

—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Her Impression.

THE artist was of the impressionist school. He had just given the last touches to a purple and blue canvas when his wife came into his studio.

"My dear," said he, "this is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for."

"Why not call it 'Home'?" she said, after a long look. "Home?" why?"

"Because there's no place like it," she replied, meekly.

—[Ram's Horn.]

Cause of Coolness.

WHEN Gen. Fitzhugh Lee went home after the war with Spain and the evacuation of Havana, he made calls on all his neighbors, as a matter of course, and was received with marked coldness by the old chap who had served under him during the rebellion. Lee tried his best to warm the old friend and neighbor up, and finally felt impelled to inquire what the matter was.

"General, I allow as how we've always been friends?" asked the veteran in return.

"Y-e-s, we have," replied Lee, "and there's nothing in the world I would not do for you."

"Well, there's just one thing I allow you can do for me, and that is to send me word half an hour after you're ready to die, so that I may make haste to shuffle off ahead of you."

"Why?" asked Lee, his amazement increasing, "what under heaven is your reason for wanting to die before me?"

"I'm mighty anxious," was the reply, "to hear what in the h— Gen. Ju-bal Ear-ly says when he sees you a-comin' in the golden gate in a blue uniform."—[Philadelphia Times.]

Why He Was Interested.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS has acted as the literary godfather for many young native authors who sought him out early in their careers to ask his good offices. One of these, at least, was ungrateful; for when he "arrived," and had reached that position where his say in literary affairs meant something, he never lost an opportunity to say nice things of the author of "Silas Lapham." On one occasion the younger author made an address before a body of literary men in which he virtually asserted that everything good and great in native literature owed its inspiration to Howells. The address was printed far and wide, and commented on at length not always in a manner complimentary to its author. Mr. Howells's attention was naturally called to the matter, and he wrote his protégé a letter in which he involved a story of two men who, bathing at the sea-

shore, were seen struggling and crying for help. A crowd gathered to watch the efforts of the lifeguards, who could hear above the roar of the ocean and the noise made by the crowd, a voice bellowing:

"Save the red-haired man! Save him first! The red-haired man, sure!"

Both men were saved, and the guards, going after the excitable fellow on the beach, in the hope of gratuity, asked:

"Red-haired chap relation o' yours, sir?"

"No—no relative at all," he replied, but he owes me \$19."—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Why the Captain Declined.

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS of this city is a member of the class of '83 at Cornell, and at commencement at Ithaca the other day he responded for his class, which was celebrating its twenty-year reunion at the alumni luncheon. He told a story of a retired navy captain who was asked to fire an old cannon, in order to bring to the surface of a lake the body of a young man who had been drowned. The captain put on his uniform, marched solemnly to the edge of the lake and fired the cannon. Then he marched back home. In the meantime a body had come to the surface, but it was not that of the young man. The captain was induced to return. Again he fired the cannon. This time he waited to see the result. Soon there was a ripple and another body came up; another ripple, and another body came to the surface.

"There," said the captain, "take your pick."

He waited on shore while the searchers went out for the bodies. They came back and reported that neither was the body that was wanted. Wouldn't he fire the cannon once more?

"No," said the captain, "No, by gum! Do you think I'm going to set up in opposition to judgment day?"—[New York Times.]

The Poet's Opinion.

LOYD MIFFLIN, the poet, lives in retirement in a beautiful house at Columbia, Pa., but now and then, for the sake of change, he makes a short visit to New York or to Boston.

Not long ago, in Boston, Mr. Mifflin attended a church service of a sensational sort. The preacher discoursed upon a delicate subject with very bad taste, and Mr. Mifflin, for nearly two hours, shuddered with disgust and yawned with lassitude.

At the end some one asked the poet what he thought of the sermon. He replied:

"It was as broad as it was long."

"Poor Company Better than None."

WHEN William H. Taft, who succeeds Mr. Root as Secretary of War, was a young man in Cincinnati, he was accosted one day, while driving on the outskirts of the city, by a pedestrian who wanted to know how to get to a certain village.

"You go," said Mr. Taft, "down this road, and then you turn to the left, and afterwards—but I am going in that direction myself. Will you get in and let me drive you?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said the stranger. "Poor company is better than none."

He climbed up and took his seat. He was tall and thin, with a very gruff, rude manner.

Young Taft tried to entertain him, tried to get him to talk, but he would say little. Once he drew out a well-filled case, selected a cigar, and returned the case to his pocket again. He was insufferable.

The young man whipped up his horse, and mile after mile was covered in silence. It was beginning to grow dark.

"How about that road to the left that I was to take?" exclaimed the stranger suddenly. "Aint we come to it yet?"

"Oh, we passed it six miles back," said Taft.

"Why didn't you tell me?" said the stranger.

"Because I didn't want to lose your society. Poor company, you know, is better than none," said the young man.

Counting the Pigs.

PROF. MARK VERNON SLINGERLAND, of Cornell, who has asked the general public to send him by mail all the bugs it can find, was looking for entomological specimens outside of Ithaca one day, when he saw a colored man conducting himself very curiously in a pig pen.

"What are you doing in there, my man?" asked Prof. Slingerland.

"I'm countin' these pigs, sir," the other answered.

"Well, are you getting on all right?"

"Pretty near all right," said the colored man. "I've counted all but one. This little speckled pig here, he frisks about so much that I ain't been able to count him yet."

The Two Broom Makers.

HENRY CLEWS, the well-known banker, was talking about a business condition of which he disapproved.

"Such a state of affairs," he said, "reminds me of the business of the two broom makers of Jersey City. Didn't you ever hear about those two broom makers?"

Mr. Clews smiled. Then he went on:

"They were rivals in business, and in their hatred of each other they cut rates until both were selling at starvation prices.

"One day they met on the street, each with a load of brooms on his back. They frowned at each other, and then the man with the smaller load said:

"How is it—tell me how it is—that you can sell brooms cheaper than me, when I steal my broom corn?"

"I," said the other, "steal my brooms ready made."

West End of Canada. By Frederic J. Haskin.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A LARGE COUNTRY WITH BUT FEW INHABITANTS.

From a Special Correspondent.

VANCOUVER (B. C.) Oct. 5.—The traveler in the West and North may gather many impressions, but one that will be particularly borne in upon him is the vast area and the exceedingly small population. Prince of Wales Island, which is mentioned so frequently in connection with the Alaskan boundary dispute, is larger than many of the European principalities, yet it has only 165 inhabitants; British Columbia would make about ten States the size of Illinois, but it has fewer people than Kansas City. Vancouver is styled "the sunset doorway of the dominion," and there is considerable talk about its "hands reaching across the sea," but the observer will soon conclude that along with the "reaching" for outside affairs, it might be well to eliminate some of the thickets near the downtown district. There is enough brush in the city limits of Vancouver for a stranger to get lost in if he should happen to stray from the board walk. In one place there is a stretch of brush about five blocks long. It is bounded on the front by the board walk, on the back by more brush, and on either end by a brick building. Nailed to a gnarled red haw tree was this sign: "Building will be erected here to suit tenant." There is no telling what day will mark the passing of the red haw tree.

Woman Came.

The West never cuts its garments too small. The misfit is often ludicrous, but, after all, it is better to have more room than not enough. Daddy Freeman moved to British Columbia in order to get more room. He was an eccentric bachelor who said he "wanted to get away from the darned women." For years he made his home in the stump of a big tree. One day a mover's wagon came to a halt down the cañon a short distance from his improvised shanty. In a little while he heard a woman's voice. She was singing while she worked. The woods rang with the clash of steel and the fall of timber. The man was making a clearing, and it was evident the newcomers were going to locate. Daddy Freeman gathered his belongings into a pack, bowed his shoulders to it, and went up the trail. Poor old Daddy

Freeman! Some faithless girl in whom he put his trust had given his heart a terrible wrench, and he never got over it. He lived in his stump like an imprisoned animal, brooding over his sore. He would not allow it to heal. The coming of the woman down the cañon was inevitable. Without her, man could never win his fight against the wilderness. She sings for him, cooks for him, and raises babies for him. What would the world be without her? The man who has a grudge against

womankind is to be pitied. Soon after the mover disturbed old Daddy Freeman, he curled up by the side of the trail still in the same position. Lord was merciful to let the old man die alone with his pack, for their are many more in British Columbia now.

Sports Well Patronized.

All kinds of sports are liberally patronized.



A Fraser river Salmon

I heard the hotel clerk asking about the finals of a tennis tournament. That same afternoon the waiter on a street car was all smiles because he had just won a bet on any old proposition in this man's game. If two sparrows are sitting on a telephone wire, one will fly first. It's a fair proposition because one will break which one will make the first move. It's an even break which one will make the first move. There is no chance for a put up job. Every game from baseball and prize fights to golf and races is a crowd, but when a lacrosse match is pulled off, it's a series of thrills from start to finish. The lacrosse is a ten-year-old. Lacrosse is a splendid game which can watch a contest without getting bored. It is a very cold-blooded person. Nearly all the lacrosse teams are now, and the game is gradually becoming known in this country. There will be several matches at the St. Louis Exposition next year.

There are many Indians in British Columbia, and their customs are very strange. Their methods of living, according to a gentleman well acquainted with their ways, are quite contrary to the usual manner of procedure. When a young man takes a fancy to a girl and desires to make her his wife, he goes to the home of her parents and squats down just inside the door. With his blanket wrapped about him he remains there day and night without eating or drinking. At this time no member of the girl's family takes notice of him. The only difference his presence makes in the house is to cause the parents to keep the fire burning all night. This is done so they may perceive that he takes no advantage of his position to the girl to make love to her. On the third day, if the suitor is acceptable to the parents, the father sends some neighbor to tell the youth that he will be acceptable as a son-in-law. They do not speak to him or give any sign of their favorable feeling toward him at this stage of the proceedings. It would be improper to have any communication between the suitor and the girl's family. The neighbor who breaks the ice to the young man cooks him a meal from provisions in the home of his future mother-in-law, so that he can eat his long fast and go on his way rejoicing. If he is rejected he has to go away hungry. If his suit is accepted, the young man receives the young woman at this stage of the courtship. He goes to the home of the girl's parents and cuts a quantity of the kind most esteemed by the Indians, and takes it to the home of the girl's parents and the fire for the inmates. If the parents are in their objection to him, they take the wood and throw it out of the house. Still, the youth repeats this performance on the second morning and again on the third. Unless there is a grave objection he will be accepted on the third morning. This is done, not by word of mouth, but by the elder members of the family coming and sitting on the fire. He has built and warming their feet. He is invited to breakfast, and the news of his fortune soon spreads among his friends.

Legend about the origin of daylight is a story of a savage folk-lore. A sea gull had all the light shut up in a little box. He carried it with him, opening the lid just far enough to see his own way, and all other beings had to carry on or grope their way in darkness. One day the gull was laid up with a sore foot, and his friend, the raven, came to see him. The raven asked to examine the box, and in order that he might see, just a sliver of daylight was allowed to escape from the box. The gull could not see plainly, and, taking the box, he hid it under the lid. The long imprisoned daylight shined all over the world, and could not be gathered up. When the invalid saw that his treasure had escaped from him forever, his grief was bitter, and he could not be consoled. That is why sea gulls cry so loudly as they skim over the water or wheel in the sky. The sorrow of the ancestor has been visited on generations, and finds expression in the doleful wail that above the tumult of the storm.

One conspicuous figure in British Columbia is the Chinaman. He is as industrious as the Indian is lazy. In the North what the negro is to the South, with the exception that he attends more strictly to business, the Chinaman is a more efficient and reliable menial than the colored servant. He answers your bell at the black your boots, washes your clothes, makes your bed, carries your horse, chops your wood, in fact, is doing nothing in the way of servile labor that he does not do. Every fourth person in Victoria is a Chinaman, and the ratio is nearly as great in Vancouver. The dress of the Chinese women, as they patterned to their small, thick-soled shoes, adds a bit of color to the newness of the West. The Chinese woman with her jet black, slanting eyes, is an object of interest in whom interest never seems to wane. As a rule, the Chinese are quite intelligent. They are to be found attending the public schools, and the showing made is often quite creditable. When a Chinaman comes to his house the invitation is so cordial that it cannot be questioned. No matter what the visitor may enter a Chinese home, tea is always served, and its quality, as well as the manner of serving, is quite in keeping with the oriental reputation for confidence in this respect.

There is much interest in the sealing business was seen in Victoria. Many of the hunters lived here, and there are many stories in circulation about the exploits they met with. One incident was used by

Rudyard Kipling as the basis for a story. It concerned two captains who determined to make a raid into prohibited territory. Each had his own boat and crew, but the agreement was made that after the raid they should meet and make an equal division of the spoils. They killed several thousand seals, and everything went well until the division was all but consummated. There was an odd skin, and they became involved in a quarrel over its possession. They separated in anger, and then one of them worked a ruse which for cleverness and originality beats anything on record. He rigged up his boat to look as much like a Russian gunboat as possible. He used stovepipes to represent guns, nailed several barrels together, end on end, painted them black, and put them where the funnel ought to be. He tore an old coat to pieces and used it with some other material to make a very creditable imitation of the Russian flag. His partner remained on shore where they had separated, taking care of his sealskins. During a fog, the captain of the counterfeit Russian gunboat advanced just close enough so his strange-looking craft could be sighted by the poachers on shore. They saw it, and took just one look. They got out of there in such a hurry that they left all their sealskins on the beach, thinking they were very lucky to get away at all. The captain of the make-believe gunboat soon came into port with all the skins, and the dodge he had worked soon leaked out. It goes without saying that the other crew was furious when they found how they had been sold. It was a smart trick, and shows that it takes a robber to outdo a thief.

The "Remittance Man."

Another character in British Columbia is the "remittance man." As generally used this refers to the reckless, dissipated member of some wealthy English family, who has been sent away from home on account of worthlessness, and to whom a small monthly remittance is sent. The amount of the remittance is made small to enforce living within proper bounds, but that end is not always attained. There are many stories about the high carrying on of these sporty young Englishmen, and the big bills their fathers have had to foot for them. But there are many people who depend upon remittances who are quite respectable. This comes from the English dot, or marriage settlement. It is the custom in the old country for parents to settle upon their children, when they marry, a certain stipend, which is invested and the income forwarded to them each month. This is always a great help to the young people in making their start in life. It is especially advantageous to the girl, for it makes her independent in case her husband does not get on well, or if she becomes a widow.

The American custom of keeping estates intact until the death of the head of the family, often causes children unnecessary hardship. Their share of the family possessions is withheld during the time they need it most, and often comes into their control too late for them to enjoy it and make the most of it. On the other hand, a permanent income, large enough to live upon, often destroys ambition. A young man who might otherwise work and make a name for himself, is content to take his leisure. This sort of man never sets the world on fire. He is something of a genteel loafer who does no great thing for himself, his family, or his country. The young American who talks the neighbor girl into marrying him, then takes off his coat and goes to work to support her, is the fellow you may expect to get on in the world.

DEATH-BEARING RAYS.

DESTRUCTION TO BE ACCOMPLISHED BY ELECTRICITY SENT FROM A SEARCHLIGHT.

[London Express:] Again science is vindicating the fictionist. In his thrilling story, "The War of the Worlds," Mr. H. G. Wells described how the inhabitants of Mars invaded the earth and spread destruction with a marvelous heat ray. It was like a huge searchlight, except that it set fire to everything upon which it played, reducing woods and towns to tinder, and blowing up the ammunition of the terrestrial artillery.

Almost as terrible as this imaginary heat ray of the Martians, is an invention which has just been produced by a Hungarian scientist.

He is said to have devised a method of sending electric waves along the rays of a searchlight which will destroy anything in their path.

To some extent the principle of the X-rays is employed in creating the new light. It has almost the same power under water that the searchlight has in throwing its beams through the clearer medium of the air.

If you look carefully at a searchlight in action you will see an especially brilliant concentration of its brightness just at the point where the rays leave the projector. A long stream of rather faint light marks the rest of its course until it strikes full against the solid hull of the ship toward which it is directed.

Upon that surface the flood of light seems to concentrate itself again with nearly the same intensity that it manifested on leaving the projector. White and clear in every detail, the object pointed at stands out as though the sun itself were shining straight down upon it.

Now, far down beneath the surface of the ocean this wonderful newly-discovered light behaves in very much the same fashion. Indeed, it differs in but one particular. The rays are practically invisible, except at the point upon which they are directed. A wonderful step in the game of war is the development of this new submarine searchlight, and yet it is only half of what the ingenious British inventors expect to accomplish.

Torpedoes or submarines could be detected by the new light, but to destroy them would be a more difficult matter. Something better than steel shells must be found to sink a lively little craft running along twenty or thirty feet under the surface of the water.

This better plan has been hit on by following up the experiments of experts who have studied the possi-

bility of sending electric currents along the track made by rays of light. Already they have succeeded in telephoning for a limited distance over a light-ray of great intensity. The rays have developed one unquestioned property—they are as useful as wires for the transmission of several currents at a time.

The current used in these experiments is of a peculiar nature. The secret of its production has been very carefully guarded. Naval officers, when they vouchsafe to give any information at all on the subject, say that it is not so much an alternating as a cumulative current, and works somewhat as follows: The projectors from which the light issues are located in the battleship a little below the water line. The operator in charge of each sweeps the sea beneath the waves until he discovers the attacking submarine or torpedo.

He then turns on the special current, and this is what happens:

A stream of electric pulsations flows outward along the light ray, and the intervals of pulsation lessen gradually, at the same time gathering strength and increasing in intensity until they become powerful blows approaching detonations in character.

The shock of these electric blows—strokes of lightning they might be called—is sufficient to set off any explosive contained in the hull of the approaching submarine.

In proof of this fact, the officers conducting a recent test blew off the head of a torpedo at a distance of 300 feet, the torpedo being thirty feet under water at the moment of the explosion.

In other similar tests the pulsating current acted on the fuse or trigger of the torpedo, setting it off just as effectively as would sudden contact with the side of a ship's hull.

THEY SAVED THEIR WAGES.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS WHO MIGHT DRIVE THEIR OWN CARRIAGES.

[Tit-Bits:] It is one of the strange contradictions one encounters in English life that there are many servants who are content to serve masters poorer than themselves; while there are still more who are in a position at any time to retire from positions of dependence and "set up as ladies and gentlemen" on their own account.

Mr. William Couchman, Lord Ravenscourt's butler, who died recently, leaving behind the substantial fortune of £30,000, was a conspicuous member of the latter class—a man who, although he might even have aspired to the lofty ambition of driving his own carriage, was willing to the last to make a trifling addition to his private income of £1200 or £1500 a year by acting as butler for another.

Hundreds of barristers of the Middle Temple can recall a similar case, where a white-haired, aristocratic old man, who had a beautiful house in the country, and a reputed income of at least £1500 a year, found his greatest pleasure in handing around beer to the messes in Hall, and offering his silver snuff box to his special favorites among the diners in gowns. For many a long year "Sir John," as he was invariably called, acted as clerk to a celebrated Recorder of London, and by thrift and shrewd investment had accumulated a fortune for which many of the lawyers he served would gladly have exchanged their prospect of emolument.

It is not many months since Mr. Henry Page died, leaving his accumulated savings of over £12,000 to the master whose family he had served loyally for over fifty years. Entering his service as stable boy, he was gradually promoted to the dignified office of butler, which he held for nearly forty years, and which, in spite of failing health, he refused to relinquish until death came to relieve him. During his latter years of service, when misfortune had overtaken his employer, he not only refused to receive any wages, but is said to have advanced large sums to help his master, finally leaving him all he had.

There is living today in the North of England an aged housekeeper, who is reputed to be wealthier than her master. About six years ago her only brother, who had emigrated to Australia in the sixties, died, leaving his fortune of over £50,000 to his sister. The old lady took her unexpected windfall very calmly and philosophically; and contrary to all expectations, she still continues to carry the domestic bunch of keys.

In the early seventies Miss Mary —, an attractive girl, who was housemaid to an impoverished young Yorkshire squire, received a rich windfall of over £60,000 from a bachelor uncle whom she had never seen. Unlike the housekeeper, Miss Mary did not see the necessity of remaining a menial when she might be a mistress; so, after spending a couple of years in self-improvement, on the continent, she made her home in London under the chaperonage of a lady of title, but limited means, and made her debut in society. Being a girl of great personal attractions, and well gilded, withal, she had no lack of wooers; and within a year she became the wife of Graf von —, who was then an attaché of the German embassy in London. Today the emancipated housemaid is one of the most highly placed and courted ladies in German society.

Mr. M —, known to the writer, could, if necessary, write a check for a quarter of a million, and still remain a man of substance. Less than thirty years ago he retired from service as butler to a well-known baronet, and invested his savings of less than £1000 in a public house in the north of London. Ten years later, so rapidly had he prospered, he was owner of half a dozen public houses, each of which yielded an income in four figures, and today he counts it a poor year which does not add £30,000 to his exchequer.

WHAT ELSE WERE THEY FOR?

Stranger: I notice that this part of the country seems fairly teeming with horses.

Anne Arundell: Yessir. And when it comes to teamin' they ain't nothing much better t' team with than horses.—[Baltimore American.]

In Bulgaria.

THE MIDNIGHT ADVENTURES OF AN AMERICAN.

By a Special Contributor.

"It may pass, it must pass," he said grimly to himself as he stared keenly into the scrap of a mirror which had reflected so many different faces in its time. At present the glass gave back to his scrutiny a very good representation of a Turkish soldier, only the eyes were too frank and kindly, the resolute American mouth too clean in its firm lines for a perfect masquerade. "It's my one chance," he muttered, "but it's a good one. In the looting of this unhappy little village that rabble of soldiers will have no time to examine every apparent Turk to see if he is 'the real thing.'"

He looked down at the body of the dead mercenary whose clothes he had adopted. Beside the Turk lay Hastings's landlord, a Bulgarian, who had exacted a life for his own murder. It was the death struggle of these two which had first awakened the American in his little bedroom.

Hastings had come too late to save his host, but in time to hear the dying Bulgarian's cry of warning:

"Haida! Haida! (hasten! hasten!) the porters are on you."

With the cry still ringing in his ears Hastings had crossed to the latticed window of the square building and then had stood, sickened at the sights and sounds meeting him.

Half the village was aflame, painting crimson the moonless midnight sky. By the light of the fires murder and rapine held unchecked away, the half-dressed Bulgarians, yet stupid from sleep, being about as capable of resistance as startled sheep.

He had believed himself safe in his quality of representative of a journal which had sent him abroad to furnish special articles on Bulgaria, his mania for acquiring strange dialects fitting him for the task. But his confidence in his position had been promptly shattered, for he could hear the soldiers yelling to one another to "find and kill the infidel dog who wrote blasphemies of the Sultan." It was then that the American hurriedly stripped the uniform from the dead Turk, and now, as the shouts drew nearer the inn, Hastings raised the window and dropped on the rose bed beneath and sought safety, not in flight to right or left, but by running straight to the center of the village, where he was caught in a disorderly band of Turks and swept on to the lower end of the village, accepted as one of themselves.

Hastings drew the short stabbing sword which he had taken from the dead Turk, and yelled aloud with the rest; but the lust of killing which now burned in his veins was not toward the hapless and imploring Bulgarians, it was on their butchers that he longed to turn, scarcely able to resist the insane impulse.

Suddenly two Turks whirled down an alley in pursuit of a Bulgar lad, who, by his dress, seemed of some rank. Hastings tore himself from the crowd, and dashed after them, reaching them just as a blind wall turned to the unarmed boy.

The youth dropped on one knee and lifted an arm, as though to ward off the sight of death; but he uttered no cry and waited wordlessly for his murderers.

They never came. Hastings drove his sword between the shoulders of one, and when the second turned at his companion's dying howl the American was ready for him.

"Allah! It is the foreign dog—the writer of scurrilous pages!" gasped the enraged mercenary, but his words were drowned in the crack of Hastings's revolver, and in his own choked cry as he fell.

The lad stumbled to his feet, dazed, unable to believe his good fortune; but Hastings shook him rudely by the arm, addressing him in his own tongue:

"Get into that fellow's clothes," he snapped, pointing at the smaller Turk; "and be quick about it—hurry!"

The Bulgar obeyed.

"Then you—you are not of this devil's cheta" (band,) he stammered, knotting the Turk's red sash round his own slender waist with faltering fingers.

"I should hope not," growled Hastings, pulling a fez roughly over his companion's curls. "Keep at my heels, hold your tongue, leave me to talk their infernal Turkish, and we may yet get out of this. We are near the border, and once over—well, well, why the deuce are you wringing your hands like that?"

"There is one whom I cannot leave," sobbed the boy. "Her dead father made me promise always to guard her—he called her my sister. She is more than that to me. I love her, though she will never love me in return. She is—"

"Is this a time for love stories?" interrupted Hastings, angrily. "We will go to our deaths if we try to save her—for God help any woman here tonight! Better she had never been born—but we can try—if we are not already too late."

Hope flushed the young Bulgar's face. "This way!" he cried, and set off into the shadows with the speed of a greyhound, turning once to say to Hastings over his shoulder: "I know you will protect her."

"I can only try," returned the American, between set teeth. If I save one woman from this hell it will be something.

Five minutes later they ran into a house on the village confines, deeply shadowed by trees. No bolts opposed them, the inhabitants seemed fled, until at last they reached a locked door. The lad beat on it eagerly.

"Open! Open!" he cried. "It is I—Costadin!"

It was flung wide at his call, and a woman faced them. She started at sight of their uniforms, but a glance reassured her.

"Praise God it is you, Costadin!" she cried, the harsh Bulgarian tongue dropping like honey from her lips.

"But this other—"

"Is a friend," returned Hastings. "Trust me and I will save you."

"I do trust you," she said, her white face taking on color again at the hopeful words. "But oh, if you do fail you will not leave me alive in the hands of these wretches or their voivodi who dare call themselves men of worth?"

"They shall never touch you alive," said Hastings quietly. "And now, quickly, your longest and heaviest veil; let me have it."

As he wound the heavy black veil over her head and shoulders by the light of the single taper burning in the room, the American shuddered at the girl's wonderful beauty; it would make his task insuperably hard should that veil be torn away.

Instead of the high cheek bones, light thin hair and narrow eyes which mark the true Bulgarian, this woman's features were exquisite in contour, her hair thick and dark brown, and her great violet eyes were shaded by long silken lashes.

The correspondent hurried her downstairs and out into the night.

Scarcely had they left the house when a mother, carrying an infant, ran screaming across their path. At her heels were twenty hell hounds in human form, true children of the sick man of Europe. The nearest tore the child from her arms and with the mad laughter of a fiend dashed out its life against a tree. The others closed in on the young mother, but as their hands stripped from her breast its blouse-like covering the Bulgar burst like a young tiger through the group and sunk his dagger into her heart.

"Pardon of God!" yelled one of the men. "Didn't you see that was a woman, fool? They are not for death until—but hold, brothers, what have we here beside?"

In an instant the whole wild group ringed round the American, their lean and terrible faces alight with every evil passion which the night could wake.

"Share with us—thou!" they shouted. "Share with us! Have done with her here—the village is full of them!"

The American answered them with a laugh as wild and brutal as their own. "The greater fools you!" he shouted in return, "to ask a share where each might choose for himself. Get you gone to the center where there is light. I chose this one in the dark and found her so ugly that I wrapped her head in a shawl. Splendor of God—off with you!"

His words sent them whirling back toward the village; all but one, who halted and turned, lifting his musket with a dim idea in his drunken head that somehow he had been cheated.

"Since she is so ugly, brother," he howled, "let her die—seek further!" and he fired with a steady aim at the golden head on Hastings's shoulder, then vanished into the night, waving his musket exultantly.

But the young Bulgar had seen the raised gun and had sprung like a deer between the Turk and his selected victim. It was the lad who fell.

"Take care of her," he whispered to Hastings. "Her father came from the end of the world, like you—perhaps from your country, stranger. He came to make books of many tongues. A year ago he died—and she had no one. But I—I was a prince among my people then—and if I had lived perhaps I might have taught her—to care—but this is better. I have—no people—no country—now."

His words were stopped by a tide of crimson at his lips. He shivered, and then grew still. Hastings lifted the girl imperatively. She had sunk beside him.

"He is dead—we cannot stay. Come."

Together they stumbled on, yet thankful for every step gained. At last they paused to rest. Hastings could feel the girl's heart throbbing in terrified beats against him, but it was so dark he could not even see the outlines of her form.

"Ah, heaven, the awful darkness!" she shivered. "Oh, God; why does he keep back the dawn?"

"But—but you are speaking American!" stammered Hastings.

"And you are, too!" she cried joyfully. "Oh, why didn't you tell me? Are you the correspondent whom we heard had arrived yesterday?"

"Yes, it was I," returned her astonished savior, "and you must be Eleanor Fielding, the daughter of the savant who buried himself out here?"

"Yes—but, oh look—the first shaft of light in the east! And to think that you should prove to be my countryman—how sweet the word sounds! But we shall never reach home. Behind us is that poor village in ashes, and before us—"

"And before us," cried Hastings, catching her hand and pointing to the rising sun—"before us lies the border—and safety!"

CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

(Copyrighted by Clinton Dangerfield.)

A MAIDEN'S TROUBLES.

Helen: Gertrude lay awake almost the whole night last night worrying.

Clifford: What was she worrying about?

"Oh, she's afraid the man she is going to marry may love her more for her money than for herself."

"Why, Gertrude hasn't any money to speak of."

"I know, but she has a rich relative somewhere in the old country, and she thinks he may leave her something."

"But does her fiancé know of this rich relative?"

"Oh, she hasn't any fiancé yet; she's thinking of the time when she will have one."—[Kansas City Journal.]

UNFORTUNATE MISAPPREHENSION.

"Why, Emeralda, are you crazy? You turned your back on Col. Welterdoo! And he was just beginning to be interested in you!"

"Why should I encourage him, mamma? I heard you say the other day he was worth only a million—"

"A year, child! A year!"—[Chicago Tribune.]

The Best of

VALLEY QUAIL HUNTING

ERN CALIFORNIA

By a Staff Writer.

HE who has not hunted the valley quail has missed the enjoyment of a sport no equal. Of all the birds that the shotgun he is the king. Within an hour's ride from Los Angeles can be found fine sport, for the valley quail have caused the quail to breed extensively in the localities they have raised two, and even three, times in abundance in the thick brush that stretches from the road back to the hills. The call of the cocks or their "twit, twit" is on every hand. In the "closed" season, however, soon changes all this. The quail are free from persecution, and they will come out of the brush or climb the bank in plain view of the hunter. "Shoot me if you dare," they seem to say. A few days they have become the warriors of the season, however, soon changes all this. The quail may drive for miles along a country road, one, where a week before there were hundreds ahead of his team or scurrying into the brush, and have literally "taken to the brush," and can only be dislodged by persistent shooting.

Whenever the hunter finds that he is in front of him, his wisest plan is to really or rather up, and then as they rise, it is possible while they are in the air. They are apt to scatter, lie quiet and get up with this plan is adopted.

Arriving at your shooting ground as the light, you tie your horse under some oak by the roadside, and start into the brush. Your companion is separated from you by a few yards. It is not long before you see the prints that indicate that the birds are in the locality. As you slowly and quietly watch the open places with the greatest of care, suddenly turning a low clump of brush there is a flash from a small covey that has evidently been flushed from its roosting place, and you whirl to see the air full of birds. The covey you first, however, and have down through the further side, dropped to the ground behind of greasewood, and disappeared from view.

Another hundred yards, and you hear the call of the old cock as he calls his harem. Hasten your steps, and in a moment you see the little black bunches of feathers in the bushes ahead of you. One is tempted to take a "pot shot," but if you are a sportsman and a gentleman, you break into a run, you soon make them the good old days they were in the brush up in a bunch. There would be a moment and the long shaft with outspread wings from you, and often a dozen birds would be in the barrel. The little blue-backed rascal is much, however. They do not let you get formerly, and when they rise, they do so in line, and dip down behind the immediate and greasewood with a swiftness that is apt to walk slowly forward, then you will be where you saw them land. They strike the ground, however, they will start a hundred yards or more before stopping, and an hour before you find them again.

Once in a while one can get a band scattering where the brush is only knee high, an ideal sport. By working rapidly and correctly back and forth, they can be kept in the air, they will then rise singly and in pairs. By your time, and are not frustrated by the wings that will so often "rattle" even the man. Every hunter will remember his first while walking slowly through the underbrush, nerve strained to high tension, he hears a nervous flutter that makes him almost jump. The air seems full of quail. Hastily through his shoulder, he points it toward what he thought immediately in front of him, and, as he feels confident that he has bagged a dozen. When he finds that not a feather touched, he begins to realize how many quail there are surrounding a quail in the atmosphere there are surrounding a quail in the air.

A great sportsman has said: "The thing as an easy shot at a quail—on the sportsman or gentleman would shoot the way—although some chances are less difficult." He who has obtained the "limit" is a long way flatter himself that he is a good fairly good pedestrian. The many wrinkles of the Southern California foothills afford birds every opportunity of fooling their pursuers. Generally be found at the mouth of a cañon. Upon being disturbed, they will fly head, and swing over the side ridge, on only in a long curve. You scramble up the side and just as you reach the top you are looking up the farther side of the ridge, your head appears above the ridge they have over the crest, affording you but a second kill one with the first barrel, and, marking in an open space, you blaze away at an old clearly outlined against the sky. At the changes his flight and begins to climb vertical air. Throwing out the shells, you thrust more cartridges, and just as you are preparing him another load, he drops to earth, shot head, and stone dead. You find him when

Valley Quail Hunting in Southern California.



Although you will discover feathers where the first one dropped, it is only after hunting for a quarter of an hour that you find him hiding under a stone in the shadow of a bunch of cacti, and it requires another shot to dispatch him. When you have repeated this proceeding half a dozen times, you discover that you are tired, and start down the ridge, knocking over one or two more as you go.

It is now near noon, and selecting a shady spot you sit down to cool off and rest yourself and the dogs. Taking a basin of the top of your hat, you give them a dip of water from your canteen and before you have succeeded in picking the stray cactus spines from various portions of their and your own anatomy, your companion joins you with the remark, "Let's feed. I'm as hungry as a bear." Your lunch dispatched, a long pull

at the canteen follows, and then, lighting your pipes, you "swap yarns" for a while, and drawing your hat over your eyes, drop off into a siesta that lasts until about 3 o'clock, when it is time to look up new grounds for the afternoon's shooting.

After the first two or three rains have fallen, the country that harbors the valley quail becomes glorified, and much to be pitied is that man who does not find his chief delight while hunting in keen enjoyment of the beauty that nature spreads under his feet and round about him at this time. There is a tonic in the air that is like wine, and the odor of the sage brush, that delicate yet penetrating and pungent fragrance so dear to the Californian, fills the lungs. Beneath the feet lies a most brilliant floral carpet. Big splotches of golden yellow are contrasted with masses of rich purple, while

the Indian paint brush rears its flaming red blossom against the vivid green of the new desert grass.

As the eye roams over the billowy brush the new growth of the sage brush, a delicate grayish white, makes it look like a vast mass of feathers. And then the tints. There is nothing that can match the dull reds, browns, grays and olives of the desert. All this with the blue sky overhead, and the majestic mountains, now purpling in the sunset, as a background, completes a picture that can only be found in this fair southland. It is this that draws the true hunter from the crowded city. This love of nature in her various moods and the quiet and peace that comes to tired nerves is the compensation that atones for the effort that it requires to take him into the midst of such surroundings.

WILL E. CHAPIN.

The House Beautiful—Its Flower Garden and Grounds.

THE ROSE GARDEN.

THE CLIMBING CECILE BRUNNER AND OTHER VARIETIES.

By Belle Sumner Angier.

NOTE.—Queries properly and clearly stated, addressed to the House Beautiful department in care of The Times, and which relate to horticulture or landscape gardening, architecture or interior decoration, will be answered, so far as possible, either in these columns or by personal letter. Answers will have frequently to be deferred for a week or more.

PLANTING NOTE.

Early winter blossoms may be secured by planting now in Southern California—Sweet Peas, Pansies, Mignonette, Scarlet Flax and many other annuals.

Rose Legends.

"I will not have the mad Clyte,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly queen,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The lily is all in white like a saint,
And so is no mate for me;
And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush,
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betrothed to the bee;
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she."

—[Thomas Hood.

Of all flowers, none have furnished so constant a theme for the poet's pen as the rose. Literature is full

Very frequently the matter of "the thornless rose" comes to light. "No rose without its thorn" has grown to be a proverb of the nations. However, in the interest of truth, I must state that not long since Mrs. Emma Luke Calmas invited me into her garden in San Diego to see if I could find a thorn on her rose bush. The rose was evidently a seedling, un-

has not been a month this year when I could not find roses of one variety or another, and yet no rose was not planted with this in view, and the ground space many vines must be kept rigorously back. The vining roses or climbers that give us continuous blossom are the Reine Marie Henriette, A. Carriere, and La Marque, and these are



HOME OF JAMES PARKER
ARLINGTON CAL.



A CLIMBING CECIL BRUNNER

of legends relating to the rose, its potency in love, its history, how the rose's petals became red, and many other fancies. Recently in my reading I chanced upon the following dainty legend in an exquisitely written essay by Mabel Osgood Wright, "The Romaunt of the Rose."

"Young Cupid once, so the legend goes, kissed a red rose, and in its heart put love. Alas! Between its petals there lurked a bee that stung his lips. To still his cries of rage, his mother strung on his bow a swarm of bees, and plucking out the stings of others, set them upon the rose's stalk in punishment. So both love and roses are beset with thorns."

Omar Khayyam wrote:

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Caesar bled."

I cannot find any foundation for romancing about departed heroes of Jurupa, for instance (for it was by this euphonious name that Riverside was once known,) and so I have fallen back upon a theory that runs elsewhere, that iron in the soil makes brilliant color in roses. This theory would apply very well in Southern California, for the best roses are certainly grown in soil stained with iron, as at Redlands, the higher portions of Riverside, Montecito, parts of Los Angeles and San Diego. Everywhere that the heavy red soil is found, roses are sure to succeed.

named, procured from an amateur grower. It was not unlike the Gloire de Rosemane, and there really was not, in spite of closest inspection, anything to be found worthy the name of "thorn," although, as I teasingly assured the lady, I shall never be able to take oath that I have seen the "thornless rose" until certain very rudimentary spines not unlike those found sometimes on the heliotrope, have disappeared.

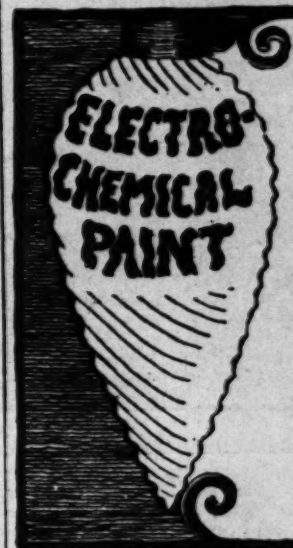
Riverside and Roses.

Riverside suggests roses to me since my visit there last May; long avenues of roses, great swaying bushes full of them, with the ground strewn with floating petals, in pink and white and red; climbing high into the roadside trees, masses of La Marque and Henriette, and Banksias; draping the fences and covering up hideous old stumps and unsightly outbuildings, masses of roses in all colors. The air was filled with the perfume, mingling with that of the orange blossoms. Somehow I cannot see any very good reason why most California towns might not emulate Riverside's rose plantations. Rose culture is simplicity itself, once the roses are established. Water and good loam with a slight admixture of clay is all that is needful. In this climate a rosebush is beautiful the year around, practically evergreen in foliage, and with a majority of varieties has at least two blooming seasons. In my own garden there

that will do well for street planting if given good support. The other day I came across a beautiful mass of roses. Just one vine had climbed over a brick wall, and now reaches its beautiful branches clear down to the street, concealing the masonry. The electric line passes near it, and one day passes that I do not hear favorable comment on it, and yet not a thousand feet away are other and walls, whose owner does not seem to awaken to the contrast at all.

Propagation of Roses by Cuttings.

Generally speaking, I am an advocate of "every man to his trade," and I can do many things better than can "slip" and propagate plants. The florist and



Does No
Blister

When a man
puts
into paint
does not
to see it
itself up
blisters till
is pitted
marked like

victim of smallpox. Electro-Chemical Paints saves him this trouble and can be bought at \$1.25 a gallon. All colors.

The P. H. Matthews Paint House
238-240 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

gardeners are in business in my town, and when I see I patronize them, but once in a while I like to try a new cutting myself, and doubtless there are others who would like directions for growing rose cuttings. A young shoot, but one in which the wood is developed, should be chosen. For example, we are told by an eminent authority, "when a rosebud is developed enough to cut, the shoot upon which it grows is about in the right condition for cuttings, each leaf of the shoot, with its bud at the axil, and two or three inches of stem making a single eye cutting." Make a slanting cut, and take off about a third of the leaf. A good length for a rose cutting is three inches. After potting, sift a thin layer of moss or sawdust over them to keep the moisture in. In most locations they should be sheltered from the glare of the sun either by glass or thin cloth shelter.

A method of trenching in the open soil is followed by some. Cuttings five or six inches long are made, and placed in trenches four to six inches apart. The soil must be firmly pressed about them to exclude the air, and only one or two eyes or buds above the ground. Where a quantity of one kind is wanted, this is a satisfactory manner of propagating.

A Riverside Home.

I read in a current magazine the other day:

"A sense of pureness in the air,
Of wholesome life in growing things,
Trembling of blossom, blade and wings,
Perfume and beauty everywhere,
Skies, trees, the grass, the very loam,
I love them all; this is our home."

As I read, a vision came between my eyes and the page. My mind had gone back to a May morning, and I stood again out in the edge of the lawn, looking up at the dew-kissed roses and watching the glint of the early sun on the tender pink and green tips of the vine. A sense of loveliness was over everything, and I felt that somehow I had solved the mystery and knew through what transmutation all this loveliness without had found its way into the inner circle of this simple home

much, I fancy, as it has raged in Los Angeles and vicinity. The English gardener has suffered especially from a diseased taste for changing the natural shape of trees to things grotesque and unreasonable, as well as unknown to nature. All true lovers of trees will protest at this. "It is essential," says the English editor, "that trees in public places should be allowed to grow, if not exactly as nature designed, at least as near to that as the conditions will allow. Every lopping that is not necessary is a crime."

Plans of a Fine House.

TO BE OF MISSION STYLE AND CONTAIN TWELVE ROOMS.

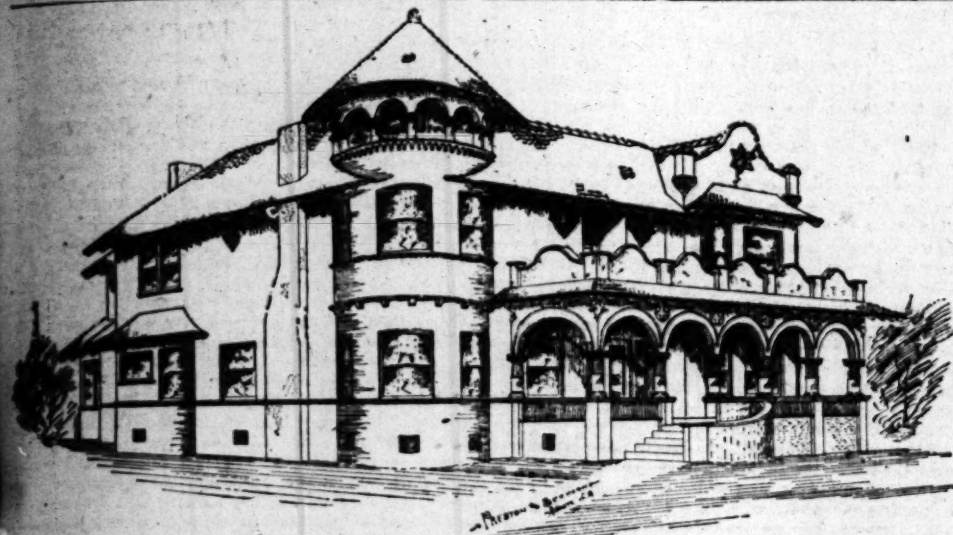
By a Los Angeles Architect.

LIKE every object of human inquiry, architecture may be studied from two distinct points of view. It may be regarded from a statistical point of view, and discussed without any reference to the manner in which it was evolved, or it may be treated historically, tracing every form from its origin, and noting the influence one style has exerted upon another.

In the misty ages of the past, when the wants of the human race were confined to their physical needs in protecting themselves from the inclemencies of the weather, and from the encroachments of wild beasts, architecture made but little progress. But as the race progressed, attention began to be paid to the esthetic side, and then "the unconscious stone to beauty grew." Thus has the art developed until we now see on all sides the results of the work of a noble profession.

At present as much thought is given to designing and constructing the homes of the land as was given in the earlier days to public buildings and temples.

It is thought that the accompanying sketch will show a careful adaptation of means to ends. The dwelling



RESIDENCE TO BE BUILT FOR A. L. DREW.

where I had been a guest, and given the occupants the expression of content and sweet happiness that had so impressed me. Surely our surroundings do influence our lives, and so the words of the poet had again put in a tangible form my thoughts, and I said, "Mr. Gilder has described the Parke's home." There is no effort at display in this home, either in the garden or the house, but everywhere is sweetness and brightness and homelike qualities.

Surrounded by a ten acre orange grove, the acreage of which has a price up in the thousands, and approached by a beautiful tree-lined avenue, this is a home that might satisfy a prince.

A Climbing Cecile Brunner.

"Madame Cecile Brunner, best polyantha; salmon pink, free bloomer and grower; fragrant."

That's all the catalogues have to say. That's all I know about the dainty little "Gentleman's rose," so great a favorite in California, and so popularly grown. When I visited Riverside and found climbing over the trellis and up over the porch roof to the second-story windows this same lovely little rose that I had always considered to be but a slow low-growing shrub. Here at St. Park's the rose, as depicted, seems to outdo all the other climbers, and to have no end to its ambition. Speaking to a florist friend about it, later, she told me that she, too, had a climbing Cecile Brunner, but that she believed it to be but a freak, as she had never seen another. I have been looking up the history of this rose, and think the readers of the House Beautiful Department may enjoy a bit of my research.

However, a notable writer on rose culture, says that the little Cecile Brunner was produced in Lyons, France, by crossing a seedling of a polyantha with a tea rose. The Polyantha remontant rose (Rosa polyantha) was introduced from Japan by Robert Fortune, and had, as it has, the distinguishing peculiarity of panicked blossoms. To those who are not familiar with the terms of rose culture, I will explain that remontant as applied to roses means those that flower a second time, hence the Cecile Brunner has kept all the characteristics of the parent rose.

Related Trees.

In an able article in the English "Country Life," a writer describes an epidemic of the fever for mutilation of growing trees, which he claims has been common among English public gardeners for a year or two,

which it represents is to be erected for A. L. Drew, on the northeast corner of Burlington avenue and Orange street. The plans are from the office of Architects Preston & Seehorn. The design is in what is known as the mission style, this being to a degree adapted to our sunny clime. The site of the house is 46x60 feet on the ground floor, with large basement. It will be two stories in height, and will contain twelve rooms. The exterior is of cement and plaster, on steel lath, with a tile roof. There is an open inner court, which has a cement floor and fountain in the center, and is surrounded by flower beds and tropical plants, making an attractive feature of the building. The interior finish will be in birdseye maple, and Flemish oak.

On the first floor is the reception hall, 11 feet 6 inches by 20 feet 6 inches, and to the right, on entering, is the parlor, 16x16 feet, with an elliptical bay window. At the left is the drawing-room, 16x29 feet, with semicircular corner bay, 12 feet in diameter. At the rear of the drawing-room is the dining-room, 15x20 feet. The hall, parlor, drawing-room and dining-room are all connected by arches and sliding doors. There are also two bed chambers on the first floor, one of which is 17x18 feet, the other 14x18 feet. The kitchen is large and roomy, as is also the pass pantry connecting the kitchen and dining-room, and both are provided with every modern convenience. The bathroom, 9x10 feet, is located between the two large bedrooms. On the screen porch at the rear of the house are laundry tubs and similar conveniences.

A back stairway leads from the kitchen to the second floor. The principal stairway leading from the reception hall to the second floor will be an attractive feature, being elaborately treated throughout.

The second floor will have four large chambers, with necessary closets. There is, also, a fine colonnade overlooking the patio.

In the house are five elegant mantels, the parlor, drawing-room, dining-room and two of the bed chambers on the second floor being each provided with this convenience. The interior arrangement is such as to give to the residence an air of elegance and refinement.

The house is lighted by both gas and electricity, and has telephonic communication between all the principal rooms of the building. The dwelling, when completed, will cost about \$12,000, and it will be one of the most attractive homes in that portion of the city in which it is located.

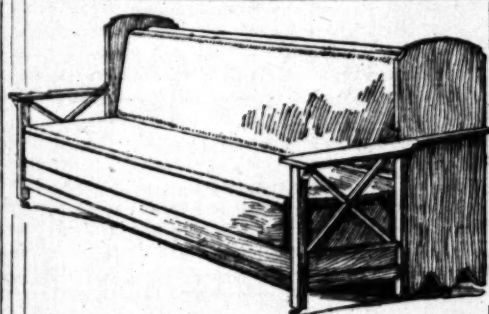
J. N. PRESTON.

UP-TO-DATE REVOLUTIONARY METHODS.

"Well, this," said the South American citizen, "is carrying things too far in our base and servile imitation of Yankee methods."

"What is that?"

"Why, the insurgent and government authorities are having forenoon and afternoon programmes printed for all our revolutions!"—[Town and Country.



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THIS is not only a very attractive and useful Davenport or sofa, but it can be transformed in a moment's time into a perfect and most comfortable large Bed. It has a receptacle under the seat 30x74 inches for Pillows, Bedding, etc.; the seat and back are entirely separated, and each work on a new automatic hinge, assuring a perfect position when closed and a double section hair top spring mattress when open. The above cut represents one of the cheapest designs, our \$60.00 style; made in Flemish oak and upholstered in Velour, with hair top, and 90 finely tempered steel springs. These will be put on sale again this week at \$45.00 in order to introduce them; this price will include several designs and different styles of upholstery. The simplicity and durability of this Davenport will assure its popularity wherever introduced.

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Queer Hunting Tales.

IN PURSUIT OF THE RHINOCEROS IN AFRICAN WILDS.

By Frederick C. Selous.

QUITE recently I read an announcement in a daily paper that the railroad now being laid between Bulawayo and the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi would soon be completed, and that week-end tickets would then be issued enabling the weary citizens of the modern capital of Matabeleland to leave home on Friday evening, spend Saturday and Sunday at the falls, and return to their work on Monday morning.

This announcement set me thinking, and awakened many old memories of the days when I first wandered and hunted through the country so soon to be traversed by the new railway. That was thirty years ago, and Matabeleland was as little known and as inaccessible then as is any part of Central Africa today, for at that time not a yard of railway had been laid from any coast town of the Cape Colony or Natal toward the interior of the country. Lobengula, the most powerful chief of the Zulu race in South Africa, had but recently been elected king of the Matabele, and savagery seemed so firmly established throughout all the territory between the Limpopo and the Zambesi that I never dreamed that I should live to see the destruction of the great chief's far-reaching power and the defeat and dispersal of his brave but barbarous tribesmen, to be quickly followed by the founding of a European town near the site of the old native capital, and the building of a railway through the wilderness to the north.

The Happy Life of the Pioneer.

Ah, but the old days were the best, after all—or at any rate I think so. The traveler by rail to the Victoria Falls will sit, it is true, in a saloon carriage, and journey at his ease, with plenty to eat and drink through seemingly endless wastes of low forest and scrubby bush, and will probably think it a terribly monotonous and uninteresting country; but no man will ever again sit, as I have often done, by a camp fire near one of the little rivers the railway will cross, eating prime pieces of fat elephant's heart, roasted on a forked stick, nor watch the great white rhinoceroses coming to drink just before dark, nor lie and listen, as I have often done, to herd after herd of elephants as they drank and bathed in the river near my camp. On one particular night which I shall never forget, the splashing and trumpeting of the hot and thirsty elephants was kept up from soon after dark till long past midnight. This was at the little river Sikumi, which the traveler of today will cross by an iron bridge. There was no monotony about the country between Bulawayo and Victoria Falls thirty years ago. The abundance of big game, elephants, black and white rhinoceroses, giraffes, buffaloes, zebras and many varieties of antelope made it always interesting to the hunter and the lover of nature. As I think of my early wanderings through those once well-stocked hunting grounds in the days when I made my living by shooting elephants, I can recall many interesting experiences, some of a decidedly exciting nature, others only curious. I never had any narrow escapes from rhinoceroses, although I encountered numbers of these prehistoric-looking animals, but I do not think that the black rhinoceros of the interior of South Africa was ever of so aggressive a nature as he appears to be in many districts of East Africa today, though a wounded one was always likely to become savage.

A Bulky Visitor to Camp.

Once in 1873, when camped on the borders of the hills which skirt the southern bank of the Zambesi to the east of the Victoria Falls, a white rhinoceros came to inspect my camp about an hour after dark. I had had my evening meal, and was sitting by a cheery log fire, talking to one of my native attendants—for I had no white companion—when we heard a rhinoceros snort not far away, and soon afterward, by the light of a young moon, we perceived one of these animals slowly approaching our camp. I told my boys to keep quiet, and we then sat watching our visitor. It advanced very slowly, holding its great square nose close to the ground, and every now and then stopped and snorted loudly. At last it was within twenty yards of our fires, and seemed determined to come closer still. Several of my Kaffirs had by this time crept round to the back of the bushes which sheltered our camp, and made for the nearest tree, while my favorite gun carrier put my big four-bore elephant gun into my hands and begged me to shoot the inquisitive beast before it charged in among us. But in those days I was hunting elephants for a living, and as we were camped near a favorite drinking place of these animals, and a shot in the night might have disturbed a herd approaching the water, I was determined not to fire at the rhinoceros if I could possibly avoid doing so. However, something had to be done to stop it, as I was afraid that if it came any nearer the smell of meat might excite it, and cause it to run amuck through the camp; so plucking a good-sized piece of wood from the fire, I threw it with all my strength, and, just missing the rhinoceros's great ugly head, hit it on the neck or shoulder, and covered it with a shower of sparks. As the blazing brand fell to the ground, the rhinoceros backed a step or two, and then seemed to be sniffing at it. At this moment my gun carrier hurried another lump of burning wood at our visitor, with a somewhat better aim than mine, for he struck it full in the face—apparently right on the

front horn—and lit up its head with a cat-act of sparks. This was more than the rhinoceros could stand, and its curiosity being evidently fully satisfied, it spun round with a snort, and trotted off into the night, nor did it ever visit our camp again.

Hunting for Dinner.

But the queerest experience I think I ever had with a rhinoceros was one which happened not far from the scene of the last adventure, and during the same year. Not having come across elephants for some time, my Kaffirs and I were just out of meat, when we came one day on the fresh tracks of two black rhinoceroses, and after following the spoor for a short distance, we suddenly sighted the animals themselves lying down in a rather open, grassy piece of country. We all crouched down instantly, and as the rhinoceroses never moved, and the wind was favorable, it was soon evident that they had neither seen nor heard us, and were still quite unconscious of danger. Taking one of my heavy, clumsy old four-bore muzzle-loading elephant guns, the only weapons I then possessed—I at once commenced to creep slowly toward them through the grass, which was not very long. I had approached to within twenty yards or so of the sleeping animals, and had just raised myself to a sitting position for a shot from behind a small bush, when one of them, which I saw from the thickness of its horns was the bull, stood up, and commenced to walk slowly toward my very inadequate shelter. I do not think that it had any suspicions of my presence, but it was soon within ten yards of the little bush behind which I sat, and as it was still walking slowly toward me, it was necessary to do something. As its head was held in such a position that it covered its whole chest, I resolved to try and fire so as just to miss its horns and strike it in front of the head above the eyes. Even if I did not succeed in doing this, but hit one of its horns instead, which was very likely, considering the clumsy weapon I was using, I thought that the shock caused by the heavy bullet would be sure to discompose my opponent sufficiently to give me time to run back to the Kaffirs and get my second gun before it thought of charging.

A Food Supply Secured.

When I fired, the rhinoceros's legs seemed to give way under it; it just sank to the ground, and then, rolling on its side, lay quite still, and as I thought, dead. "Tutu," shouted the Kaffirs from behind me, meaning "it's done for," and all of them came running up, the cow having jumped up and made off immediately I fired at her companion. We all now walked together to where the fallen animal lay, apparently quite dead. My four-ounce round bullet had made a large hole in the front of its head, into which I and several of the Kaffirs pushed our fingers as far as they would go. We then went to the nearest tree, some sixty or seventy yards away, and after resting my two elephant guns—the one still unloaded—against its stem, and placing all our scanty baggage on the ground in its shade, returned to cut up what we believed to be the carcass of a dead animal. One of my Kaffirs, by name Soga, a big strong Makalaka, at once plunged his assegai into the body of the prostrate rhinoceros, and commenced to cut through the thick skin, pulling the blade of the assegai toward him with a sawing motion. This incision should have extended from near the top of the back behind the shoulder blade to the bottom of the chest, and would have been the first step in peeling the whole hide from the upper surface of the body, preparatory to disemboweling the carcass and cutting up the meat; but when Soga had made a cut about two and a half feet long in its side, the limbs of the rhinoceros began to move spasmodically, and it suddenly raised its head and brought it down again with a thud on the ground. From that moment it began to struggle frantically, and was evidently fast regaining consciousness. I shouted to Soga to try and stab it in the heart before it got on its legs, but as he only made a very feeble attempt to do so, I ran up and, snatching the assegai from him, endeavored to stab the struggling animal to death myself. But it was now fast regaining strength, and with every effort to rise it threw up its head and brought it down on the ground again with a thump.

Rhinoceros Dies Hard.

I managed to plunge the heavy assegai through the cut in the skin, and deep into its side, but with a sudden spasmodic movement it broke the shaft in two, leaving a short piece attached to the blade sticking in its body. In another moment it was standing on its legs, but kept reeling about like a drunken man. I now ran to the trees where the guns had been left, and taking the loaded one, aimed a shot at the still staggering rhinoceros, but, as not infrequently happened in the old muzzle-loading days, it missed fire. I quickly put on a fresh cap, but as that missed fire too, I concluded that the nipple had got stopped up in some way, and so took up the gun with which I had originally wounded the rhinoceros, and commenced to reload it in frantic haste. Just as I got the bullet rammed down, however, and before I could put the cap on the nipple, the rhinoceros, which all this time had been making a series of short runs, first in one direction and then in another, but had always been quite close to us, started off in a straight line, and put on more pace at every step, and although we ran as hard as we could, we never overtook it, and I did not fire at it again. My bullet no doubt passed above the animal's brain pan, and must have lodged in the muscles of its neck, only stunning it temporarily, but it seemed to be absolutely dead for so long a time after falling to the ground that its recovery and eventual escape, after receiving a four-ounce bullet through the upper part of the head, and having a gash cut in its side at least two feet long, not to mention a deep stab in the region of the heart, is, I think, one of the queerest incidents I have ever witnessed during a long experience of African hunting.

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Reginald's Drama.

ORIGINAL AND MODERN WELL CARRIED OUT.

From the Westminster Gazette.

REGINALD closed his eyes with the consciousness of one who has rather nice eyes, and thinks it useless to conceal the fact.

"One of these days," he said, "I shall write a great drama. No one will understand the drift of it, but everyone will go back to their homes with a feeling of dissatisfaction with their lives and surroundings. Then they will put up new wall papers and change the house!" said the Other.

"They can always put down new stair carpets," said Reginald, "and, anyhow, I'm not responsible to an audience having a happy ending. The play will require sufficient strain on one's energies. I should like to say it was immoral and beautiful, but the artist has thought of that before, and everyone comes to condemn the bishop, and they would say of sheer nervousness. After all, it requires a great deal of moral courage to leave in a marked manner the middle of the second act, when your carriage is derided till 12. And it would commence with water-trying something on a lonely waste—you would expect them, of course; but you would hear them snoring, scrunching, and I should arrange to have a grace suggested across the footlights. It would go so well on the programmes, 'Wolves in the Forest,' 'Jamrach,' and old Lady Whortleberry, who never a first night, would scream. She's always been since she lost her first husband. He died quite while watching a county cricket match; two inches of rain had fallen for seven runs, and it was posed that the excitement killed him. Anyhow, her quite a shock; it was the first husband she you know, and now she always screams if anything happens too soon after dinner. And after the end had heard the Whortleberry scream the thing be fairly launched."

"And the plot?"

"The plot," said Reginald, "would be one of those every-day tragedies that one sees going on all round in my mind's eye—there is the case of the Mudge-Jervises, which in an unpretentious way has quite an intensely underlying it. They'd only been married eighteen months or so, and circumstances had put their seeing much of each other. With him it was always a foursome or something that had to be and replayed in different parts of the country, and went in for slumming quite as seriously as it is sport. With her, I suppose, it was. She belonged to the Guild of the Poor Dear Souls, and they hold her for having nearly reformed a washerwoman, and has ever really reformed a washerwoman, and why the competition is so keen. You can reform women by fifties with a little tea and personalism, but with washerwomen it's different; wages are high. This particular laundress, who came from Monday or some such place, was really rather a full venture, and they thought at last that she was safely put in the window as a specimen of work. So they had her paraded at a drawing-room 'Home' at Agatha Camelford's; it was sheer mistake among the refreshments—really liqueurs, with very little chocolate. And of course, soul found them out, and cornered the entire set, was like finding a wheel-stall in a desert, as she wards partially expressed herself. When she began to take effect she started to give them lots of farmyard animals as they know them in Borneo. She began with a dancing bear, and you know, doesn't approve of dancing, except at Buckingham Palace under proper supervision. And then she got the piano and gave them an organ monkey; I went in for realism rather than a Maeterlinckian sentiment of the subject. Finally, she fell into the said she was a parrot in a cage, and for an hour performance I believe she was very word-perfect, had heard anything like it except Baroness Buxton who has attended sittings of the Austrian Riksdag. Agatha is trying the rest-cure at Buxton."

"But the tragedy?"

"Oh, the Mudge-Jervises. Well, they were along quite happily, and their married life was a continuous exchange of picture post-cards; and then they were thrown together on some neutral ground where foursomes and washerwomen overlapped, and covered that they were hopelessly divided on the question. They have thought it best to separate, she is to have the custody of the Persian kitten for months in the year—they go back to him for the when she is abroad. There you have the material tragedy drawn straight from life—and the plot be called 'The Price They Paid for Empire.' Of course one would have to work in studies of the of hereditary tendency against environment and sort of thing. The woman's father could have an envoy to some of the smaller German courts, where she'd get her passion for visiting the poet, of the most careful upbringing. C'est le premier compte, as the cuckoo said when it swallowed its parent. That, I think, is quite clever."

"And the wolves?"

"Oh, the wolves would be a sort of elusive element in the background that would never be explained. After all, life teems with things that are earthly reason. And whenever the characters think of nothing brilliant to say about marriage, War Office, they could open a window and hear howling of the wolves. But that would be very

The Development of the Great Southwest.

OUR MATERIAL GROWTH.

Compiled for The Times.

The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plain-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors, and contemplated enterprises.]

Cactus Furniture.

SEVERAL efforts have been made to utilize the cactus, which grows so plentifully over the deserts of the Southwest. There is a factory in this city which utilizes strips of cactus for surgeons' splints and tree protectors. It was attempted to use it for wall covering, but it was too porous. The yucca, another desert growth, which is not a cactus, was worked up for paper in the Antelope Valley by the London Telegraph, some years ago.

Another interesting use of the cactus has been developed by F. E. White of Florence, Ariz., who operates under the name of the Arizona Cactus Company. His first idea originated by adding cactus wood to a black walnut frame, to give it a more massive appearance, and from that to making frames entirely of cactus wood. From that to tables, the legs of which are made from the natural forks of the tree. This was followed up by making other articles and other styles of frames, until, by using the various kinds of cactus wood, and by combining the same, many styles of frames were made. At this time, the inventor expressed the opinion that a good veneer could be cut from the wood. The idea was laughed at. What good would it be, as it would be full of holes? Therein, however, lies its beauty. He went to work and made a machine to demonstrate that it could be done. The veneer was cut and glued to a board. Then the holes were filled with paint, to contrast with the wood, and behold, the cactus veneer was a success. Veneers are made from three varieties of cactus, showing many color schemes, some suitable for piano and furniture, and others for interior house finish.

Mr. White recently had an exhibit of his products on South Broadway. He is endeavoring to interest capital for the establishment of a factory in Los Angeles.

Electric Machinery.

ONE of the new additions to the manufacturing field of Southern California is the Shoemaker-Giddings Electric Company, which has lately erected a shop and installed machinery at Pasadena. There is a great demand for small single-phase alternating-current motors, and will start their rated load promptly without danger of burning out. The company has devised a motor on new lines that is said to overcome these difficulties, and will manufacture them in small sizes, up to and including one-horse power. It is the only company manufacturing these motors on the Pacific Coast.

Another important phase of this business is the manufacture of crude-oil generators, devised to enable gas engines to run on the cheaper grades of oil.

Trade With Mexico.

STATISTICS of our trade with Mexico, our sister republic to the south, show a gratifying increase from year to year. Of the total value of goods imported by Mexico in the fiscal year 1902, about 60 per cent. came from the United States, as compared with 55 per cent. in 1900. On the other hand, we are purchasing an increasing quantity of Mexican products. We took about 60 per cent. of the total exports of Mexico during the fiscal year 1902, as compared to only 68 per cent. in 1890. In fact, our commerce with Mexico during the last fiscal year was the largest on record; the value of goods imported from Mexico by the United States during that year being valued at \$41,315,711, while our exports to Mexico amounted in value to \$42,257,106.

These figures are interesting and encouraging. Our trade with Mexico should go on increasing steadily, as the sources of the two republics are developed. The present amicable relations existing between the two countries should, and doubtless will, continue indefinitely, steadily strengthening the bonds of sympathy and solidarity, to the mutual advantage of the citizens of both republics.

Mexico is as yet a vast undeveloped domain. She needs American capital, and American enterprise, in order that she may realize her boundless commercial and industrial possibilities. The United States, on the other hand, needs the varied products of Mexico, and will purchase them in vastly increased quantities, to supply the ever-expanding wants of our people. The future of these two great republics is indeed bright. Not only this, but their future is bound together by bonds of amity and mutual interest that are well-nigh indissoluble.

Gilding Picture Frames.

ONE of the new manufactured products that have hitherto been imported from the East are being made in Los Angeles. Each of these new enterprises keeps a certain amount of money at home, thus increasing the prosperity of the city, and is therefore worthy of encouragement and support.

The McCallan-Kanst Company of this city, manufacturer of and wholesale dealers in picture frames and gildings, have worked up a trade that extends all over

California and Arizona. Last year the company even invaded the Puget Sound field. Recently the company has secured the services of a first-class glider. Experts say that this is the first time that such work of a thoroughly first-class kind has been done on the Pacific Coast. Hitherto all high-class gilt frames have been imported from the East.

Chambers of Commerce.

THE Chamber of Commerce idea is catching on in Southern California. Outside sections are endeavoring to emulate, in a small way, the good work that has been done by the Los Angeles chamber, which is looked up to all over the country as something of a model along this line. Recently the City of Bay and Climate got a move on itself, and sent around a committee, with the result that eighty-five names were added to the membership list of the chamber in a few days. The San Diego Chamber of Commerce, by the way, has a bright and interesting little exhibit room, where everything is kept clean and tidy. This is in pleasing contrast to the rooms of some other similar organizations in California that might be named, but shall not be.

Also, it is announced that Santa Barbara has added 300 names to its list of membership, which brings the membership up to 500. If the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce has not had a house-cleaning during the past few months, it would be in order to set about it.

The Fresno Chamber of Commerce is another live organization. Although Fresno had, according to the last census, a population of less than 13,000, it possesses a membership of over 800 members.

Let the good work go on!

The State of Sonora.

TO residents of the United States Sonora is probably the best-known section of Mexico. The Arizona Star recently published the following:

"C. C. Collins, who has been prospecting in the State of Sonora, Mexico, for a number of years, passed through Tucson yesterday, en route East, where he goes to promote a large mining deal.

"Sonora," said Mr. Collins yesterday, in conversation with a representative of the Star, "is fast becoming populated with 'gringos,' as the Mexicans are pleased to call Americans, and it won't require but a few years until the State will be as American as any part of the United States.

"Under proper conditions, irrigation among several others, Sonora will in time become the garden spot of the world. At this season, peaches are plentiful, and now the oranges around Hermosillo are ripening, and the fruit which Sonora produces is far ahead of the Southern California product in flavor, even though it don't grow to quite the size.

"The recent mining development of Sonora is simply marvelous, and now that the rainy season down there is past, a great deal of profitable development work will be performed in the next few months.

"Around Magdalena the railroad warehouses, are full, as are the platforms of the latest and best of the modern mining machinery. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been invested in that section in the last twelve months, and I am confident that during the next few months twice that amount will find its way into the Magdalena locality.

"In the Yaqui country is located some of the finest mining properties in Mexico, or in the world for that matter, and preparations for an active season are in progress. For some years the Americans have been loath to invade the Yaqui district for fear of the Indians, but now they realize that the latter only kill the Mexican soldiers, against whom they cherish a grievance, but never molest an American, who is safe to ride through their mountains unaccompanied. If he is foolish enough to stop at Ortiz and secure a military escort, he is likely to stop a few of the Yaqui bullets, which are intended for the soldiers, but not for him.

"About sixty miles from Ortiz P. F. Chisem, a wealthy merchant of Guaymas, and J. R. Wakefield of Minnesota, have a valuable mine property, which has been paying for years. Mr. Wakefield has just arrived from the East, bringing with him two new hoists and all the other machinery necessary to work the mines on an extensive scale. Hereafter 100 Mexican miners will be used and it won't be long until big reports will be heard from these mines.

"At Guaymas times are quiet, but even so, the few Americans who are in business there are reaping a harvest.

"This city has recently been cleaned as a precaution against the bubonic plague which broke out fresh at Mazatlan about three weeks ago. So far no cases have been reported at the metropolis of the Gulf, but the Mexican government by the enforcement of the strictest of quarantine regulations, is using every precaution against the spread of the fatal plague."

Big Railroad Business.

A DISPATCH from Chicago was recently published, telling of the immense business done by the Santa Fé Railroad in transporting California fruit during the past season. Inquiry at the Los Angeles office brought the following statement on this subject:

"We have handled over 10,000 cars citrus shipments this season (November 1, 1902, to September 30, 1903, inclusive,) and this is the first season we have handled this business in our own equipment exclusively. Hereto-

fore we have had to lease C.F.X. and F.G.E. (now Armour) cars.

"The crop to be moved East this year is estimated to be much heavier than last and we anticipate an increased movement of anywhere from 4000 to 6000 cars via our line. With new cars that we have ordered, we will have ample equipment to take care of the increased business without trouble.

"Our service on citrus shipments this season has been exceptionally good. Owning our equipment has, in part, contributed to the service on this business generally, that we have been able to give by reason of the fact that the cars are at all times under our own control."

Convention Hall for El Paso.

IT looks as if the enterprising frontier town of El Paso may get ahead of Los Angeles with a convention hall. A recent issue of the El Paso Evening News announces that a convention hall for that place is assured, the business men heartily indorsing a project to build an immense auditorium, with a seating capacity of several thousand, and acres of them will contribute to the fund. El Paso is to have the next meeting of the National Irrigation Congress, and wants to have a capacious hall for it to meet in.

Capers and Copra.

THE Sunset Magazine, for September, contains the following suggestion in regard to new industries that might be introduced in California:

"A letter received by the Promotion Committee last month points out the opening for the growth and preservation of French capers in California. Capers, as gourmards know, are the pickled buds of a plant grown at present in France alone.

"This letter recalls certain small industries for which California is peculiarly adapted, but which have never been tried out here. No one of them could ever become a leading industry like fruit-growing or gold-mining, but each would add a comfortable sum to the State's annual trade.

"For example, there is the manufacture of fine toilet soaps from the copra produced by our neighbors of the South Seas. Copra—a name familiar to all readers of Stevenson—is the dried meat of the coconut. It is used principally to furnish the oil base for the high-grade French toilet soaps. A little of the South Sea output goes to the Atlantic coast of the United States; but the greater part goes from the Samoan and Tahitian Islands all the way to Marseilles, via Suez. The distance from Samoa to San Francisco is less than half the distance from Samoa to Marseilles. Moreover, distance for distance, the passage is easier. Further, there are no expensive canal tolls. Toilet soap manufacture and perfume making go together; and before this industry could be placed squarely on its own feet Californians would have to begin turning their flowers into perfume; but, as has been often shown, the chances for that industry are good.

"Then there is the manufacture of fine linens from native-grown flax. No less an authority than Collis P. Huntington said once: 'If I were a young Californian about to enter business, I would begin the manufacture of linen from flax grown at home.' The flax is already growing in Solano, Tehama and other counties, but it is threshed for seed and its fibers practically thrown away. On these farms it has been proved that the stalks grow very long in this climate, and the longer the fiber the better it is for linen.

"With fuel oil and electric power at hand, there is no reason apparent why any of these industries could not be made a success. A few years ago, the culls from the California orange crop were sent to Scotland, there to be made into orange marmalade. Then much of our marmalade supply came all the way back to be sold here. But we began the manufacture of domestic marmalade a few years ago, and it is slowly crowding the imported article out of our markets. This is mentioned as an example."

BEAUTIFUL JEWELS WORN IN SOCIETY.

Mrs. Arthur Paget is said to be the fortunate possessor of the largest pearl in the world. The Countess of Ilchester has a necklace of superb black pearls which once belonged to the Empress Eugenie.

Mrs. Bradley Martin's emeralds are valued at the enormous sum of \$200,000, and the Countess of Craven has a fan encrusted with diamonds, emeralds, rubies and pearls, valued at \$10,000. The largest turquoises in England belong to Lady Wharnccliffe and are inscribed with Persian hieroglyphics, and Mme. Calve has a wonderful necklace composed of rough pearls and Egyptian turquoise scarabs, one of which is as old as 5000 B. C.—[Pittsburgh Press.

Los Angeles

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Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

THE EVENING GOWN.

A HANDSOME GARMENT FASHIONED BY
A PARISIEN MAKER.

By a Special Contributor.

MILADY'S evening gown, or bridal gown, as it well might be, which is shown here, is a vision of expensive loveliness, being fashioned by a talented maker of robes in Paris. Now in our grandmothers' day a silk gown was the Ultima Thule of her gentle ambitions, but today a silk foundation is none too good, and for these gauzy creations another underlip is necessary of point d'esprit or chiffon, before the final outer garment can attain that filmy loveliness which idealizes Milady's beauty with the angelic softness of summer clouds.

This especial garment, costing several hundreds of dollars, is made over taffeta silk, on a foundation of white point d'esprit, the yoke and collar being of this material, tucked in tiny pin tucks. The somewhat blouse



Underbodice is the same, completely veiled in exquisite all-over hand-made lace, resembling the old rose point, combined with a heavier Irish lace, and ornamented with a unique trimming of silk moline drops that dangle and quiver with every movement of the wearer. There are 250 of these drops used on this costume. The under-sleeve is very full, of dotted moline, extending to the elbow, with exquisite tabs of the lace draped over it, the bodice being finished with a high girde of white peau de sole. The skirt is of the dotted moline, shaped over the hips in clusters of fine pin tucks, while the whole lower part of the skirt, even unto the demitraline, is of the combination of the heavy and lighter lace, in successive waves.

It is hard to come down to the everyday garments of shirt waists and coats after romancing with bridal and evening gowns, but there is a certain jaunty, captivating air about one of the latest styles in coats, which will probably be just as efficacious in weaving a romance for its wearer; this is the new military cape coat. Some of them are actually of that old Confederate gray, and might be copies of the illustrations from Cabel's Cavillier, only these of the present day are for ladies, and those covered the gallant forms of soldierly heroes. These coats come in varying lengths, but the one in the cut is of the thirty-inch length, and made of a heavy kersey broadcloth in an indefinite mode shade, between champagne and moleskin. In bright contrast is the straight little collar of red velvet. Stitched felled seams shape the main body of the garment, ending just below the hips in pleats, which have a kilted effect. The unlined, rough edged cape comes over and carries the enviable military air, which is still further given out in the bright metal frogs, extending from the collar. Large bright bullet buttons are used to fasten the coat, and there is one on the little stitched strap which adorns the gauntlet cuff. Again the large pouch sleeve,

and here is where the coat departs from the real army affair, but the girl who wears it will feel decidedly patriotic in spite of that.

The hat worn with this is—no, not an army cap—but a handsome up-to-date hat, with the fur so much in vogue this season. The crown is of mink, and the edge of the brim is bound with the same mink fur. The under brim of crushed black maline ends in a bandeau with a fetching twist and bow of Nile green velvet. Two beautiful black plumes curl up over the brim, with airy grace, and there is a twist of the Nile green velvet around the crown and a handsome jet buckle on the upper brim.

From hats to shirt waists is not a far cry. The winter girl of New York will wear a shirt waist, there is no doubt about that, and moreover, she will wear a stylish wash waist in preference to one fashioned from the less modish silks or wool. The woman of today wants a waist that will tub, and this fashion is upheld by no less authority than the President's winsome daughter, Miss Alice Roosevelt. Miss May Golet, also, is a devotee of this same custom, wearing them both morning and afternoon.



One of these fine waists has been picked out of many, as especially typical of this season's wear. It is a mercerized cheviot of a champagne shade, every change being rung this year in browns and modes, from the wood brown, which is the color of an old dead tree, to the bright café au lait and the still lighter shades of mode and cream color. This champagne background has a broken plaid effect, showing hints of red and black. The waist is piped in red silk, and buttons over a vest front with handsome black ebony buttons. The collar is made with rounded tabs, embroidered in red stars.

The old style of embroidery is in full play this season, and one who is proficient in the gentle art can make a plain waist assume a delightfully dressy appearance with a little needlework in bright colors upon it. Snug in the back and slightly pouched in front is still the keynote of the shirt waist, this garment which cannot be wrested from the wardrobe of the pretty girl for many years to come.

SOUTHERN WOMEN.

The changing political faith of the Southern women finds expression in the three types—the grandmother, intensely Southern, unreconstructed, more or less unforgiving (in words, for she is as tender as an angel in deeds to all who come her way,) her daughter, more than a shade intensely Southern and unreconstructed; her granddaughter, loyal and loving to the past as to a memory, and inspiration, a faith, but in herself an American—a United States woman, yielding fealty to two flags; the Stars and Bars, for which perchance her father died, and the Stars and Stripes, under which her brother, her lover, her husband, or her son, may be now serving in a uniform of federal blue. The grandmother is not quite content that this fealty should be fervid; the granddaughter wonders why grandmamma should so consider the matter—should be rather hurt at her attitude. Her mother says: "She is jealous of her old flag; it is to her as the grave of her dead."—[Myrtle Lockett Avary, in Gunton's Magazine.

NITSUKI BAGS.

THE FASHIONABLE PURSE OF TODAY
JAPANESE TOBACCO POUCH.

The beauty of the nitsuki bag, which is displayed in the Japanese art store, charms not only the lover of art, but the devotee of fashion. The man who has an overwhelming desire to possess a Panama hat, to some extent, appreciate the ardent longing of the woman views these bags, displayed in the Japanese art store. The fact that the covered



genuine, and cannot be successfully imitated, adds to its attractiveness. In one of the shops it was admitted that the real nitsukis were too expensive for the general trade, and the attempted imitations were poor as to be utterly worthless and unsalable.

Since the nitsuki bag is at present in vogue, it is interesting to know that it has been used in Japan since 1652. In the seventeenth century the tobacco, which became prevalent, necessitated the use of a pouch. In order to suspend this from the girdle, it was employed a kind of button or toggle—the nitsuki. There was a holder for the pipe attached to the bag, this, however, is removed from the bags when used in their present capacity.

The metallic bowl and mouthpiece of the pipe, a tempting surface for embellishment, as well as the clasp of the pouch, and the nitsuki, being made of ivory or other material susceptible of carving, has been an occasion for art and ingenuity. Indeed, it has become an art industry which emanated from the nitsuki, however, was not entirely new, it had been employed as a pendant to the inro, or box, from 1444 to 1473, but its use was not general, a clever artisan, did not feel bound to



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the traditional models as the temple sculptors did, but the hearted fellow as he was, he liked to produce comic and cherry images, or the simple objects that daily familiarity had endeared to him; and when he took up classical or religious themes, he treated them in his own manner, never fearing to sacrifice dignity to humor. The engravers of pipe, pouch clasps and nitsukis spring from the same class, and were little more serious and not less original. They worked, too, with a skill

scene embroidered upon the pouch was that of a flight of storks. In the background arose the snowy peak of the sacred mountain. Above it were the filmy clouds, and below it the blue sea. The colorings were softly blended grays, dull blues and white. The elaborately carved clasp of silver represented the sacred dogs of Japan. Upon another pouch was portrayed the sinuous form of the dragon. The feature of this bag, however, was the nitsuki, which was carved in a dragon design, from a solid piece of mellow-tinted ivory. Upon the back were the characters which, to the initiated, proclaimed it a signed piece.

Upon another ivory nitsuki were carved the three little monkeys of Japan, one holding his eyes, so that he could see no evil, one with his hand over his mouth, so that he could speak no evil, and the other with his fingers to his ears, so that he could hear no evil. The less expensive pouches are made of monkey skin, the design being carved and then colored. In Japan, at the present day, every man, woman and child wears suspended from his girdle a nitsuki pouch. One can almost tell the class to which the wearer belongs by the quality of the bag. If he is poor, it is of the cheapest material, while, on the other hand, the rich man displays a pouch elaborately embroidered and surmounted by a priceless nitsuki.

MAE CROSS FLAMMER.

A REMARKABLE GIRL ATHLETE.

Miss Lydia Carpenter, a pretty fifteen-year-old girl of Plattsburg, N. Y., besides being one of a family of twenty-one children, has proved a record smasher in athletic sports. On May 13, this young woman took the American girl's running high-jump record from Vassar by a jump of four feet three and three-tenths inches. The jump was made in the final gymnastic exhibition of the State Normal School, in the presence of Director Angell and others assembled to witness the events. Miss Carpenter's achievement was not the result of a happy accident. She is as fond of athletics as most girls are of flirting. She is a sprinter, and on the horizontal bar is fearless and clever. Miss Carpenter is not of the masculine type, but a frolicsome girlish young woman, with the irresistible charms of dimples and pink cheeks. She weighs 118 pounds, and is five feet two and one-half inches high, promising greater height as she grows older. On the basket-ball team of the college she played center, and with her aid the team won the championship of northern New York. Miss Carpenter's career as an athlete has just begun. She intends, she says, to keep on with her gymnastic and athletic work until she has qualified herself to the best of her ability. Then, unless "something happens" (the quotations are ours,) she aspires to become a full-fledged physical directress. As it now stands, unless some more fortunate young woman appears on the athletic horizon, Miss Carpenter's name will go down to fame as the best girl jumper living.—[Outing.]

NOTES ABOUT WOMEN.

Within the last four years the number of female clerks has doubled in London. The demand is constantly increasing, and it is predicted that the male clerk will soon be extinct.

The Postal Union includes thirty-five countries in which women are employed in the postal service. In England the beginning was made in 1870; now there are 31,000 women thus employed in the United Kingdom.

While women are not allowed to plead as lawyers in German courts, not a few are otherwise employed as experts in various branches of the profession. In Berlin one woman serves as interpreter of the language of deaf-mutes, and several as translators of foreign documents; one makes a specialty of rendering English legal phrases into German.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Medicine Dr. Garnier cited cases in which hysterical women had brought the most monstrous accusations against their relatives, their neighbors, and their very fathers and mothers, the whole being entirely a figment of their sick brains, but related with such perfect self-possession that even the courts of justice had been wrongly led to infer that they were true. The judge in a trial where hysterical women appear should, he said, have them examined by a medical commission as a means of protection.

AMERICAN CHAMPION ABROAD.

A Philadelphia woman, Mrs. M. F. Stanbury, will probably take the English lecture platform this winter on behalf of the Woman's Local Government Society, the organization which has so valiantly fought the English Education Bill introduced last session into Parliament. This bill takes away all the privileges of women to serve on various boards of education, and in other ways to assist in matters semi-political. Mrs. Stanbury is secretary of the Woman's Local Government Society, but will probably give up many of her official duties in order to do the lecturing. She is an energetic, efficient speaker, and an organizer of marked ability.

The selection of an American woman for this important work is another tribute to the regard the English have for the practical ability of America feminine. Among those who first recognized Mrs. Stanbury's fitness for her task are Lady Frances Balfour, sister-in-law of the Premier, and Lady Battersea, a member of the Rothschild family. Both these ladies are members of the Local Government Society in whose interests Mrs. Stanbury will lecture.

WOMEN SAINTS.

Women have succeeded better in painting than in novel writing. Madame Morizot made an exquisite and beautiful adaptation of the art of Manet; she carried the art of Manet across her fan, and in doing so she invented an art for herself, and her paintings will always delight those who can appreciate good painting. And then there is Mrs. Browning, who wrote exquisite marginal notes to her husband's poetry. But when women

try to think or to construct, their literature becomes sexless, it becomes nondescript, and one does not know whether to compare Daniel Deronda to an ox or a mule. The delicious and exquisite sex is not notable for philosophers or for artists, but for queens and courtesans. It is said that women have succeeded as queens. I am not a historian, and cannot argue that point. Women have certainly succeeded as actresses and as courtesans—yes, and as saints; best of all as saints; they have worshipped worthily the gods that men created.—[George Moore, in September Lippincott's.]

THE BEST EVER

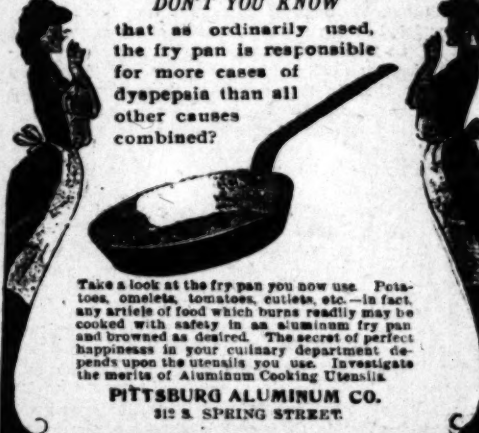
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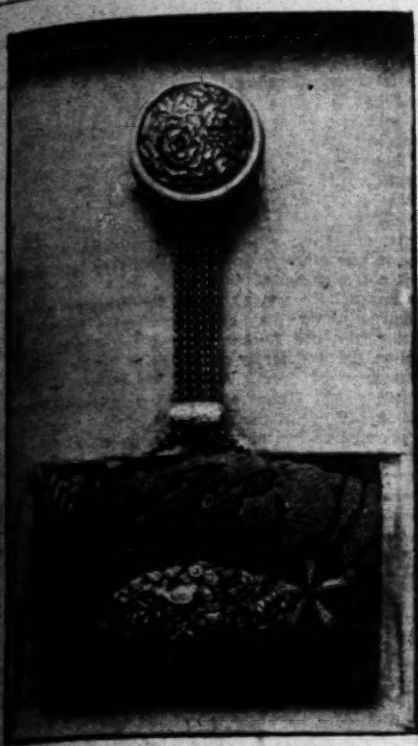


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SACRED DOGS ON NITSUKI BAGS.

inferior to that of the aristocratic sculptor of court ornaments. The nitsuki and the pipe, with all that pertained to it, were for the commoners what the sword hilt and guard were for the gentry. Neither was cared to bestow jewels upon their persons, but neither spared thought nor expense in the embellishment of the object they most loved. It is generally assumed that, of all art curios found in Japan, the nitsuki is, perhaps, the most essentially Japanese. One authority states that if Japan had given us nothing but the nitsuki, we should still have no difficulty in determining the bright versatility of the national genius from the comparatively somber, mechanic and unresponsive temperament of the Chinese. Although ancient pieces of feudal times are regarded by collect-



CARVED IVORY NITSUKI.

as the most valuable, it is nevertheless a fact that the carving on the modern ivory nitsukis is more perfect in every respect. Dealers in art curios have agents in Japan who are constantly searching for old and rare pieces. These are attached to bags intended for purses, and sell for enormous prices.

The most beautiful pouches are those embroidered in the kumogata pattern. Formerly the embroiderer was content to produce a pattern, but now he paints a picture, and the kumogata is his scheme of values that all the essential elements of pictorial effect—aerial perspective and atmospheric perspective—are present. An excellent example of this embroidery was seen in a local curio shop. The

The Youths' Department—Our Boys and Girls.

VOYAGERS OF THE AIR.

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS BY NIGHT—ITS PERILS AND ITS REASON.

By a Special Contributor.

ONE bright moonlight night, about a year ago, I went with a friend to the top of a hill to watch the birds which at this season are journeying toward the south in countless thousands. We were soon aware that we had chosen a good night for the work, for we heard, apparently from the stars, an almost incessant twittering, which proved that the winged voyagers were passing over us in a steady stream. Of course we could see nothing with our naked eyes, but we had with us a telescope, and through it we took turns in watching the bright surface of the moon. For hours we watched, and during the whole of that time little black figures went "flit—flit—flit" across the glowing disk, sometimes at considerable intervals, and at other times in such rapid succession that we had difficulty in keeping count of them. Now and then some large birds would pass, and from some peculiarity in their flight it was possible at times even to identify the species to which they belonged. Such observations may be made by any one at this season, and any bird student who will take the trouble to make them will get an insight into the subject of bird migration which he could scarcely get in any other way. Of course almost every one is more or less acquainted with the annual flight of the wild geese, and as they pass above us in the gray dawn of a spring morning, each with his neck extended toward the pole, they form a picture which we could scarcely forget; but to me it is not nearly so impressive as the clear twitterings of millions of smaller migrants, falling straight through the frosty air of a starlight night in autumn. We are wont to boast of human migration, and we speak with pride of express trains, ocean liners and rapid transit, but let us once comprehend the annual migrations of the birds, and the travels of men are dwarfed into insignificance. Flitting about in the woodland we may see a mite of a warbler—a frail little bunch of feathers, whose life might be snuffed out between the thumb and finger of a babe—yet tonight that tiny creature will embark on a voyage of several thousand miles, over mountains, rivers and oceans, braving storms which no man would wish to be out in, and with naught to carry it but its own frail wings, which weigh but the merest fraction of an ounce. But it will not be alone, for with it will be myriads of companions, hurrying along in the same direction, and joined from time to time by other throngs which flow into them as brooks flow into a river. And all night they will fly, following a well-known route, marked by the whole line of the surf along the coast, the snow-capped peaks of mountain ranges, or perchance the course of some mighty stream, a ribbon of silver in the moonlight. In the morning they will separate, and wheeling down to earth will seek food and rest. That is, if they live until the morning, for should clouds darken the face of the moon, they might lose their way and be lured to their death by lighthouses on the coast. At such times they see only the light, and flying toward it, dash themselves against the solid masonry and fall dead or dying to the ground. Sometimes, as they are crossing the sea, a great storm of wind and rain will arise, beating back the tiny voyagers, in spite of all their plucky efforts. Twittering still to guide and encourage each other in the awful blackness of the night, they work their little wings to the very limit of their strength. All to no avail. Their voices are drowned by the howling of the storm, their plumage is water-soaked and heavy, and the strokes of their pinions become slower and weaker. Courageous to the last, they are driven slowly backward and down, down, until the hissing, leaping white caps lick them into the flood. Next morning when the rainclouds have passed away, and when the anger of the sea has been spent, the bodies of the brave little warblers will be found upon the beach among the wet pebbles and the tinted shells.

But there are many which make the voyage in safety, and these, after spending the winter in their southern homes, start northward again in the following spring.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

REX.

Rex lived with Miss Carlton at Hillside; not in the same house, however, for he is neither a boy nor a dog, but a horse. He had a beautiful clean stable, and from his stall window he could look over a wide sweep of country, every inch of which he knew by heart.

Miss Carlton made a great pet of him, for although she had other horses, none of them had his fine intelligent eyes, and gentle ways. Besides which, she could trust him implicitly, and it grew to be a country by-word, like Mary and her lamb, that

"Everywhere Miss Carlton went,

Her Rex was sure to go."

Indeed, he grew so restive when the other horses were harnessed for driving that it became a usual thing to hitch him up to a light buggy, that he might follow in his mistress's wake.

The beautiful animal could not bear her out of his sight, and the two soon grew to understand each other in a language all their own. Added to this, Rex understood English remarkably well, when an order was given he obeyed it to the letter, like a docile child.

Miss Carlton lived several miles from town, and at times it was inconvenient to send a servant there on special errands, so she tried the experiment of sending Rex instead, to the country store. She would harness

him, pin a note containing her order on the seat of the buggy, and say:

"Go to the store, Rex." Whereupon Rex would turn and trot down the road, as important as you please. Miss Carlton would telephone to say that Rex was coming, and he always brought home packages as carefully as if some one were sitting on the buggy, guiding every step of the way.

But perhaps the most remarkable thing Rex ever did was going to the train to meet Miss Carleton's numerous guests, for the old house was usually full to overflowing. On such occasions Miss Carleton would say:

"Rex, go to the depot to meet such and such a train," and she would give him a pat and a lump of sugar, and off he would go, like the man-of-all-work that he was, right down to the station, and he never failed to turn his buggy in the proper direction to await the incoming train.

All this sounds too much like a fairy tale to be true, but it is "really and truly" true, and Rex is still living and doing wonderful things, and while outwardly he lives like the other horses, Miss Carleton is sure that he does some pretty deep thinking while he munches corn and oats, and views the landscape from his stable window.

BELLE MOSES.

THE YOUNG SURVEYORS.

THE NARROW ESCAPE OF A TRIO OF PLUCKY AND ENTERPRISING BOYS.

By a Special Contributor.

"Here, Carl, you hold the line there. Steady, now! Lyle, bring the hatchet and cut some more stakes," commanded the superintendent of the surveying company. "All right, Harry," returned Lyle, attacking a dead stalk of the yucca plant near by, and breaking it into stakes about a foot and a half long.

"Would it not be wise to run the line over that little ridge, and avoid going down Drybone Gulch?" asked Earl, the lieutenant of the party.

"Too much grading down, if we cross the ridge," answered the superintendent, scanning with his keen eyes the rocky, barren ridge above them. "No, we will run the line down this side of the gulch. You see it is level most of the way."

"Yes, till you get to that point where the ridge descends," said Lyle, driving in a stake where the superintendent had directed.

"Just this side of that point we will have a bridge," explained Harry. "Or rather, we'll have the company do that which is going to accept our survey and put the railroad in. The bridge will lead across to the opposite side of the gulch, where it becomes rather level again."

The superintendent's face wore a very self-satisfied expression, as if he had successfully mastered another knotty problem that had confronted him, opposing the survey of their great imaginary railroad that was to settle the question of crossing the mountain to the New Hope mining camp. That this question had baffled older heads did not in the least disturb the confidence which the superintendent placed in his survey, having performed the solution.

The proprietors of the New Hope had been wanting a railroad by which to get their ore to a smelter more cheaply than by slow, laborious freighting in wagons across the mountains. They had held out many inducements to railroad companies, all of which had pronounced it too difficult and expensive an undertaking.

The manager of the mines, Mr. Axtell, had stated his intention of putting a road through at his own expense, provided he could get a satisfactory survey through the cañon and across the mountains. In fact, some surveyors had been hired for that purpose, but a careful examination of their survey soon convinced Mr. Axtell of the infeasibility of the plans proposed by them.

Then his son Harry, a lad of fourteen, came home from school in Tucson. He brought his cousins, Earl and Lyle Dayman, with him for a month's stay at the mining camp.

The summer before, Harry Axtell had spent most of his vacation with a surveying party, and being bright and precocious, he had readily acquired some knowledge of the business.

Being familiar with his father's disappointment from hearing his parents and the miners discussing the question of the railroad, the boy proceeded immediately to organize a surveying company, with himself as superintendent, his cousin Earl as first lieutenant, and Lyle, who was twelve, as second assistant.

This would furnish him much diversion, and at the same time provide a unique entertainment for his guests, both of whom liked mathematics. Under Harry's direction, a surveyor's outfit, simple and crude, but quite sufficient for the requirements of the young company, was contrived. Then the work of surveying Drybone Gulch, an extension of One-Arm Cañon, where the New Hope mines were, began.

Drybone Gulch was about four miles from the mines, so Pilot and Rocket, the two Navajo ponies belonging to Mr. Axtell, were brought into service to carry the boys and their "outfit" over the intervening space.

Pilot and Rocket enjoyed these trips, in their pony fashion, quite as much as the three boys. To be picked up on the fresh, untrodden grass of the upper slopes was a treat to them, after browsing on the staler verdure of One-Arm Cañon for half the summer.

The rainy season in Arizona had set in, modifying, in a measure, the extreme heat which had prevailed. The mountains gave evidence of moisture in the fresher greenness of the trees and the grasses that carpeted the

brown, semi-barren slopes. Even the prickly pear plants and Spanish dagger, those true children of the desert, seemed to have taken on new life. The cañons were ablaze with wild flowers, shades of yellow and orange holding sweet supremacy. Ferns peeped from crevices of bold gray rocks, while plats of moss carpeted the bases, always in shadow.

The boys had been working on their "survey" all day, and it was the superintendent's opinion that they had at last reached the solution of what had puzzled older heads. If the road was built through North Cañon it would be no difficult feat of railroad engineering to continue it on down the comparatively level slope of Drybone into One-Arm Cañon. So he assured his assistants, and they, with that sublime faith which repose in one of their own kind that they love to have that it could be done.

One unusually warm afternoon the surveyors were themselves under the shade of some juniper trees to rest. Pilot and Rocket likewise rested with their paunches, half-indolently switching at the flies that slightly annoyed them. Animal life seemed to be on a standstill on the slope. Only some small striped lizards darted in and out of the rocks and bushes, watching the boys curiously. The air was strangely close. The ferns in the gulch seemed withered, as if plucked from the stem and thrown on the parched sand.

Presently the superintendent stirred.

"Say, Lyle, you come with me and we'll take the line down to the spring, fill it, and come back. We must have some water," he said, rising.

"That's right," returned Lyle. "We never get any water till the canteen's dry," he sang, getting up and following his cousin.

"You coming, Earl?" asked Harry.

"No," sleepily, "I'll stay and hold the camp till the fellows get back."

The spring was almost a quarter of a mile below the camp, and came trickling out of the side of a narrow like captured dewdrops, forming a clear, cool pool in the gulch.

Before they reached the spring, the sun was slipping from sight behind a heavy cloud that was hanging swiftly up from behind the mountain tops.

"It is going to rain, Harry."

"I think it will. See those clouds roll."

"Looks as if they were having a fight."

The boys forgot their thirst in watching the dark Great billowy masses of white and grayish clouds bounded up from two sides of the mountains, and together like two mad bulls in deadly combat. A few moments there was wild commotion among the clouds, heaving masses of vapor. Then, suddenly, out the tumult of crashing thunder peals there came the roar of loosened floods.

"A cloudburst!" shouted Harry in his companion's ear. "We must run for the slope. Quick! There's not a minute to spare. The gulch will be a torrent soon."

The spell of fascination which the gathering of wild clouds had cast over the lads was broken. They had heard quite enough of Arizona cloudbursts to know that a tortoise stood very little show of escaping the uncurbed onrushing of one of those floods.

Turning, they ran at their swiftest speed across the gulch.

To reach the camp on the slope, where they had left their ponies, they had to run up the steep, fearful swell of the waterspout could overtake them, came clearly impossible to the superintendent.

A high wall of water was rapidly bearing down on them from the upper end of the gulch.

Earl, suddenly awakened from his drowsy slumber by the descending water, and, realizing the peril of his brother and cousin, he ran along the edge of the flood, shouting excitedly:

"Hurry! Hurry!"

The cloudburst had occurred on the mountains on the site the ridge where the young surveyors had made their camp. Strange to say, only a few scattering drops of rain fell where the ponies and Earl stood. Pilot and Rocket snorted and ran as far up the ridge as the lariats would permit. "Hurry! Hurry!" still shouted Earl.

Harry and Lyle were doing their best to obey, though both now realized the impossibility of reaching the slope before the flood could catch them.

As they ran on, they could hear the snapping of the water that fell before the mad rush of waters. Their hearts seemed certain. Neither of them became discouraged, though their faces were white and eyes wild with terror.

At first there seemed to be no avenue of escape. As they ran on, the old deserted shack of Miss Carlton stood before them, a dingy, weather-worn board building but fairly substantial. The door was fastened by a padlock on the outside, but the boys threw open a small sliding window by which they had made a chance once before to avoid a shower.

Harry pushed Lyle into the cabin, then scrambled through the opening himself. He had barely time to slide the window back into its proper position, when the first mad rush of the flood poured down the gulch, engulfing the shack completely.

The water crept through the cracks and stood deep all over the floor. The boys huddled together in the rude little sink just below the window, through which they could see the wall of wild waters advancing down the slopes of the mountain.

"Do you think the cabin will stand?" whispered Earl, his teeth almost chattering.

"I hope so," said Harry, trying to speak bravely. "Don't give up, Lyle. It hasn't got us yet."

Then as he spoke thus reassuringly to his cousin, the water deepened over the floor, the cabin gave a sudden lurch that almost threw the boys out of the sink.

"The shack's going," said Lyle.

"I think it is," answered Harry.

Away the shack went, careening down the gulch, the boys gripping the edge of the sink to keep from being hurled into the water.

It did not go far, however, when a strong branch of a cottonwood tree, half submerged, caught the cabin and with such force as to push it back from entering the main current. An eddy that had set in near the side of the gulch now took it in charge, crowding it into the embrace of a group of cottonwoods just below the ridge, along which Earl was running, not knowing what else to do, but not wanting to lose sight of the floating shack.

Lodged between the trees the cabin resisted every attempt of its enemy to tear it away and send it on into the fierce current. But the force by which the water made it strike the cottonwoods, every second, threatened to shatter the infirm structure, leaving the inmates an easy prey to the torrent still roaring around them.

The boys realized this new danger, now menacing them, and tightened their grip on the sink, as if there lay their only safety. The cabin creaked in every one of its loose planks, every moment threatening dissolution.

Running a survey through the mountains was much easier to the mind of the young superintendent than it now was to frame a hope of escape from the doomed shack. For one moment, as his eyes met the appealing, terrorized ones of his cousin, they spoke the despair that swayed his heart.

Then, as one of the cottonwood limbs brushed against the cabin, a thought leaped into his brain. It might be possible. Pushing the window aside, he peered out.

"Yes," he shouted, new courage showing in his fear-clouded face, "it can be done. Come, Lyle, you must brace up, and crawl out on this limb to a good place in the tree. Hang on like a tick! Now, ready!" and he assisted the younger boy to do his bidding.

This was no slight undertaking, for Lyle was so unused to make his crawling a slow, laborious matter. But by following the patient directions of Harry, he succeeded, finally, in reaching a comparatively secure position next the body of the tree, whose flat, leathery leaves seemed to fan him a reassuring welcome. Then Harry soon followed him, taking a seat on another branch near enough to his cousin to help steady him with his stronger arm.

Earl had watched this risky transfer from the old shack to the tree, with no little apprehension. But when he saw it performed in safety, he was so glad he cheered lustily.

"Hang on, boys! Don't let go. This flood can't stay long," he called to them.

"We're alive yet—kind of living knots on this tree," Harry called back in a voice that showed his cheerfulness was returning. "How are the stakes, Earle?"

"All right. The water hasn't raised high enough to wash them out," replied Earl.

"I'm glad of that," shouted Harry. "A survey line can defy such a cloudburst as this must point the way to success."

Then they grew silent, for the old shack was going to pieces below them, and Harry and Lyle watched its dissolution with a sadness such as we watch the sinking of an old friend into the grave.

"I served us a good turn," said Harry, with a sigh. "Yes, poor old shack; I'll never forget it," returned Lyle sentimentally.

"No the little sink where Jim used to wash his gold dust," said Harry. "It was a shelf in need to us."

By sunset the flood had fallen enough to permit Earl to ride Pilot and lead Rocket to the rescue of the superintendant and his second assistant.

Today Drybone and One-Arm Cañon have a railroad, and it may be of interest to note that it follows, with only slight deviations here and there, the line marked out by the young gulch surveyors.

AD. H. GIBSON.

OUR NATIONAL HYMNS.

Every American boy and girl will naturally be interested in our national hymns, and from Prof. Brander Matthews we glean a most interesting account of their origin. A hymn, he tells us, to become national, must move a nation as by one impulse, and usually the writers of these soul-stirring songs have sent them forth with no thought of fame or future. No one has ever succeeded in writing anything of this kind to order. "Yankee Doodle" came quite by accident during the Revolution, and "The Star Spangled Banner" was a gift of the War of 1812. The Civil War brought many of these songs, two are especially celebrated, "My Maryland," a southern song, and the northern marching song, "John Brown's Body."

The history of "Dixie" is very curious. It was composed in 1859 by Dan D. Emmet, one of Bryant's minstrels, then performing in New York. Mr. Emmet, who had traveled with circuses, had heard the performers refer to the States south of Mason and Dixon's line as "Dixie's land," wishing themselves there when the climate grew too severe to live in tents. Then they would say, "I wish I was in Dixie," and on this exclamation Mr. Emmet wrote his song, which was sung and danced all over the Union, finally going to New Orleans, where it took root, in the South, and the southern poets wrote fiery battle words to suit it.

A great favorite with the northern soldiers, which survives today, is the "Battle Cry of Freedom," by George B. East, who also wrote "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," and Prof. Matthews tells us of a funny mixture the soldiers used to put into the "Battle Cry of Freedom." They would go marching along singing:

"Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was white as snow,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."
And perhaps it was just as popular as the real song.

CROWLEY, THE CHIMPANZEE.

In 1884 Mr. Smyth, United States Consul at Liberia, brought to this country a young chimpanzee, about 17 months old, and sold him to the park department for the cost of transporting him. As he came first-class passage, the price was \$125. He was named "Crowley;" he took to Keeper Cook from the first, and until his death they were the best of friends. He was very intelligent, and I believe he was as near human as an animal could be. He would sit at a table to eat, putting on a napkin and using knife, fork and spoon when necessary. When he finished he would use the napkin, carefully fold it up, and lay it beside his plate. About two weeks before he died a severe attack of pneumonia set in, and Dr. Marsh, surgeon of the park police, was called. Every morning when the doctor entered the room he would say, "Good morning, Crowley," and Crowley would get up and shake hands. Then the doctor would say, "How are you this morning?" and Crowley would grin. The doctor would examine him, and say, "Your pulse, Crowley," and Crowley would extend his hand. "Now your lungs," and Crowley would throw back his arms to allow the doctor to place his ear to his breast. "And now your back, Crowley," and he would turn his back.

He grew very feeble before death, and Cook stood by him from early morning until late at night. Late in the afternoon of the day he died, Cook held him in his arms for about an hour. Cook put him down on the floor, and Crowley raised himself up, put out his hand to shake hands, as Cook said, "to bid him good-by," turned toward the wall of his room, and dropped dead.—[John W. Smith, in *Outing*.]

PHOTOGRAPHING FLORIDA'S WHITE HERONS.

One day, approaching a small key, I saw several great white herons—splendid birds, nearly as tall as a man—flying uneasily about, well over the tops of the trees. On landing and clambering about for some time amid mangrove roots and slippery, sticky mud, never ceasing, withal, to fight mosquitoes, I was finally rewarded by finding several of their nests, built in crotches, twenty to thirty-five feet above the ground; bulky, saucer-shaped platforms of good-sized sticks.

One nest especially interested me. It was conveniently situated, about thirty feet from the ground, and was occupied by an imposing young heron, almost full size, which stood on the nest and received me in dignified manner, not scrambling or fluttering out, as young herons are all too apt to do. While I admired him and screwed my camera to a branch he never moved; nor did he at the critical moments of exposure. Then, as I would stir him up a bit, he retreated out beyond the nest, where he stood like an obelisk, showing his good breeding in every inch of his stature as I again took his picture.

Not so well bred were a trio of half-grown scapegraces in a neighboring nest. These were of the sulky sort, that threw themselves in miserable attitudes, refusing to stand up and behave, despite all that I—even assisted by my guide—could do. Another nest with two tiny fledglings also gave me trouble, from the difficult combinations of wind, movements and shadows. However, I conquered them, and then climbed to a rather lofty nest near by, of the great blue heron, whose two youthful inmates spent their time in making vicious lunges at me, accompanied by the harshest expletives of the heron tongue.—[Herbert K. Job, in *Outing*.]

THE CUB'S PUNISHMENT.

Sir Bruin sat racking his brains one day,
In the midst of the forest scrub,
To think what punishment best would fit,
His smallest and wildest cub.
For Cubby this morning had been so bad,
That his parents were both in despair;
He flatly refused to wash his face,
As well as to brush his hair.
He pinched his mother's stub of a tail,
And chewed his sister's ear;
He ate every smitch of the breakfast up,
And greeted his pa with a leer.
He played every trick his brain could devise,
Till his mother said to his dad,
"I'll leave him to you to punish, my dear,
For me he's entirely too bad."
And what do you think was the punishment that
Sir Bruin prescribed for his son?
Said he: "If you wish to behave like a boy,
I'll see that you really are one."
So he hurried the cub to the barber shop,
And shaved him so close and clean,
You never would think to look at him,
He ever a bear had been.
And all the cubs in the forest wild,
Refused to play with him then.
So I think whenever his coat grows long,
He'll never be bad again.

E. DWYER BARCLAY.

HARD FARE.

Cannibal Chief: How's this? We've had thin soup two days running.

Royal Cook: True, Your Majesty. That circus catch was a poor one. Yesterday we had only the Ossified Man.

Cannibal Chief: And today?

Royal Cook: The Man with the Rubber Skin.—[Household Ledger.]

THE "TOLD-OVER" AND BUSINESS.

Never but once did I go to my task with a blear. That morning my computations were so riotous and I was so set on distributing my checks into the wrong pigeon-holes, that I went to the cashier about 11 o'clock to ask permission to go home. He looked at me keenly, and said, not unkindly:

"Last night is responsible for this morning. Let me tell you right here that you can't do that sort of thing and make a banker of yourself, no matter what your name is. No; keep at your work today, make your errors, face the consequences of them, even if you are fined for them. I guess your mortification will be the best cure for you."

What a wise man he was. I never presented myself in that condition again. It was paying too much.—[From "The Autobiography of a Bank Cashier," in *Everybody's Magazine* for October.]

THE WORTH OF A "PULL."

A "pull" is a thing seldom confessed. Men who record their own rise are not likely to avow any aid outside their own merit. Merit counts and always must count as a sine qua non. But when there are two fellows of equal merit, and one promotion; there is always some margin by which one is more acceptable to those in authority. This margin may be only personal manner and address; or it may be wide acquaintanceship which can be helpful to the business; or it may be money which he can invest in the business or wealth which he can influence; or it may be family and social strength; whatever it is, it is this margin that counts at the crisis when the choice is to be made; it is the everlasting law that "to him that hath shall be given," or as David Harum said, "them that has, gets."—[*Everybody's Magazine* for October.]

HOW A CHAMPION ATHLETE IS MADE.

It is an interesting fact that our champion all-round athlete, Ellery H. Clark, is, first of all, a worker in the ordinary business life of his community. Athletics are with him an amusement. He is not a bunched-muscle athlete and does not believe in apparatus, and therefore his accomplishments are possible to most men. It was not the mere mechanical operation of muscular force, so many movements to the right or to the left, that won the championship. He won because his muscular action was dominated by a strong mind, because it was willed into concentrated effort, until at the psychological moment he was able, as he said, to exert "every atom of strength in a grand explosion" that wins not only on the athletic field, but in every field.

As Mr. Clark himself puts it, it is not the training, not the development of muscle, not the diet that counts; it is the mode of life.—[*Everybody's Magazine*, for October.]

THIRD DEGREE IN JAPAN.

In 1899 a girl of 13 was murdered in Osaka, having suffered indignities at the hands of her assassin. The police arrested a youth of 18 on suspicion, and he, having confessed, was brought up for trial. Owing, however, to insufficient evidence the accused, Matsuura, was acquitted. He has lived ever since under a social ban, the public being convinced of his guilt. But now suddenly, four years after the event, a burglar charged with a major crime has confessed that he was the perpetrator of the outrage and murder, and Matsuura, questioned as to why he made such a confession, alleges that he was tortured by the police beyond all endurance. It is this last phase of the affair that creates excitement, for the accusation against the police does not stand alone.—[*Japan Weekly Mail*.]

The sons of Adam were engaged in a warm game of poker. Suddenly Abel discovered he held a wonderful hand. "This is great," he chuckled. "Now I'll raise Cain."

But before he could do so, Adam came in with a switch and raised the dust.—[*Chicago News*.]



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FIELD NOTES.

J. W. Jeffrey, Agricultural Editor.

Diseases of the Horse.

At last we are promised a large edition of the work entitled "Diseases of the Horse." A notice has just been received by The Times from the Agricultural Department at Washington, stating that 200,000 copies of this work are about ready for distribution; there will be a grand rush for this work, but fortunately an arrangement has been made with Senator Bard for receiving a number of copies for distribution in this section. The notice states that 64,000 copies have been apportioned by the special act to the Senators of the United States, and 128,000 to the Representatives.

The Weakness of California.

BELOW will be found a quotation from the New York Fruit Trade Journal, whose length is not beyond the importance of the issue the citrus fruit receivers are attempting to raise against the present methods of handling California fruit. The Times is only dealing in facts in stating that the statements of the prominent receiver are at variance with the truth. In reference to the recent trouble with the San Bernardino County Fruit Exchange, now happily settled to the satisfaction of all, the growers of that Exchange have the most ample facilities for packing their own oranges and those of all the orchardists they may take into the organization hereafter. It is antagonistic to all the experience of fruit men to hold that an individual grower can pack his fruit more economically than he can have it done by his association, or his dealer. In the purchase of box material alone, the scale is turned in favor of mutual packing-houses, to say nothing of the economy of equipping one house with facilities and the operating expenses. It will be a novel proposition, that of Florida being ahead of California in anything, but of a piece with the other statements made in the quoted article. The Journal says:

"In discussing the general orange business, a prominent receiver here said this week:

"I think the principal trouble with California growers, and that which puts them at the mercy of the packers and causes losses year after year, is that they have neglected to provide their own packing plants. Men with \$30,000 to \$50,000 invested in groves, and an output of 100 cars and more yearly, are entirely without packing facilities. It is a well-known fact that the most successful growers in California are those who pack their own fruit. These men can't be clubbed into combinations against their judgment, and can't be held there against their will. They are entirely independent. And they make money, too. Isn't it amazing that big growers have been so short-sighted? To show how helpless they are, look at the trouble with the San Bernardino Exchange. This Exchange found itself unable to take in other growers, and rather than see these growers kept out in the cold, it was willing to withdraw from the combination. The combination is able to make such oppressive rules just for the reason that they know most growers can't pack their own fruit. It is for this reason that when growers become tired of the Exchange and its methods, they set about building a packing plant.

"California is pointed out as the model for Florida. As a matter of fact, the State is away behind Florida, for there is scarcely a grower in the latter State who raises 1000 boxes of oranges, who doesn't also pack his own fruit. So the Florida people are entirely independent, and no organization on earth could drag them against their best judgment.

"California growers could learn a lot from Floridians in the orange business."

THE FARM.

Corn Crop of the Country.

THE situation has not materially changed since the foregoing was written. There seems to be no evidence that corn has been extensively damaged by frost. It is later than usual, however, and there will probably be a good deal of soft corn in some sections. The Price Current says:

"The Weather Bureau of the Department of Agriculture gives information, from which the following is a summary, relating to corn for the week ending September 15th, in the several States, taking them in the order of their rank in acreage: In Illinois corn decidedly improved, excellent crop if no frost before October 1, except in extreme south; improvement in corn not so marked in extreme north, where rain retarded maturity; some corn safe in south. In Iowa corn made slow advance, and the portion of early planted now well matured is relatively small, bulk of crop needs two to three weeks' ripening weather. In Nebraska corn has matured slowly in southeastern, but has made more satisfactory progress in northern and western counties; some early corn now beyond injury by frost, but much needs two weeks more to mature. In Kansas early corn mostly matured, cutting retarded by rains; late corn in fine condition and well eared.

"In Missouri heavy rains and cloudy weather in central and northern sections retarded ripening corn, some of which was damaged by floods and high winds; bulk of early corn safe and cutting general; late corn needs dry, sunny weather to mature before frost. In Indiana corn made fair progress toward maturity, some cut, most will be safe from frost September 30. In Georgia late corn is falling rapidly. In Tennessee early corn

is fine, but late greatly injured by drought. In Kentucky early corn good and nearly matured; late corn injured seriously by drought.

"In Oklahoma and Indian Territories cutting is progressing. In Ohio corn damaged by wind on 10th, cutting progressing; late corn advancing well in north. will need two or three weeks more to mature. In Alabama late corn damaged by drought. In North Carolina gathering corn begun, yield large; late corn excellent. In Arkansas late corn needs moisture and promises poor yield; early corn made full crop. In Virginia corn maturing, cutting under way, an excellent crop. In South Carolina late corn falling fast.

"In South Dakota corn slowly maturing, over half crop considered safe from frost, but meager reports indicate uncertain injury to some late corn in north by frost on 13th and 14th. In Wisconsin corn made some progress, and few fields on high ground ripe, but bulk of crop requires two weeks of good weather to mature. In Pennsylvania corn is uneven, early being cut; late corn is two or three weeks from maturity. In Minnesota early corn cutting stopped by soft ground. In Michigan corn improved but continues backward."

Dollar Wheat.

YESTERDAY a climax was put on the already excited condition of the wheat market by the fact that cash handlers were able to command \$1 for the choice variety of hard red fife spring wheat, which is the pride of Minnesota and the Dakotas. Particular interest attaches to the fact because it was not brought about by manipulation, but represents a true commercial value without spelling calamity.

The figures given out by the government and private estimators on the probable yields of spring and winter wheat governed the trade in the wheat market during the early part of the week. Now that a more sober judgment has taken possession of the people who make the prices, it is seen that there is a general consensus of opinion that the crops will be smaller than last year and the difference between the average at which the government places the spring wheat and the estimate of H. V. Jones of the Commercial West is not so great as at first sight appears.

Mr. Jones thinks the regular spring wheat of the hard red fife variety, which has made Minneapolis flour famous throughout the world, will not amount to more than 147,000,000 bushels for this crop, while the government figures suggest a yield of perhaps 165,000,000 bushels in the three States. The latter figures include the "macaroni" wheat, which Mr. Jones says will be from 5,000,000 bushels up, but he takes no account of it in his figures, because he doubts its commercial value. He is justly respected as an estimator on account of his services to the trade in past years, and if he has not always been correct, he has been more often right than wrong, and his figures, therefore, are naturally looked upon as a reasonable guide in the absence of the positive information which can only be arrived at when the grain is marketed.

With regard to the macaroni wheat, there is much to be said in favor of the view taken by Mr. Jones. At present it has not found its level on the market. That it will do so in course of time there can be no doubt, and prove a valuable crop where the red fife cannot be grown, but there cannot be any comparison between the two varieties now, and therefore it seems unreasonable to put them in the same category.

The Times does not pretend to be in the estimating business, and therefore does not undertake to say which of the many guesses that have appeared as to the crop prospects is nearest the true condition of affairs. In giving all the news on the subject, this paper is no more open to the reproach of having sought to depress the market for the benefit of bucket shops than was the Journal when it printed the statement that Col. Rogers had estimated the crop at 200,000,000 bushels, by which the market certainly was depressed, when inquiry of him would have elicited the information that he had not given out any estimate at all.

As a matter of fact, The Times has steadily maintained that the price of wheat must necessarily be higher than heretofore in ordinary years, and suggested when the September quotations first touched 73 cents that that would not prove a high figure. This opinion was formed on the statistical position of wheat, and has been fully justified by the recent developments in the market, and the fact that yesterday the price reached 85½ cents. There is every indication that it will go higher yet.—[Minneapolis Times.]

FRUIT INTERESTS.

Revising Cranberry Crop Figures.

ADVICES to the Guide this week from New Bedford, Mass., state that the cranberry crop in Plymouth county and on Cape Cod is not turning out even as well as expected. Abel D. Makepeace at first estimated his crop at fourteen to fifteen thousand barrels, but now since going onto the bogs he places the crop at still lower figures. Those who thought they were going to pick five hundred barrels say they do not expect to get over two hundred and fifty or three hundred. It is the same in every locality.

The reasons for this poor showing are the early frosts, which damaged the blossoms more than the growers thought. Then came a second set of blossoms in many places, and the berries from these blossoms are now green and in many places have been nipped by the frosts which came last week. As a usual thing, the

growers fear the October full moon, but very early they have to reckon with the September full moon.

In going over the bogs the pickers are finding that greater part of the berries on top of the vines, underneath are the green ones from the blossoms. The price offered, \$5 per barrel, has been raised since the first picking, but the growers are waiting for a sharp rise within a short time.

As to Orange Crops.

THESE words are written before we have received particulars of the gusty winds that blew across the State on September 12 and 13. The report is now that 100 per cent. of the orange crop below Tampa has been blown off the trees. Doubtless this is exaggerated, but a wind that would blow hard enough to knock off the oranges would prostrate many of the trees. The earliest reports from Jamaica after the hurricane of August 11 were to the effect that nearly all the trees were blown off, but authentic information from a experienced dealer on the spot is that not over 10 per cent. was blown off.

The latest reports from California tend to make earlier and somewhat wild estimates ranging from 1000 to 35,000 carloads; and now the output is estimated at 26,000 to 28,000 carloads.

Thus Floridians have no great comfort from the happenings; there are still oranges enough abroad in our own country to give the Floridians a clean sweep.

We dissent in toto from some of the estimates of increase in the Florida crop this year. Twenty per cent. will be a sufficient allowance, in our opinion. For instance, the crop in 1885-86 was 900,000 boxes; the following it was 1,200,000. Twenty-five per cent. increase would have made it only 1,225,000 boxes. Many of the trees were considerably damaged in January freeze; but at the same time many of the oranges on the trees were frozen and could not be used in the crop (900,000); and we think the growers are in no position now to give a greater percentage of increase than then.

Say the crop last year was a million boxes; twenty per cent. gain would give 1,250,000. Even fifty per cent. increase, which is the utmost that any experienced grower could allow, would work out only 1,500,000.

There is always a waste in reserve, always a

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ity of splits and drops, of white fly, mold and scale, to cut down the harvest at the last.

The fact that many trees blossomed a third time—second time in June, third in July—is almost unprecedented and indicates organic disturbances in the trees, an unwholesome condition which is bound to result in dropping, etc.—[Florida Agriculturist.

High Prices in London.

AMERICA is now reaping the great benefit from the Astoria which made the past summer one of the worst on record in Great Britain and the Continent. Thanks to the ruined home crops, California fruit is being imported in larger quantities than ever before. The sales last week in London marked a record, with 25,000 boxes of American fruit, representing about 675,000 pounds weight. The fruit was sold at a two days' auction in Covent Garden Market, the prices averaging 30 per cent. above what has heretofore been obtained here.

The sales were chiefly of California pears and plums, with a fair consignment of New York State Bartlett pears. There is practically no English fruit obtainable, while France, which usually exports large quantities of pears to England, is sending none. The American section of Covent Garden market is now almost the sole source of supply, and there are no signs of the demand decreasing.

American apples, which hitherto could not be profitably shipped hither till later in the year, now have a brisk trade. Forty-two thousand barrels of Canadian apples are expected in London at the end of this week, and record prices are assured. A member of the most prominent English firm dealing in foreign fruit said to a press correspondent today:

"There has never been anything like it. Europe's ill wind certainly brought good luck to America. We are spending five and six hours a day in the auction box disposing of double as much California fruit as we ever did before, at prices ranging from 25 to 30 per cent. higher. We have no difficulty in securing all we want from America, but we can scarcely order quickly enough. Heretofore, California fruit has been more of an adjunct to England's supply than a serious factor in the market. Now, owing to the failure of French fruit and the complete loss of the home crop, the American branch market is watched more eagerly than any other."

"How disastrous the present season has been to English growers may be judged from a letter in which a fruit farmer in one of the best counties of England says that on eleven acres, all devoted to Green Gages, the fruit on only three ripened. There is no wonder that shipments of American fruit are well received."

Following are the current quotations per box: California pears, \$1.94 to \$2.30; California plums, \$2.43 to \$2.91; Bartlett pears, \$1.82 to \$2.30; peaches, \$2.43 to \$2.67.—[Chronicle.

THE DAIRY.

Dolt Milk.

AN old dairyman, quoted by Hoard's Dairyman, was once talking to a lot of creamery patrons, and used this language: "A great deal of your milk comes to the creamery in an unfit condition. You know that. I am not going to assume that you are ignorant of your duty. Like myself, you do not do half as well as you know. We both too often sacrifice our conscience to our convenience. We are not full-fledged, four-squared dairymen yet, making the business and all its demands, our pride, our honor, our chief concern. We keep cows, but how do we keep them? Not half as clean as we do our own fields. Why? Because we do not have half as much pride in our cow work as we do in our corn work. When the creamery patron becomes just as keenly alive to the reputation of his creamery as he wants the butter maker to be, his importance in it and his responsibility to it, realize that one pound of dirty milk will spoil 100 pounds of clean milk, then we will make butter that will last the whole world." Commenting on the foregoing, the editor of Hoard's Dairyman says: "Now that was the truth and nothing but the truth from the patron's standpoint. It was a faithful, honest, brave statement, and faithful, honest men always welcome that kind of talk. But this business of making fine butter is a very wide proposition. It does not all rest on the farmer who produces the milk. Of great importance is the study of the scientific side of it, the skilled training in the work; the sharpened perception of the taste, the smell, the eye, and all that goes to make what we call expert judgment."

Shut up to Date.

ATE experience has thrown strong light on new sides of the silo problem. Many of the early built silos have had time to show their weak points. Some styles fashionable for a time have proved poor keepers, wasteful of the ensilage and not durable. Many a cheap silo has proved a costly investment. If a saving of \$50 on a first cost causes a needless waste each year of \$20 worth of silage, the builder is paying forty per cent. on his saving, a ruinous rate. Although cheap silos sometimes pay, good ones pay better.

Most new silos are built partly below ground, say three to seven feet, which is as far as drainage and convenience in feeding the contents will usually permit. A silo below ground gives a support of earth, where the strain is greatest, helps to protect from frost, and brings the top of the silo within reach of a short carrier.

Air tightness and close packing appear to be the only positive essentials. A cylinder of galvanized iron no larger than a flour barrel will keep green stuff well for years. If stored in a barn cellar or other protected place, wet brewers' grain can be kept in the same way until ready for feeding. Also apple pomace and similar material.

Build silos cost half as much again as stone, wood with lining of brick or galvanized costs about as much as

stone. It is more frost proof, but less durable. A cheap wooden silo can be built for two-thirds the cost of stone, but is not very durable. Wooden stave silos can be had ready made from manufacturers, but they are not cheaper than home-made silos of equal quality and require more attention than the ordinary ground silos.

Cheaply made silos have been shown to be decidedly more wasteful than a silo well built and of standard pattern.

Depth is strongly insisted on; a deep silo holds more, because the contents pack more solid at the bottom. With a deep silo, the loss at the top is less in proportion than with shallow silos. There is smaller loss from slow feeding, because the closely packed silage keeps out the air.—[American Cultivator.

STOCK INTERESTS.

The Zebrula.

CONSUL-GENERAL RICHARD GUENTHER writes as follows from Frankfort, Germany:

German papers say the mule will probably be replaced in the twentieth century by a more efficient animal, as it has been demonstrated that the mule, the cross between horse and donkey, is inferior to the cross between horse and zebra.

Formerly the opinion prevailed that the zebra was almost extinct. The opening up of Africa, particularly the eastern part, reveals these fine animals in large numbers.

Compared with horses and cattle, they possess peculiar advantages, as they are immune against the very dangerous horse disease of Africa and also against the deadly "tsetse" fly. The question was therefore raised whether the zebra could not take the place of the mule, commonly used in the tropics. The greatest credit with reference to the solution of this problem is due to Prof. Coszar Ewart, who has been trying since 1895 to produce crosses between horses and zebras, with a view to developing an animal superior in every respect to the mule.

Three species of zebras still exist in Africa: the so-called "Grey" zebra, on the high plateaus of Schoa; the common or mountain zebra, formerly found everywhere in South Africa, and the "Burchell" zebra, still frequently found.

Prof. Ewart produced crosses from mares of different breeds and zebra stallions of the Burchell kind. The offspring is called zebrula, and on account of its form and general bodily condition—especially the hardness of the hoofs—is specially adapted for all transport work heretofore performed by mules. The zebrula is much livelier than the mule, and at least as intelligent.

The Indian government has already experimented with zebrulas for transporting mountain artillery at Quetta.

In Germany much interest in the animal is manifested. The well-known Hagenbeck is experimenting in this direction, and intends to introduce the zebrula into Germany and America. The zoological garden at Berlin possesses some very fine specimens. The zebra stripes are often well preserved while the undertone of the skin is generally that of the mother. A full grown zebrula is fourteen hands high, and the girth circumference about 160 centimeters (sixty-three inches.)

The experiments so far have been so successful that it is predicted that the zebrula during the present century will completely supersede the mule.

FAR SIGHTED.

Little Margaret is a far-sighted child, and she always provides for the future in her thoughts. Recently her father went to Boston on business; at the evening prayer time her mother suggested that Margaret should add "keep papa safe in Boston."

To this Margaret exclaimed: "Goodness! I did not know God was in Boston." Then, pondering, she continued, "But I'll ask Him, for papa is very important, isn't he, mamma?"

"Oh, very, dear. If we did not have our papa, we would not have this pretty house and all our nice things."

"Does papa give us all these?" queried the little maid; "and without him would we have to give them up?"

"Yes, Margaret."

"Goodness! I think it is an awful risk to have only one papa in a family. I think there should be several, in case of accidents."

THE SULTAN'S REVENGE.

"O, Shacabac," laughed Kayenna, "thou art only a man, after all, and a bachelor at that. Hast never heard of even a man's outwitting another, not to speak of the endless resources of his superior, Woman?"

A little piqued at this sally, Shacabac replied: "Truly, I have known of some such, but they were all as a child's play compared with this coil. There was the case of the Ameer of Khali-Mazu, who, being secretly envious of the great Sultan Djambori, sought to compass his ruin by a gift of two score large and healthy elephants, the bare feeding of which for one twelvemonth would have emptied the royal exchequer. To have sold or given away the animals would have been a grave discourtesy."

"That was rather a pretty dilemma," admitted Kayenna. "How did Djambori escape it?"

"He escaped it," replied Shacabac, "by having the animals quietly dispatched, and their tusks made into keys for two score grand pianos, the which he sent as presents to the wives of the Ameer, thus nobly revenging the wrong that had been done him."—[From "Her Majesty the King," by James Jeffrey Roche.

FOOD THAT TRAVELS FAR.

The news that Siberia is shipping beef to Berlin seems of remote interest. Yet Siberia is also sending butter to London, with the result that the New York butter which once supplied the market now reaches it in greatly diminished quantity. The interest here is nearer home.

Perishable freight now goes enormous distances in good condition. Texas steers travel to Devonshire,

dressed beef to Birmingham. South Africa peaches reach the Fifth avenue restaurant refrigerator and furnish, in their season, the dearest item on the bill of fare. Our own California peaches cross the Atlantic, materially reducing the price of what was an absurdly costly fruit in Paris. The refrigerator car and the cold storage ship's hold have made a seeming impossibility a commonplace of transportation.—[New York World.

ICY.

"Didn't you git no money from dat woman yer held up?" asked the first footpad.

"Naw," replied the other, shivering slightly. "She wuz from Boston."

"Well, Boston people has money."

"Mebbe dey has, but when I sez to her, 'Money or yer life, lady,' she sez, 'How dare ye speak ter me without de formality of a interduction?' sez she, an' leaves me fruz stiff."—[Philadelphia Press.

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You are looking for a safe investment? Join a combination such as the above! Associate with men personally successful, men who are NOW taking advantage of the GREAT NATURAL WEALTH OF THE TROPICS; in a business where DEMAND exceeds SUPPLY! Our COSTA RICA PLANTATION has 2,500 acres of fine Rubber and Cacao (chocolate) land; 25,000 3 year old 5,000 2 year old, 15,000 1 year old trees and 400,000 young trees in the nursery. It is 15 miles from the San Juan river, on the San Carlos, a navigable river flowing into the San Juan (proposed route of the Nicaragua Canal.) Our property is now worth \$50,000.00. If this canal is built it will increase the value of our plantation 50 per cent.

Crude rubber was quoted on the New York market April 1st at 92c per pound, August 29th at \$1.02. In London Aug. 21st, 1903, one lot sold at \$1.09 1/4 per pound.

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A small investment made; not only what you have saved, but what you can save will earn for you a competency in a short time.

We have a very limited amount of stock left to be sold at 50c per share.

\$ 12.50 down and \$ 5.00 per month buys 500 shares
25.00 down and 10.00 per month buys 1,000 shares
100.00 down and 40.00 per month buys 4,000 shares

We invite the most thorough investigation, refer you to the Dun or Bradstreet Mercantile Agencies, also the First Nat. Bank of Los Angeles, Cal.

Send for booklet or preferably call at the Company's general office, where the business will be explained fully by our Manager.

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Care of the Body—Suggestions for Preserving Health.

PRACTICAL HYGIENE.

By a Staff Writer.

[The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice on individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine Section of The Times is in the hands of the printer a week before the day of publication. Correspondents should send their full names and addresses, which will not be published, or given to others, without the consent of the writers.]

No Cause for Retraction.

A FEW weeks ago The Times received the following communication from a San Diego correspondent:

"Will you kindly inform us if the contrivances here-with described are of any value for the cure of diseases. This is the third time I have been addressed on the subject. Is Mr. Edison really connected with this company?"

To this the following reply was made in the issue of The Times of September 6:

"There is nothing in the circular to show that Mr. Edison is connected with this enterprise. A number of enthusiastic indorsements are given from leading American papers, such as the New York Sun, the Boston Post, the Chicago Inter Ocean, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and the Cincinnati Enquirer, but there is nothing whatever to show that these notices have not been inserted in these high-class papers in the shape of paid advertisements. Probably they have. A correspondent wrote recently that he had tried this contrivance without benefit.

"A number of useless contrivances are widely advertised in the shape of so-called electric and magnetic cures for disease. That electricity, when properly administered, possesses curative qualities, cannot be doubted, although the editor, from extensive observance, is inclined to believe that improvement effected in this way is only temporary. However that may be, it is certain that a great majority of these so-called electric and magnetic devices do not possess sufficient power to effect any curative work whatever, and those who use them are simply throwing away their money."

In reference to this, a communication has been received from the "Thomas A. Edison, Jr., Chemical Company of New York, manufacturers of the celebrated Wizard Ink Tablet, and other specialties." The writer says, among other things:

"Our attention has been directed by correspondents to an article in your issue of September 6, 1903, on page 28, which, under the head of 'So-called Electrical Appliances,' makes an unfounded and unjust attack on the Edison Magno-Electrical Vitalizer.

"We take it for granted in the premises that the writer made this assertion without full knowledge of the actual facts, and that he and you will be perfectly willing to consider the matter right, as soon as the injustice done to us is explained to you.

"Your writer states specifically 'There is nothing in the circular to show that Mr. Edison is connected with this enterprise.' We beg to say that the writer is in error. Our booklet states specifically that the Magno-Electric Vitalizer is the invention of Mr. Thomas A. Edison, Jr., the eldest son of the well-known scientist. Mr. Thomas A. Edison, Jr., is the incorporator and chief officer of this company, which is a well-known and responsible concern.

"Your writer also casts bad attack upon the authenticity of certain articles concerning the vitalizer, which appeared in the newspapers all over the country. The matter in question was regular and legitimate news, and we believe the article duly appeared in your columns, as well as in other prominent papers throughout the country. The final sting contained in the statement that 'a correspondent wrote recently that he had tried this contrivance without benefit.' What of it?"

There is nothing here to indicate that Edison has anything to do with this enterprise. The name of the "wizard" is freely used nowadays by owners and proprietors of electric enterprises. For instance, the company which owns the electric power plant extending from the Santa Ana Cañon to Los Angeles, a distance of eighty-five miles, is known as the Edison Electric Company. Also, there are many Washington bakeries and Washington laundries, and Washington other things, with which George Washington necessarily never had anything to do. Because a talented inventor has a son bearing his father's name, it does not by any means follow that the son has inherited his father's ability. Nor does it follow that the father holds himself in any degree responsible for an enterprise which bears his son's name.

Again, it will be noticed that the company admits the truth of the suggestion made by The Times that the extracts from leading papers were extracts from paid advertisements, inserted in those papers by the company. That is, the writer says: "The matter in question was regular and legitimate news, and we believe the article duly appeared in your columns, as well as in other prominent papers throughout the country." This is almost funny. The writer seems to be unable to distinguish between editorial expressions of opinion in a newspaper and matter paid for by an advertiser. A paid advertisement is not "legitimate news," by any means. After this fashion an advertisement inserted by the company in The Times might then be quoted all over the country as the opinion of The Times on the "Edison Magno-Electric Vitalizer." The Times certainly does not undertake to vouch for the authenticity of everything published in its advertising columns, relating to

asserted cures for disease. It would entail upon itself a tremendous responsibility, if it should do so. The publication of such extracts in a circular is distinctly an act of bad faith, because they are evidently intended to impress the reader with the idea that such statements are editorial utterances on the part of the papers which print them, whereas they are simply extracts from paid advertisements.

The Times sees no reason to retract what it printed in regard to this matter in its issue of September 6.

Another No-Breakfast Experiment.

C. Z., who is evidently of German parentage, sends the following communication. Under normal circumstances, a person who omits breakfast should have a good healthy appetite for the first meal of the day, at noon. In this case the correspondent was probably overfatigued from unaccustomed labor:

"I am glad to extend sympathy toward such a publication as your weekly magazine. On the 20th of September I had the privilege for the first time of reading it, and have been very much delighted with all the practical advice given. Humanity in general is beginning to awaken from the slumber of ignorance and carelessness to the fact that life is worth living, after all.

"In last Sunday's magazine I find a little article concerning the 'no-breakfast plan' in which I have had a large experience, and would recommend to every one that is in need of health. One of my latest experiences I made here. It is claimed by most people with whom I have come in contact that man cannot do any hard physical work without breakfast. In order to know if this is true or not, I secured a position as laborer in the Baker Iron Works, doing some of the hardest work which required heavy lifting and straining, such as the handling of beams. One pint of water was all I took in the morning, and have not had any real hunger, even at 12 o'clock, at which time I partook of very little food (which I always prepare myself,) and a few raw tomatoes. With this diet I have worked there for two weeks, having gained one pound in weight during that time. As I am not constituted to do heavy manual labor, I am convinced that it can be done, and much easier by one who has a physical structure more suitable for heavy work. I can accomplish more with the pen than with the crowbar.

"During this week my intention is to go through another important experiment in connection with a four days fast. The object of this will be to eliminate all such elements from the body as cause catarrh, from which more than half of the population is suffering. I do not expect to accomplish this in four days, but in connection with a carefully selected diet of from six to eight weeks following it. To those that are unable to undertake an absolute fast of thirty to forty days, this will be of very great benefit.

For Married Folks.

MANY people seem to imagine that sexual abuses can only exist outside of the marriage state. This is unfortunately far from being the truth. Any physician with a considerable practice can tell many sad stories of suffering and misery brought about by ignorance, or downright brutality on the part of husbands. Many a woman's entire life has been wrecked in this manner.

It is, of course, impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules in regard to this subject—although Martin Luther is said to have attempted to do so—nor is it a subject that can well be freely discussed in a journal of general circulation. It is, however, an exceedingly important subject, that every young man—and young woman—before marriage should make themselves thoroughly familiar with. Especially should it be insisted upon that more deference should be paid to the wishes of the wife in such matters. Another good idea is to substitute for the French and English plan of married people sleeping in a single large bed the German style of having two small beds alongside each other. This is better for several reasons, among others, that when one person is inclined to be restless at night, the sleep of the other is not disturbed.

Another phase of the subject that is worthy of the most serious attention is the deliberate restriction of offspring, which, together with the crime of abortion, is becoming so increasingly prevalent in this and other civilized countries, even in a new country like Australia, where population is so greatly needed, so that the statesmen of England and France have been aroused on the question. In the United States it is stated that the excess of births over deaths has fallen from 28 per 1000 in 1830, to a calculated total of only 13, in 1900. At this rate of retrogression, our population—apart from immigration—will soon be stationary, as in France. It should be clearly understood that all means of preventing conception are more or less injurious—some more and some less—but all, absolutely all, injurious. Such means will work injury to the man or the woman, or both, and a large proportion of the so-called "female troubles" from which a majority of women suffer nowadays, may be attributed to this cause. You cannot "monkey" with nature, in this or any other way, without suffering for it, and any one who tells you that you can is a liar. Nature intended men and women, when they reach the age of puberty, or soon thereafter, to come together for the sake of propagating their species, and the failure, for various causes, to carry out this programme, must invariably be attended with evil results. Some women are much afraid of the pains and labor of childbirth, but the carrying and giving birth to a child, once in a year or so is far less of a strain on a

(CONTINUED ON 29TH PAGE)

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Many persons who cannot digest the heavier meats find no difficulty in using our Pure Olive Oil.

It aids digestion and constipation is prevented by physicians in the place of drugs.

Our Olive Oil is naturally laxative, and the most delicate cases are relieved without the harmful reactive results caused by drugs and nostrums. Send for our booklet.

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How I Fit Trusses

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I fit you by taking careful measurements and building the truss so as to conform to your figure and hold in place without rupture without injury to other delicate parts.

Others sell you a truss, I fit you a fit. What do you think of the two methods?

Satisfaction Guaranteed for 30 Days

Three times I have been forced to move during the last five years on account of my growing business. Plenty of room now.

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Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 28TH PAGE.)

woman's constitution than the unnatural strain to which the unmarried woman is subject for several days every month in the year.

There are, of course, cases in which it would be undesirable for parents to have children, as when one or both of them have some physical ailment that might be inherited, but in that case they should not have married. And the same may be said of cases where the parents are unable to properly raise their children. In most cases, however, children are avoided by those who are perfectly able to raise them, but are unwilling to go to the trouble of having a family. As a small but by no means insignificant factor in this connection may be cited the difficulty of obtaining apartments by people with a family of young children. If, however, our American children were better raised, and more firmly governed from birth, landlords would not object so strongly to their presence in a house. A family of children, into whose minds has been instilled the fear of the Lord, and reverence for their elders, is a source of perpetual joy, and will be a comfort in their old age to the parents, while children who have been dosed with mistaken kindness and allowed to run wild will prove to be a bed of thorns, that the misguided parents have prepared for the closing days of their lives, which should be full of peace and quiet joy.

"So endeth the first lesson."

Old People.

REFERENCE has been made in this department recently to an old man living at Long Beach, who is now 106 years of age, and to a still older man in San Francisco, who celebrated his one hundred and seventh birthday on the 1st of May last. Health Culture refers to two people who, as far as age is concerned, throw these men in the shade. One is a woman named Susan Wright, who was born in Virginia in 1789, and died recently at the age of 113. She is said to have always lived a moderate life, and was temperate in her habits. During the latter part of her life she used neither tea nor coffee, and very little flesh food. She retained all of her physical powers in a good degree up to within a month of her death, and at the age of 106 made a journey of several hundred miles, entirely alone.

Another still more remarkable case is that of Emanuel del Valle of Menlo Park, San Mateo county, Cal. It is said that the certificate of his birth gives the date of his birth as November 21, 1745, making him 158 years old on the 24th of this month. He is still able to move about his dwelling. He has never smoked nor used intoxicating liquors, always takes a walk each day, and sits in the sun as much as possible. For some time his chief nourishment has been bean broth—a sensible diet, for the way, for old people. Pea or lentil soup would also be good. He is a devoted Christian, and gives frequent prayer as one of the necessities of long life, also sitting in the sun.

Sour Stomach.

A CORRESPONDENT who does not send his name, or even his initials, and whose letter is therefore not published, recommends baking soda and chewing gum as a cure for sour stomach. Baking soda may remove the symptoms, but not the cause, and it is injurious to the stomach, nor is chewing gum to be recommended. It is an unnatural and more or less filthy practice, and if persisted in will give a person ugly jaws. A couple of charcoal tablets after a meal would be better than soda.

Those who suffer from sour stomach should avoid sweets of all kinds, meat—except, perhaps, a small piece of plain broiled or roasted meat once a day—cakes and pastry and grease. Take a cup of hot water, with a few drops of lemon juice, an hour before eating, and take nothing in the morning but a glass of hot water.

Diabetes—Fasting.

MRS. J. A. writes that she is greatly interested in the articles appearing in this department. She says she knows by practice in her own family that the no-breakfast plan, advocated in this department, is a "boom" to mankind. The lady doubtless means to say "boon." However, it is true that the no-breakfast plan is getting to be quite a boom in these parts, many having adopted it with advantage. It should, however, be remembered, as The Times has previously stated, that caution and common sense must be used in the adoption of this, as of any other method of cure. Do not go to extremes. When you awake in the morning, you have a good appetite for plain food, and feel that you could enjoy a piece of bread and butter, or a sandwich, without any liquid, then by all means eat a light breakfast—say an hour after rising—taking a glass of hot or cold water, soft, with a few drops of lemon juice, or a drop of castor oil. If, however, when you get up you feel no genuine hunger, but have to force something down with a cup of coffee or tea, then by all means omit the breakfast, substituting the water, or at most a cup of coffee or tea, or cereal coffee.

Mrs. J. A. writes further as follows: "I have been reading for articles in your department pertaining to diabetes, but so far have seen none. As there are a many chronic cases of this disease, I think the subject is one of unusual interest. My husband has been afflicted with diabetes in a mild form for about twenty years, and although he has doctored a great deal, it is becoming gradually worse, instead of better. He passes daily seven or eight pints of clear, colorless urine, which necessitates his going to the toilet some twelve or fifteen times daily. This of itself is very annoying. The urine, on examination, shows that it is devoid of sugar. The doctors pronounce the dis-

ease 'diabetes insipidus.' Could you or some of your many readers mention in your health department some remedy for this disease?"

Diabetes insipidus is a disease characterized by an excessive flow of clear urine, which is of low specific gravity. The patient drinks large amounts of water, the skin is apt to be dry and harsh, and the mouth more or less dry. Headache is not uncommon, and the appetite is varying. The patient becomes weak with pains in the back.

The causes are obscure, as a rule, but among the cases which have been noted the predisposing causes have been found to be as follows: Excessive use of liquors, affections of the nervous system, prostatic disease, chronic inflammation of the kidneys, syphilis, shocks to the system, such as fright, taking cold, hysteria, hereditary influence, etc.

About the only treatment that can be suggested for this ailment is a general observance of the laws of hygiene—including diet, exercise, breathing, bathing, etc.—as propounded from week to week in this department. Let the patient not take more liquid than necessary—only drinking to suit thirst, using distilled water. Avoid all starch and sugar foods. For bread substitute a little zwieback or toast. Meat should be taken in small quantities, and not more than once a day. Be careful not to eat an ounce more than can be properly digested. Whenever unpleasant effects are experienced after a meal, cut down the size of the meal. Take a good sweat bath once a week. Skim milk and buttermilk are good food, but be sure that they do not contain preservatives. Also never take milk in conjunction with meat.

Catarrh—Ulcer of Stomach.

E. K. H. writes that he has followed for several months suggestions in regard to the treatment of catarrh. He says it seems to him that he receives no benefit from the food upon which he subsists, mainly vegetables, and adds that he has gradually failed in strength and weight. This is not surprising. Any one who attempts to live chiefly upon vegetables is likely to lose in strength and weight, because vegetables are mainly water. It requires about twenty-five pounds of cabbage to equal one pound of solid food. Besides this, in the way that vegetables are usually cooked, by boiling and throwing away the water in which they have been boiled, the natural salts contained in the food are removed, and the nervous system is thus starved. The correspondent should read more carefully the suggestions in regard to diet that appear from week to week in this department.

The correspondent also asks for remarks upon the treatment of ulcer of the stomach, or intestine. This is a serious thing. The only treatment that can be suggested is to start with a fast of considerable length—after having first lived for a week or two on nourishing food—and then to adopt a diet of very mild food that is not likely to inflame the stomach, or to give it too much work, such, for instance, as skim milk, with some light cereal food. Olive oil should also be beneficial. Physicians may promise you more, but none of them can give you anything that will do more for you than this for this ailment, apart from a surgical operation, which would be very dangerous.

"Medical Institutes" as Swindlers.

ANOTHER instance of the shameful manner in which some of these "medical institutions" fleece the living, and do not even hesitate to prey upon the dead, was recently furnished in a dispatch from Chicago, telling of the discovery that an Illinois concern had hit upon a plan of looking over the death notices, and sending a package of medicine to the relatives of the deceased, with C.O.D. charges of \$5.40 on each. In most cases the bereaved relatives would pay the bill, supposing that the medicine had been ordered by the deceased without their knowledge. Such fellows ought to be sent to the "pen" for a long term of years.

Fasting.

MRS. D. R. J. sends the following inquiry from Elsinore: "I have received much benefit from all parts of your magazine, especially the health department. Will you kindly answer a few questions for the benefit of others with the same ailment as myself. I have tried the no-breakfast plan with good results. I am now on the fasting line; also trying the spring water here for rheumatism and constipation. I have a weak stomach, and very little food satisfies me. If I take more I am sick, and I often refuse invitations to dinners and teas on account of the embarrassment it gives me at failing so far behind the rules of etiquette—more truly, gormandizing."

"What is the time limit for fasting for such a trouble, and how should the bowels be treated through the period? What kind of nuts are constipating? I drink home-made coffee if any, made of good bran moistened with molasses, then browned in the oven like coffee berries. I rarely eat meat or pastry, and few sweets. My father was a very temperate liver. He used to say for one to enjoy good health to stop eating when still a little hungry. He lived to be nearly 94 years of age."

Obviously no hard and fast rules can be laid down in regard to the duration of a fast. It all depends upon circumstances. Sometimes a fast of three or four days is sufficient, whereas at other times it may be necessary to fast as many weeks. When you find your tongue clean, and have a healthy appetite for plain, unseasoned food—that is to say, when a piece of dry-bread "looks good to you"—you may safely conclude that it is about time to break your fast.

During a fast there will not of course be much activity of the bowels, after the first few days. Assuredly

(CONTINUED ON 26TH PAGE.)



DR. CHARLES FLESH FOOD

For the Form and Complexion. Has been successfully used by leading actresses, singers and women of fashion for more than twenty-five years. Wherever applied it is instantly absorbed through the pores of the skin, and its wonderful nutrition feeds the wasting tissues.

Removing Wrinkles.

As if by magic, one application often showing a remarkable improvement.

Dr. Charles's Flesh Food is positively the only preparation known to medical science that will round out hollows in the neck and produce firm, healthy flesh on thin cheeks, arms and hands.

For Developing the Bust

Or breasts, shrunken from nursing, it has the highest indorsement of physicians. Two boxes are often sufficient to make the bust firm, large and beautiful. Sold by Department Stores and Druggists. Regular price One Dollar a box, but to all who take advantage of this special offer and send us one dollar we will send (2) two boxes in plain wrapper. FREE—A sample box and our book, "Art of Massaging," fully illustrated will be sent free to any lady sending 10 cents to pay for cost of mailing. Address DR. CHARLES CO., 19 Park Place, New York.

TOOTH TALK

No. 75.

How Teeth Become a Source of Infection.

Doubtless few people ever stop to consider that the mouth is, as one writer aptly termed it, "the vestibule to the human system." Through the oral cavity enters all nourishment that sustains life and in a majority of cases through this same source, the system is infected with the germs of the many diseases that afflict the human family. Recent scientific investigation of a most thorough and comprehensive character has resulted in establishing beyond all doubt and argument the very startling fact that indifferent care of or entire neglect of the teeth is responsible for a great share of many human ills. This may be difficult for the layman to realize, but it is nevertheless true.

Prophylactic Dentistry the Remedy.

The one and only method of prevention and relief from this source of infection is prophylactic dentistry. By this treatment I remove all stagnant irritants and toxins which perpetually recur on and between the teeth and along the gum margins. This immediately lessens and ultimately removes entirely all inflammations and unhealthy conditions of the mouth, and re-establishes healthy, normal and perfectly antiseptic conditions. It also sweetens and purifies the breath, whose malodorous condition is often erroneously attributed to the stomach. And in addition to this, my prophylactic treatment of the mouth has, in scores of cases treated by me, resulted in some phase or state of general health improvement. This is due to the fact that prior to my treatment the system had been persistently poisoned by absorption of the toxins of the oral cavity through the digestive tract.

As to Fillings.

Cheap things are always bad, but there is nothing so bad as a cheap filling. Cheap amalgam is made from tin, zinc, lead and a little silver, made plastic by the infusion of mercury. Such a filling in hardening, becomes porous or contracts. The result is decay beneath the filling, agonizing pain and loss of the tooth. There is still a greater danger, for cheap amalgam oxidizes and undergoes a process of decomposition, resulting, to susceptible systems, in metallic poisoning. My fillings are of platinum, a combination of platinum and gold fused at a very high temperature. It will not shrink, become porous, nor will it decompose and become poisonous. It will save teeth that could not be saved by any other filling.

Consultation.

Of course, there is some satisfaction in talking to you through the types, but I would much rather talk to you face to face. I will charge you nothing to examine your teeth and tell you just what should be done for them and what it will cost.

Walter T. Covington, D.D.S.

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Treat all diseases without drugs or the knife. All new and scientific methods. Single treatments, also patients taken from \$12 per week up.

Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 27TH PAGE.)

not. They may safely be left alone, although an occasional injection in the shape of an "internal bath" would do no harm.

No kind of nuts are constipating, if they are thoroughly masticated, as they always should be. All nuts, except the chestnut, contain a considerable percentage of oil, which tends to promote activity of the bowels.

Your diet appears to be a sensible one. While restricting the amount of food eaten, see that you do not gradually reduce it too far. In this way the stomach may be weakened, until it can dispose of no food at all. The idea is not so much to reduce the amount of food as to strengthen the digestive organs so that they can dispose of a proper amount of nourishment. This is best accomplished by breathing pure air, day and night, and breathing deeply, exercising—especially exercises that require bending—and a daily sponge bath, with cold salt water. You will find a mud bath, such as they give at Elsinore, a good thing to take, about twice a month, for the purpose of clearing out the system of impurities.

Incontinence of Urine.

MRS. E. C. W. writes as follows from Santa Ana:

"Can you suggest a remedy for children who wet the bed at night. Our little son, now 7 years of age, is well in every other way, but this trouble has always existed. We have consulted several physicians, but have received no benefit."

This symptom usually indicates a weakness of the bladder. Give the child a cold sitz bath, with the chill taken off, every morning. Also see that little or no liquid food is taken within three or four hours of retiring, and give no food that would tend to irritate the bladder, such as sweets, meat and coffee. See that the child does not lie on the back. If no improvement is noted after adopting these rules, the child should be circumcised. This, of itself, will often cure a case of the kind. Circumcision is a valuable hygienic practice, both for males and females, and should be more generally adopted among the gentiles.

Osteopathic Sanatorium.

THE osteopathic school of medicine appears to be in a flourishing condition. A New Mexico paper announces that Dr. I. W. Collins, representing Dr. A. F. Still, head of the famous Osteopathic Sanatorium and medical institute at Kirksville, Mo., had been in El Paso several days, looking over the situation there and at Las Cruces, with a view to the establishment of a large sanatorium, to accommodate from 500 to 1000 patients at all times of the year, except perhaps during a few months in midsummer. Here in Southern California, an osteopathic sanatorium has been established at South Pasadena. The following particulars in regard to this enterprise are furnished, at the request of The Times, by Dr. D. L. Tasker, director:

"It has often been stated in the columns of The Times that Southern California is the natural location for sanatoria. When all out-of-doors in this 'land of sunshine' is a vast sanatorium, why have not capitalists backed enterprises of this sort? Probably the answer lies in the fact that success or failure of such an undertaking rests so largely on the individual who is placed at the head of it. All the little and big professional jealousies tend to disturb the steady progress of such an institution.

"The osteopathic physicians in this city and Pasadena have established a sanatorium in the beautiful little city of South Pasadena. This enterprise has been organizing and developing during the past year. The first of this month invitations were issued for an opening reception, held on the afternoon and evening of the 9th inst. This sanatorium is owned by the Pacific School of Osteopathy. Several of Los Angeles' prominent citizens, as well as practicing osteopaths, are backing the enterprise.

"The sanatorium will adhere to the ideals of osteopathy, i. e., the use of manipulation, water, careful diet and hygiene. The old South Pasadena hotel property, which was built in "boom times" and has remained unoccupied for several years, was bought by the Pacific School of Osteopathy nearly a year ago. The building has been completely renovated at an expense of eight thousand dollars. Steam heat, electric lights, electric elevator, new plastering, painting, tinting and plumbing have brought about a great transformation. The institution is now well equipped for the work intended.

"The quiet persistence manifested by the osteopathic physicians of this city during the past six years appears to be reaping its reward in the establishment of this sanatorium. It will enable many of our citizens to receive the benefit of a hygienic institution situated in a delightfully picturesque locality."

Another Man's Health Experiences.

A SAN DIEGO correspondent, who signs himself "A Settler from the Old Country," sends The Times the following account of his experience in adopting a simple mode of life:

"For the encouragement of other health-seekers I beg to relate my experience. Although I am bound to say that as I always have been well and I can hardly say that I have regained my health by adopting new methods of living. All I can say is that I believe I have learned how to remain young and postpone old age.

"I am 59. About six or eight years ago I thought I perceived symptoms of becoming rather stiff in the joints, want of energy. Having read a good deal of the 'New Thought' literature, I decided to adopt a few of their ideas, so I have for twelve months given up breakfasts. All my life I have been an exceedingly moderate drinker—practically an abstainer, and a non-smoker—and as to chewing tobacco, I think it a filthy habit. I always took a cold bath in the morning, and retired

early to bed and lived very temperately in regard to the sexual relations. The result has been that I have never paid \$10 to a doctor for forty years, or taken a pill or drug of any kind.

"I find great improvement in health from the no-breakfast plan. This is my diet: About noon I 'dine' on tomato salad (with cucumbers or celery, when in season,) sweetened with sugar and eaten with cheese, followed by fresh fruit and one or two glasses of milk and a 'cookie.' For 'supper' I take oatmeal mush and milk, two or three eggs fried or boiled, more fruit, cookie and tea.

"Thus for two years I have eaten no potatoes or bread—a Graham flour cookie and butter answers the purpose, and as I have had a good deal of 'backing' to do, this saves baking bread, and is not so 'filling.' Occasionally I indulge in dates, prunes and walnuts, but my fruit is anything that happens to be in season.

"I don't 'stinge,' and yet my bill of fare doesn't cost me more than \$7.50 a month—cheap enough, surely. I sometimes indulge in lemonade and claret, as a summer drink.

"Another 'wrinkle' I have learned from the New Thought literature. Before rising in the morning, lie on your back (I haven't used a pillow for years,) stretch every muscle, and take deep breaths; then relax every muscle. Repeat this; the sensation is delightful; you can feel the blood tingling in every limb. Breathe deeply at any time during the day, and stretch your muscles.

"I sleep on an open balcony all the year round.

"I think I am in a fair way of living my 'allotted span of life,' whatever that may be.

"Apropos of this, I would like to remark that it is a reflection on the intelligence and common sense of the American people that they don't know better how to live.

"A 'medical' man recently said to me that he was 53, and began to 'feel old.' He was an inveterate tobacco chewer, and could hardly see. I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself to set such an example. Anyone could see that his tobacco chewing was the cause of his ill health. Look at the Indians here in California, living perfectly natural lives and reaching 100 years and upwards, and here we talk of being 'old' at 50!

"Anyone glancing at an American newspaper must think we are the sickliest people on earth. Look at the monster 'quack' advertisements that disfigure every page—'diseases of men,' and 'diseases of women' paraded before our eyes everywhere. To a person like myself who hasn't taken a drug of any kind for forty years, these advertisements are simply nauseating. They prove conclusively that there must be an enormous amount of ill health and wrong living, not to say secret vice. Otherwise it is clear, these advertisements could not be paid for.

"When will the people learn common sense? The advice I see in your columns is invaluable, and I need not repeat any of it. The stomach is the cause of nine-tenths of the evil."

Sponge Cake and Cheese—Guavas.

THE TIMES recently commented somewhat sarcastically in this department on the suggestion of a correspondent that she had found a sure cure for diarrhoea in sponge cake and cheese—a strange combination, surely. The correspondent, Mrs. E. A. P., comes back at The Times as follows:

"I see you misunderstand the effect of cheese and sponge cake on people afflicted with diarrhoea. After years of suffering, trying physicians and every known remedy, I came to the conclusion that muscle food was essential, and cured myself with cheese and sponge cake. In less than one hour, I felt as strong as ordinary mortals, could walk all I wanted to. That led me to study foods in nature's laws. I have been very successful.

"Tell people to test it for themselves. It is easy enough to eat cheese sandwiched between the cake. Cheese should be mild; the cake lightens the condensed condition of the cheese food.

"Don't laugh—foolishly—at the ice cream and sponge cake for fevers. I saved my own—and a young man's—life, that way, when the highest doctors among the specialists of the East gave both cases up for death.

"He had bowel inflammation. In fact, I have often given it to those in high fevers, and had them up and about all right in less than an hour. There is none but what can learn from the experience of the life of others.

"Perhaps you do not know that guavas which you favor, affect the kidneys unfavorably. Foods are nature's demands, not medicines."

There is no special virtue about a sponge cake and cheese diet. It may have acted as stated, but a great many other combinations might have been used with similar results. It is something like a man who puts on a red necktie for the first time, and happens on the same day to have a bad attack of earache. He might be inclined to propound the theory that red neckties cause earache.

It is true that mild cheese is a wholesome and very nourishing article of diet. Cheese, black bread and olives, with a little light wine, form the main diet of hundreds of thousands of people in Southern Europe.

Ice cream, doubtless, has some virtues also. The wife of the editor of this department brought a case of dysentery to a close, some years ago, after trying a great many other remedies, by partaking of a dish of ice cream.

No, the editor of this department was not aware that guavas affected the kidneys unfavorably, nor is he aware of it now. If every food that is criticised by some people should be avoided, a person would have to starve. Guavas are certainly an excellent thing in cases of dysentery, and even if what the correspondent says is true—which is doubtful—the amount taken in such a case would not be sufficient to do any particular harm to the

kidneys. A little while ago a correspondent that navel oranges affected his kidneys while seedling oranges had no such effect. The editor forgets which it was. It is interesting how. Such nice distinctions savor of fairy.



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Grape juice contributes cooling acids, nerve-tonics, salts and tissue food; olive oil supplies the body with a greater percentage of red corpuscles than other food at the same expenditure of digestive energy.

Is it Scrofula? Then build the system with oil and cleanse the blood with acid solvent fruit salts in Shaw's Grape-Olive Extract.

WRITE NOW FOR BOOKLET.

If you are perfectly well, then get a booklet about Shaw's Grape-Olive Extract for some friend—no matter what his trouble, if he is not well, ought to know what the booklet tells.

All Druggists Sell it or can get it—50c.

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THE ROSE STANDARD STILL
MANKATO, MINNESOTA

A Doctor's Musings.

BY DR. WALTER I. SEYMOUR

As I am daily meeting those who express a friendly interest in my efforts through these columns to entertain and instruct you with a few passing remarks taken from my daily routine in the treatment of eye and ear troubles, which of course forms my world of interest, but is only one of the many important matters incident to the life of the average person. Today I wish to depart a little from the business trend of the previous articles, and give you a few thoughts with a clipping and a poem from a recent medical journal, the latter impressing me as quite clever and to the point.

The title is "The Old Family Doctor," and I will give it to you almost verbatim. But before quoting this little poem, I might add as my own personal opinion that of all professions, that of medicine is—generally speaking—the least appreciated by the public, and the family doctor carries many a load which should be lightened by his grateful patients in the form of remuneration for service, which in so many cases is not forthcoming, and I feel constrained to say that I believe the little couplet, which may be familiar to you, has more truth than poetry, and while perhaps a little broad in its wording, it conveys my meaning explicitly: "When the devil is sick, a saint he would be; when the devil gets well, 'devil' a saint he is!"

"The family doctor, with all his imperfections, goes forth in the stillness of the night to do battle with the demon foe which sooner or later will ambush us all. His armor is frequently charity and calomel, and while I verily believe that the man who stood on the quarter-deck at Manila Bay or stormed the trenches at San Diego was no more a hero than he who unflinchingly faces a volley of mercury, still I am not the person to judge whether or not the one who successfully withstands this ordeal is entitled to take rank with those who faced a volley of lead, but really the doctor knows best, for don't you know, we always get well. What plums for meditation are afforded by these midnight journeys, and it is often on these occasions that he reflects on the unequal struggle. And when I recall his years of toil and privation, his sorrows, cares and disappointments, his deeds of charity and his unselfish devotion to a thankless task; what he has done for mankind and what he will continue to do, if his life is spared and his calomel holds out, my heart is filled with profound sympathy for him, and an impulse of generosity overwhelms me until I fain would grasp his worthy hand and tender him my heartfelt

praise, and a Five (if I had one) in appreciation of his services to mankind. But in lieu of this more substantial evidence of my sympathy, I can only offer him a consolation taken from those beautiful lines which the immortal Lincoln is said to have admired so much. And in those dark days of rebellion, when the life of the nation ebbed low; when it seemed that he, like Atlas of old, or the family doctor of today, was bearing on his shoulders the world, with its burden of sorrow and care; and that melancholy gloom, so characteristic of mortals of destiny would gather round his prophetic mind, it is said he often dispelled his care and sadness by repeating them:

"All hearts that are human have hopes of their own,

Some struggle for glory and perish unknown;

Some live by good deeds," while the doctors subsist

On mortals deficient in power to resist

The microbe's invasion, which in time late or soon,

Will gather you in, unless you're immune.

So "why should the spirit of mortal be proud,"

In a land where physicians and germs are allowed

To roam at free will, and assail your perchance,

With toxin non-titile or jalap or luncie?

You know not what moment these germs may prepare

Their nest in your colon and migrate from there,

To that organ the surgeon delights to ligate,

Three lines from the caecum, and then amputate.

Nor can mortal tell what day or what night,

He may have both the germs and the surgeons to fight;

And between their toxins and the bold surgeon's lance,

Your prospects, oh well, there is always a chance

To depart from these scenes of sickness and woe,

To that realm where the doctor and germs never go.

But till then you may seek, though doubtless in vain,

For a mundane retreat, where these scourges twain,

Come not to molest you and look not around,

That point so attractive, McBurney has found,

For whither you journey, soon microbes appear,

And the up-to-date surgeon is close in their rear,

With scalpel, aseptic, and stuff to inhale,

And sutures galore from the kangaroo's tail.

And as for the doctor's why, everyone knows

They're so thick they're tramping on each other's toes;

Each hamlet is crowded and in cities, no doubt,

They're a trifle too thick, but you can't keep them out;

They are everywhere present, at all times are seen;

At birth and at death and all seasons between,

Why the first one you meet when you come upon earth,

Is a wise-looking doctor of more or less worth,

And the last you gaze on before your demise,
Is an offspring of Galen who's still looking wise,
Though dejected some now, as a usual thing,
But defiant as ever and still in the ring.
And there he'll remain until robed in his shroud;
So "why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

—[Taken from Iowa Medical Journal.

But I imagine I hear you saying: "Where does this apply to you, as your specialty does not require you to visit the sick bed at night, or use the heroic remedies of the family doctor?" No, it is true, but we, like all mortals, can work better when appreciation of our efforts is shown. While we may not figure in the life-saving department of medicine, yet since many an eye and ear (and often the pair of them,) mean nearly as much to the owner as life itself, are laid in the hands of we specialists for our care and judgment, and the confidence reposed in us by the owners of these valuable members cannot be undervalued by those who undertake such delicate tasks, it is only natural that, when we are successful in restoring them improved and better for our care, expressed appreciation would greatly lighten our burdens and make us feel that our efforts to furnish the best in us are not always sufficiently rewarded by mere pecuniary compensation.

This seems an opportune time for me to say that, while we are far from the original home of the Yankee, still we seem to have him ever with us, ready to trade on his ailments as though his eyes were marbles, and his hearing a mere question of dollars and cents. It is disheartening indeed to the would-be broad-minded professional man who does not count the value of his services in dollars and cents alone.

However, to me it is a feature of our progressive Americanism which is easily settled, and perhaps only an indication of thrift on the part of the traders, as they may have only so many dollars to meet so many requirements. So we must take them on the average, and do the best we can for them for the means at their disposal, as their eyes are just as precious and their hearing as valuable as if they were able to pay handsomely, and our best service is frequently given for a comparatively small remuneration.

Will be glad to have those suffering from any troubles which we may be able to help—of the Eye, Ear, Nose or Throat—consult us and ascertain what can be done. Consultation free. OFFICE HOURS 10 TO 12, AND 2 TO 4. No. 420 West Sixth Street.

TUMUT, AUSTRALIA.

A LITTLE TOWN THAT WILL BECOME A GREAT CAPITAL OF A GREAT COLONY.

[Correspondence London Express:] In the southern corner of vast Australia, hidden away among the foothills of the great Munlong Range, lies a small township that will soon have to change its name.

There are only fourteen hundred people in and about Tumut—though it has a Mayor and Council of its own, and that municipalities begin young in Australia—in a few years there will be as many thousands, and perhaps tens of thousands.

The spreading, scattered little houses (two-story brick, many with weatherboards, but all of them roofed with galvanised iron) will still bask placidly among their trees on the long, slow slope to Tumut River; but on the other slope, that is now just sheep paddocks, covered with the wiry native grasses and dead timber standing ghostly white, there will be great palaces of granite and marble, Government House and Parliament House and public offices and private mansions, such as become the dignity of the Commonwealth's chief city.

The surroundings of Tumut are prosaic enough, but they manage to epitomize Australia fairly well. If you go there by rail, branching off at Cootamundra from the main Sydney to Melbourne line, you will for a year or so yet leave the train at Gundagai, on the old bush road where the bush rangers used to ply their trade. Butcher Morgan terrorized all this district forty years ago, and Capt. Moonlight was brought prisoner into the little town as late as 1872.

There was an older Gundagai, too, than the one you see nowadays. The first settlers camped on the great Murrumbidgee flat, and for precaution asked the black fellows near by how high the flooded river might rise. The old black pointed to the fork of a gum tree, sixty feet and more above their heads. At that they laughed, and thought he could not have understood what they asked; but they knew in 1852, when the river came down in fury, filling the broad valley from ridge to ridge, and old Gundagai was swept into annihilation.

Now the road and the new railway cross on a bridge well above flood mark, and run by the river and up the Murrumbidgee through one of the oldest gold fields in the colony.

Boreheads is the first mine that struck payable gold a thousand feet down, and got a government reward of £100 for doing it; but most of the work is now done by the district. And when you pass the low dunes beyond Adelong and drop into the Tumut Valley it is a warm, fertile country opens before you, almost the first met in New South Wales that found the value of irrigation.

Wheat will grow there, and maize, and fruits of all kinds; between the river flat and the great ridges to the north there are climates to suit all tastes. "Fruit of the district has never been known," says the official report. Let us hope the continent will learn to grow more like its new capital.

The Australian legislators need bracing rather than warming climates, and these two are at hand. The line of the road will take them—with an eleven-mile hill

for exercise—up to Kiandra, in the ranges, where snow-shoeing and tobogganing are just at present in full swing; and any cyclist among them who doesn't mind coasting three and a half miles with a sapling dragging behind his saddle will find it pleasant to turn off to the Yarrangobilly Caves, large and less hackneyed than the glittering miles of limestone cavern near Jenolan.

So Tumut has a fair start—with gold (not to mention tin and chrome ore) handy for a miner, a rushing snow-fed river and established irrigation works for the grower, caves and scenery for the tourist, and granite, and marble, and brick clay all ready for the builder's use. Nor will it take many years—given reasonable prosperity—to raise on those drear-looking slopes a city worthy of its nation.

Australia is used to sudden city-building. No town within its borders is yet 120 years old. Melbourne—still slightly the biggest of them—is not quite seventy; sixty years ago people were advertising for stilts to help them get across the quagmires in its main street, and all Toorak—now its Belgrave and Mayfair and Kensington combined—was sold for £120.

The worst of the sudden system was that houses were put up anyhow. To this day Sydney Streets are disgraced by the "shanty"-like erections that rub shoulders with some of their finest buildings, and to walk half a mile along main thoroughfares in Melbourne (Bourke street or Elizabeth street, for instance) is like strolling out of Whitehall into the slums of Deptford.

But Tumut, we may hope, will be more carefully treated. Architects will plan it put with full knowledge of its purpose; great parks—the Australian is strong on parks—along the river flat, noble public buildings on the lower slopes facing over them, and around and above all the low, broad comfortable homes, each with its belt of garden and trees, that the colonist at leisure can make and enjoy so well.

Open air and running water and the aromatic scents of the bush all about it—Tumut will be a delightful place to live in, as pleasant a seat of government as the world can show.

And—well, it may have to change its name. But it's not a bad name, if you pronounce it properly—Tew-mutt; and Parkestown, or Alexandraville, or Fedralia would be much worse.

A. W. J.

A MUSICAL TRIO.

Certainly music was a family trait among the Wilsons. Bess, though just walking into her teens, played the piano wonderfully well for a girl of her age. Tom, her twin brother, handled the violin like a professional; while Gertrude, though only sixteen, possessed a voice as clear and silvery as a bell. They had the good fortune to be able to push their talents, and at the same time to give a great deal of pleasure to their friends.

"Now, what are we going to do this winter?" asked Gertrude, when they had settled down to hard practicing, after a jolly summer of rest and fun.

"Out with it, Gertrude! I know you have a plan," said Tom. Gertrude laughed.

"It isn't mine, but Marian's." Marian was an older cousin. "She has a working girls' class downtown, you know, and she thought if we could give them some music once a week, say Saturday nights, when we have no lessons to study, and the girls no work to attend to, that it would be great fun for everybody. Mother's willing, and if you two will join—"

"Splendid," cried Bess. "Now what does Marian want us to do?"

"Well, each night she will take an opera, say 'Faust,' for instance. She will write a simple story about it, and you and Tom will interpret on the piano and violin, and I will illustrate it with a few songs, so all will be able to understand. In that way, too, it will be fine practice for us, for Marian says the girls will show plainly whether they are pleased or not. They never hear any music but the hand organs, and she wants to train them up to better things. It's only an experiment, but I think we might try."

And so they did, with great success. The tired, hard-worked girls looked forward to this night of nights. Into many a cheerless life the music found its way, and the young musicians found their recompense to be something beyond the praise of teachers and the pleasure of their friends.

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